CORONET

ULY

25¢



"United We Stand"

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

CORONET

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1942

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Cover Girl The perfect model for this flag-starred cover, Lenore Simon was born on July 4th, not so very long ago. She is one of the most popular members of that exciting and glamorous group, the Conover Cover Girls. As versatile as she is beautiful, she's an expert swimmer, as two medals and a cup attest; an excellent cook, as her husband, a commercial artist, proudly boasts. Her life ambition? to be a fashion illustrator. Incidentally, Harry Conover is turning over his commission fee for Paul Garrison's shot of Miss Simon to a worthy cause for victory.

CORONET, JULY, 1942; VOL. 12 NO. 3; WHOLE NO. 69

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, $3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1942, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.



"Fair and warmer" for '43—and for centuries to come—if only we tighten our belts, roll up our sleeves and go to work now for victory

Your Fate in '43

by MICHAEL EVANS

YOU LIVE, let us suppose, in a house in the suburbs of a big eastern city. The time is 1943. It's a cold January morning.

The alarm clock gets you up at 7 a.m.—pitch dark with War Time all year around. The house is cold. You've been restricted to 75 per cent of last year's oil consumption—lucky if it doesn't drop to 50 per cent next month. You take a quick shower in two quarts of lukewarm water. The shower leaks but the plumber can't promise a new washer before next month. You dry yourself with a bath towel that's ragged on the edges. Bath towels are hard to find in the stores. You brush your teeth with toothpowder from a cardboard box—no more tubes.

For breakfast you have two slices of toast (you hope the toaster holds up—they aren't making them now). The coffee is weak and not very sweet. Coffee is rationed—due to shipping difficulties, and it comes in paper bags. Oranges, thank goodness, are still plentiful. But bacon and eggs have gone up to beefsteak prices.

You leave the house early because you have a half mile walk to the station. Everyone's tires are getting thin and the gasoline ration is so small you have to put the car up except for emergencies.

Luckily you got a new overcoat last winter. The new ones are made of a mixture of yarns that's not so hot. Your shoes have been resoled and they have leather heels now (no more rubber for anything except medical supplies).

At the station you buy a pack of cigarettes (three cents more than last year). Your paper, up a penny, has about one-third fewer pages, not so many ads and greater restrictions on newsprint. It's printed on yellowish

paper (shortage of bleaching acid) and there aren't many pictures (shortage of metals).

You wait 10 minutes for the train. Trains are apt to be 10 or 15 minutes late these days and the suburban schedules have been cut. You take a subway to the office (the chances are even that the fare is now up). The elevator is crowded because some have been shut off to save power. At the office a good many young women have taken over jobs that men used to fill.

Old Man Schroeder who was supposed to retire last fall, is at his desk for the duration. The girls are careful of their typewriters, card-punchers and adding machines—no more to be had. Paper clips, staples and rubber bands have almost vanished. Your correspondence is written on both sides of the sheet. It's a poor grade of paper, not letterhead bond. Some firms are using a single sheet which folds up into an envelope. Mail takes longer, particularly to the Pacific Coast.

You used to spend 35 cents for lunch. Now the budget is 50 cents. The food is changing. You notice fewer fried dishes, more baked, boiled and broiled food. (Munitions are cutting into our fat supplies). Naturally, the early birds get the few sweet desserts.

A year of war has made lots of differences, you reflect.

YOU AND I and a hundred million other Americans are going to endure a great deal as part of the price of victory in the greatest war we have ever fought.

Here is what is going to happen.

For a year your pay has been rising. By late fall or New Year's it will, on the average, be up 10, 15, even 25 per cent. Some salaries will lag behind of course. But most of us will be working our heads off . . . overtime . . . six and seven days a week . . . ten hours a day. Folks idle since the great depression throng back to desks and work benches. Thousands of women work in the war factories. Youngsters below military age swing lunch buckets instead of baseball bats. Regardless of wage-freezing, price-fixing and other controls, national income and the cost of living are zooming.

That adds up to big money. Half again as many dollars as in 1929. More than three times the 1932 hardpan. Enough money to blow the economic lid of America to kingdom come. In golden '29 an avalanche of dollars half-wrecked the country. Well, our national income in 1942 will probably run within a hair's breadth of 120 billion dollars. There has never been anything like that before. Across the pay windows and through the cash registers will pour some 40 billions more than in 1929.

But you and I are not going to keep those dollars. They will whizz out of our fingers so fast we will have to look close to see them. We are going to give Uncle Sam the bonus which the war boom puts into our pockets and a goodly share of our bread-and-butter money, too.

Last March you thought Uncle



Sam took a pretty healthy cut at the ball. Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

If you earn less than $5,000 the new taxes—direct and indirect—will slice 33 to 40 cents out of every dollar you make. They will take 50 to 60 per cent in the brackets from $5,000 to $20,000 and 75 per cent and up above that. With these rates you will work from January to May or June—even to October if you're in an upper bracket—for the government. You'll live on what's left over.

Congress hasn't approved the final 1942 tax bill. But whether it doubles the income tax or slaps on some kind of sales tax the effect will be the same.

DON'T BE too shocked at these huge tax rates. They are record-breakers but you already pay more taxes than you realize. Folks who make only $500 or $1,000 a year pay almost no income tax. Yet one dollar of every four they spend winds up in some tax collector's strongbox. In the $1,500 to $3,000 bracket the percentage drops to about one dollar in five. From $3,000 to $5,000 it jumps to 26 per cent. From $5,000 to $10,000 it runs up to 31 per cent. And between $10,000 and $20,000 it climbs from 43 to 55 per cent.

You spend 15 cents for a pack of cigarettes. For years 6 and 2/3 cents of that went straight to the federal treasury. About four cents was used to pay taxes by the farmer who grew the tobacco, the manufacturer who made the cigarettes, the wholesaler and the cigar store. That left only four cents for profit, raw material, labor and distribution. Now the government is boosting its cigarette levy to eight cents a pack. If you and your wife each smoke a pack a day you will contribute $67.30 a year in cigarette taxes alone and nearly $35 more in indirect taxes—not a bad take out of your cigarette change.

Or suppose you buy a quart of liquor a week on the average. That will tote up to $72 a year in direct taxes and close to $50 more in indirect taxes. You won't drink or smoke so much in '43.

The list goes on endlessly. Your telephone will cost three or four dollars in taxes. There may be $5 built into your favorite candy bars, another $5 in your soda fountain drinks, $5 in your trips to the movies, $5 in

your wife's beauty cream and perfume. Every time you break a dollar bill the small change will trickle off to the tax collector.

You can figure it this way. If you earn $3,500 a year you will be lucky to have $2,500 clear for every day expenses. Taxes will sop up that raise you got in March and the one you got last September, too.

But taxes are only a starter.

WE HAVE BEEN enjoying in America the greatest comforts that any people has ever enjoyed. Well, we are giving up most of these things—temporarily—that we may build in the future a greater and better America. The mass industries which have devoted themselves to our comforts have turned one after another, to war production. First, autos, then radio, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, typewriters, business machines, electrical equipment, canning, washing machines, stoves, clothing—almost everything you can think of. Even if there is any money left in our pockets after paying the new taxes, there will be mighty little to spend it for except for war bonds.

Let's peek ahead a few months and see what goes on. Or better yet, let's glance back to 1910 because that's where the war is leading us.

How well do you remember those days?

Automobiles were still pretty new and scarce. Most Americans traveled by bicycle or horse and buggy. In the towns they used street cars. In the evening they sat at home and played whist or parchesi (bridge was new and becoming very fashionable). They didn't have radios but they sang a good deal. On Sundays they went to church in the morning. In the afternoon they read at home, went for long walks or took a street car out to the edge of town and picnicked in the country. Telephones were a luxury, not a necessity.

Our houses in 1910 were not so well heated. We depended chiefly on coal and in winter it was cold in the morning until the fire got going. There were no oil burners or thermostats. Our lighting was rather dim—gas lamps, mostly, and lots of kerosene burners. We went to bed earlier, got up earlier and worked longer hours.

There was lots of housework. Brooms and carpet sweepers, instead of vacuum cleaners. Coffee from a pot with an egg shell to settle the grounds instead of a fancy percolator or an electric drip-maker. Housewives spent their summers "putting up" or "putting down" preserves and canning vegetables. They bought bacon by the slab, and when you wanted some beer you took a pitcher down to the corner saloon. It was called "rushing the growler." Women did their own dressmaking and patched their husband's pants.

This picture of life in 1910 will stand with a few obvious substitutions as an accurate picture of life in 1943.

Most big national conventions are out—to save transport facilities. Resort and vacation spots by the hundred

are going to the wall—no rubber, little gasoline, little money.

Shortage of chlorine to purify water has dried up swimming pools. The rubber famine has played hob with golf and tennis. Junior's Fourth of July fireworks are being shot at the Japs. Not a few country estates have turned to chicken farming.

Not even books and magazines are escaping. Paper is turning yellow and hard to get. So are printing metals, inks and shipping space. Musical folks are discovering that pianos and wind instruments are made out of the metals that are on the high priority list.

It's hardest on the wives, though. Your wife can't get a maid and couldn't afford one if she could. It would take a fat book just to list what war has done to her. She never used to sew but sew she does now—mending clothes, darning socks and even making over a couple of dresses. She does a good bit of the washing at home but things don't look so bright and fresh. They are wearing out and bleaching fluids are scarce. Soap isn't as good as it used to be.

But the disappearance of the tin can has made the biggest difference.

Foreigners used to make fun of the tin can. So did vaudeville comedians. But not any more. We've found out what packaged food really meant to our lives. Thirty years ago it was another matter. We went to the grocery store and bought a pound of cookies out of the cookie jar. The grocer weighed out 10 pounds of flour in a paper sack. He sold pickles from a big glass jar and shoveled a pound of coffee beans from the bin and ground it for us while we waited. We bought crackers from the big barrel and munched a few while waiting.

We are going back to those days. Almost all the way back. Not only has tin vanished from civilian use but the Army and Navy are taking the bulk of the commercial canning pack—30 per cent of the tomatoes, 38 per cent of the peas, 44 per cent of the asparagus, 21 per cent of the beans.

That leaves us quick-frozen foods, dried and dehydrated fruits and vegetables, and home-canned food.

And that is one more push toward total rationing of civilian commodities—probably not as drastic a system as England's or Germany's but plenty comprehensive.

WE PROBABLY will get our first real taste of wartime life this coming Christmas. There will be few Christmas trees and holly wreaths unless we go out in the woods and cut our own. Men and freight cars are too busy with important chores. Lots of us will not get home for Christmas. We will use last year's tinsel or make the old-fashioned kind out of cranberries and popcorn. Elaborate lighting will be out. So will fancy Christmas wrappings. There will be many home-made presents. The displays in the stores will not glitter so dazzlingly. Youngsters will get wooden or cardboard soldiers—lead, steel and tin are too precious.

Our holiday clothes will be the same old things—unless we are sport-

ing new uniforms. Styles are now dictated by dry-as-dust economists in Washington. They are the men who cut cuffs from men's pants, shortened overcoats, banished the vest for double-breasted suits, slashed off patch pockets and pleats. They are the men who "froze" the female silhouette, decreeing that this year's styles must last for the duration.

Shortage of stockings, washing troubles and just plain convenience are putting more and more women into slacks. The girls have had to give up fancy spangles. If their figures bulge a bit, blame the Japs in Malaya. There's no rubber to spare for hip flattery. Nor are there dyes for rainbow frocks or looms for fancy new fabrics. Shoes are functional to save the leather and heels are flatter.

We're learning the harsh lesson that every shortage breeds another shortage. And harsher lessons yet are in store. War consumes endless quantities of food, supplies and materials. It eats up money like a threshing machine.

So whether we like it or not, we might as well get set for complete rationing, complete price fixing, wage and profit freezing and over-all government mobilization of all our resources, human and material.

Battle Hymns of the Republic

William Barret Travis	"I shall never surrender nor retreat."
Patrick Henry	"If we wish to be free we must fight."
Thomas Paine	"Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation—the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."
Thomas Jefferson	"I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government . . . may . . . want the energy to preserve itself. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth."
Abraham Lincoln	"The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation."
Unidentified Marine in World War I	"Come on you sons-of-guns, do you want to live forever?"
Franklin D. Roosevelt	"We are going to win the war and we are going to win the peace that follows."



It's over the top for the gyp artists, working war angles for all they're worth —and finding a sucker at every corner

Charge of the Gyp Brigade

by ROBERT M. YODER

NO TRADE has been quicker to adapt itself to war conditions. No other profession has risen to the emergency with more enthusiasm. The entire nation could be proud of these men, indeed, if they weren't such unmitigated bums. The men in question are the sharpers—the swindlers, the con-men, the gyp artists, who live by flim-flamming citizens of better reputation but slower wits.

They did not wait for the country to be attacked. They went into action long before the first air raid alarms. Clearly foreseeing what might happen, they went out and sold unsuspecting citizens permission to be air-raid wardens. The police and the Better Business Bureaus are still getting complaints from men and women who were appointed this way, paying up to $5 for a badge and tin helmet they have still not received.

On the eastern seaboard, sharpers sold buckets of sand, scooped out at the nearest beach, by describing it as specially treated, chemically saturated anti-incendiary-bomb sand. In the Middlewest, they leaped into the tire crisis by selling non-existent used tires. They have been right on top of every development, in fact, and the authorities admit ruefully that the outlook is for more of the same.

The swindlers are in line for the biggest year they ever had, for the situation, from their standpoint, is made to measure: a growing shortage of consumer goods, and a public preoccupied with thoughts about the war. It adds up to a sharper's dream.

When the government banned the sale of new tires, it left hundreds of citizens wondering what to do. But not the sharpers. They went into the imaginary tire business.

They worked this from many angles. Some launched schemes to grow arti-

ficial rubber; some sold stock in projects to manufacture new-style tires for which no rubber would be needed. One enterprising pair sailed through the Middlewest taking door-to-door orders for fine used tires, entirely non-existent.

"We saw this coming," the salesman would explain, "and laid in 100,000 of them. I don't mind telling you they are expensive. We get $10 apiece for these hides. We had to pay as much as $8 for them ourselves. Shall I put you down for a couple?"

"Don't I get to see them?" the motorist asked. "Sure," said the salesman, "and you get good ones or you don't buy. You can pick them up yourself at our warehouse. We don't deliver—we're saving our tires. I'll have to ask you for a $5 deposit, though. Thanks very much. Now sign right here."

The fallacy in this transaction was, of course, that the salesman did not actually represent any tire company. That was left for the local tire company to explain.



The beauty of times like these, to the swindlers, is that almost anything sounds plausible. You might suppose, for example, that the sale of worthless oil stock had been worked out—that this fraud was too ancient to fool anyone. On the contrary, it is enjoying a spirited revival. The boom began at the first talk of rationing gasoline.

"This oil field," the sharpers tell the victims, "was never worth developing until now. Frankly, it wouldn't be worth much right now—except for the fact that we face a terrific shortage of oil and gas. Better get in on this while the getting is good."

Every shortage, to the sharpers, is another golden opportunity. At the first sign of a shortage of tung-oil, imported from the Far East and used to make paint, they launched grandiose schemes to grow tung trees all over the south. Undoubtedly, although the authorities have not yet caught them at it, they have capitalized on the sugar shortage. The shortage of skilled labor gave them still another opening. The simplest fraud in that line consists of finding an employed mechanic, dazzling him with talk of a better job, and taking a fee to land it for him. A nice thing about it is that if you are caught, you probably can make good on your promise, mechanics being in such demand.

About the time the United States first began to ponder the possibility of blackouts, a peddler hit a Texas city

with a cargo of candles. It was smart merchandising, for these were good candles and candles are highly useful in case of a blackout. Still, no one would buy. The peddler did not lose heart. On the contrary, he painted his candles black, announced they were special blackout candles designed to give an almost invisible light, and sold his entire supply at fancy prices.

"Official blackout material" is always a good seller. This looks for all the world like ordinary black cheesecloth, or sometimes plain tar paper. The sharpers explain, however, that these are the "official" materials chosen by the government. So much business has been done in these items that government agencies have had to issue repeated warnings that no "official" choice has ever been made.

A MAN and a woman who referred to each other as "Captain," without ever saying captain of what, took an active part in organizing civilian defense activities on the west coast. It was their habit to call on the Better Business Bureau first, to ward off any possible criticism, and then call on leading ladies of the community to enroll them for everything from ambulance driving to close order drill. Naturally, it is much nicer to have a uniform, and the two captains could arrange that, too. They sold the girls a snappy outfit consisting of red skirt, blue jacket and white hat, at $10 a set. Without doubt, these would have been the most picturesque organizations of the war, but for the fact that the captains never made delivery.

Of all the swindles based on war, the simplest consists of asking bighearted citizens to contribute to some worthy cause and then pocketing the contributions. Oddly enough, this is somewhat rare. Possibly the explanation is that the field is already overcrowded with legitimate solicitors. One business house estimates that in the last year, it has been asked to contribute to 4,000 causes. Groups soliciting money for relief in war-torn nations show their good faith by registering with the State Department. At times, as many as 400 of these have been in the field, yet the State Department has revoked very few registrations, indicating that the great majority are honest and above-board. In a situation like that, the honest solicitors tend to crowd the sharpers out.

For classic simplicity, it is hard to top a scheme that came to light in Peoria, Illinois. A restaurant keeper, growing skeptical, went to the police with a blank he had filled out for a pair of tourists. "Government request," the paper said, "for meals and/or lodging for civilian registrants." It had been given in payment for dinner, and the "civilian registrants," the proprietor said, had a whole sheaf of these forms.

The war has also made work for a lot of fake doctors, sometimes in Army uniform. Going around to the homes of young men registered for the draft, they offer to give the Army's physical examination in advance. The sucker pays his money, the doc takes his pulse, and that's all there is to it. The verdict is strictly optional. If the fellow

wants to serve his country, the doc tells him he is in excellent condition; if he wants to stay home, the doc tells him he can't quite meet the Army's standards.

A little more exotic is the sale of charms to ward off the draft board. [illegible] in Boston encountered a magician who was selling a handkerchief guaranteed to make the draft board miss your number.

"Wear this handkerchief over your stomach for three days," the wizard told his clients, "and you'll never be drafted."

Some of the customers were too smart for that; they wouldn't believe it. In that case, the magician sold them a rolled up newspaper, to be kept under the bed for three days and then burned.

Perhaps the lowest racket the authorities have uncovered is the sale of "special service flags" to the fathers and mothers of boys in the armed forces. The sharpers buy ordinary flags for a dime and sell them for a dollar. There is no "official service flag," and both the Army and Navy have made announcements to this effect. That doesn't keep the victims from buying.

ONE THING about the swindlers—they don't cling to "business as usual." They are no longer, for instance, selling bad garden seeds to truck farmers. They go out and sell them to everybody, for "Victory Gardens." Complaints about this started to pour into police departments and other official wailing walls only a matter of days after the government announced it wanted the citizens to start 1,300,000 new gardens.

Before You Open Your Door

1. *Don't pay money to strangers—know who they are, what they represent.*
2. *Beware of "free" offers.*
3. *Read before you sign! See before you buy!*
4. *Buy on merit only; don't let your emotions move you. If necessary, consult an appraiser.*
5. *Games of chance are dangerous.*
6. *If a person represents himself as a government agent, check with the department he says he represents.*
7. *There are no "official" government materials sold door-to-door.*
8. *If in doubt, phone your Better Business Bureau.*

The fact that the United States now shelters thousands of European refugees has been a great help to the conmen. Posing as refugees, forced to part with diamonds or other valuables, they have no trouble finding citizens who are willing to give a homeless wanderer a small cheating.

A favorite stunt is selling sets of China with the whispered explanation that this is the last set brought out of Czechoslovakia. A big Hollywood director paid $700 for a set just like this, it is explained, and expects it to become almost priceless as time goes on. Now, however, the refugee is penniless, he is friendless, and he is not very good at figuring in terms of American money. In fact, he is not very bright, and the upshot of it all is

that he is willing to part with the dishes for a paltry, how you say, $325. The last time the police caught up with one of these imitation refugees they found the dishes came from a Detroit hardware store and were worth, how you say, $30 top.

The con-man's trusty bread-winner, however, is "diamonds." The mechanics of this timeworn swindle are as old as dishonesty itself; but now it has been rewritten to suit the times, and sounds a great deal more credible than ever before. As staged recently in Chicago, the game went like this:

A poor storm-tossed refugee — wealthy, you understand, before disaster struck his homeland — approached a well-to-do widow and asked her help in disposing of 22 diamonds, smuggled out of Europe. A stranger horned into the conversation and said he would buy the gems himself, if assured of their authenticity.

Now they consulted a jeweler, who said the stones were worth $200 apiece. The widow contributed $1,300 toward the purchase price, the kind stranger contributing the rest.

"I do not speak your language so very well," said the refugee. "Would you kindly buy me some cigarets?"

He handed the widow $20. When she came back with the cigarets, the others were gone, leaving her with the cigarets, the change from a twenty, and 22 pieces of paste.

Even the old penny-matching game has a war angle now. The first step, in that swindle, is to get the sucker into the contest, after which the ante rapidly mounts from pennies to five dollar bills. Now it is done by adopting a phony German accent and speaking abusively about the United States. Why the sucker doesn't punch the fellow in the nose, instead of matching pennies with him, you guess. The idea, however, is sound: it puts the sucker in a receptive frame of mind when the con-man's accomplice whispers: "I'm an expert at this— let's take this pro-Nazi blowhard for his roll."

Aren't these fellows afraid of the authorities? There is a story on that point. Shortly after war was declared, with the Federal Bureau of Investigation busy chasing spies and saboteurs, it looked like an exciting time to be a G-man. Realizing that the FBI would have a flood of applications, a number of fun-loving gyp artists began posing as FBI men and selling jobs—in the FBI. One lad was charging the suckers $15, on his promise to make them G-men, but he had a deluxe offer that cost $20. For $20, he told the chumps, he would introduce them to J. Edgar Hoover.

Philosophy of the Famous

PANICS, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before.

—THOMAS PAINE, *The American Crisis*

Some people are as allergic to accidents as others are to weeds and goldenrod when summer comes; here's what can be done to cure them



Discovered: the Accident Germ

by GRETTA PALMER

A SOLDIER is creeping through the enemy-held jungle in, say, the Bataan Peninsula. Suddenly, through a gap in the choking green foliage, he sees a dark, observing human eye. He is a brave man, but he is also human—he feels fear.

This fear is his best friend—it is a fire-alarm, warning the body to muster its reserves for immediate, violent action. The body responds—red corpuscles increase in the blood, the circulation undergoes a rapid change, extra sugar and adrenalin are swiftly supplied from the body's storehouse. Fear has given the man the extra strength he needs if he is to plunge through the rank growth and grapple with the enemy.

As a matter of fact, this mechanism of fear is of enormous usefulness to a person leading a physical life. But the same mechanism may be a real nuisance to the city-dweller—whose enemies are *intangible* forces in the modern world.

Consider, for instance, a man who has held a specialized job in a hairpin factory for 20 years. He reads in the paper that the plant is going to close down, because of a scarcity of metals. Naturally, the future frightens him, and his fear-gong also sounds for adrenalin, sugar, red corpuscles and all the rest of the reserves. Yet when they answer the call, they can not be put to work; he can hardly be expected to plunge a bayonet into an economic change.

In such cases, physical reserves which have been called out by our mechanization of fear hang around, waiting for orders that never come. And if the alarm is constantly sounded, they may hang around so long that the body is in a chronic state of emergency preparedness for action. This dislocates the whole balance of his body; in-

deed, too much internal activity may cause dyspepsia or heart disease or asthma.

Now, there's nothing new or startling about the above facts. They have been recognized by forward-looking physicians for many years. But recently, a group of these physicians, beginning to wonder what other maladies might have their roots in this process, undertook a long-period study of patients suffering from heart disease or diabetes. Both of these ailments, it was suspected, might sometimes have their origin in fears that had found no outlet in action.

"But," said the doctors, "we must have a control group. We must study some patients whose illnesses cannot possibly have been caused by their emotions. Then we'll have something to use as a comparison."

"Fractures!" said one of them, triumphantly. "Surely nobody can break his leg because his circulatory system is over-stimulated!"

And so, under Dr. H. Flanders Dunbar of the Columbia University School of Medicine, the project got under way—at New York's big Presbyterian Hospital.

For ten years, all patients over 15 and under 55, suffering from diabetes, heart ailments or fractures, were to be specially studied—a search made of their past history for traces of severe fears and shocks which might have given the body's reserves a false-alarm for action.

The first 700 patients were studied in some detail. Everything was going along fine. But then a curious fact began to emerge—these fracture cases, chosen because their past emotions could not have caused their diseases—almost all showed a record of strong, emotional shocks just before the accident! Their past histories proved, moreover, that in every previous crisis these persons had had "accidents."

In August

66 most dramatic events of this war in pictures told by

WILLIAM L. SHIRER who wrote Berlin Diary

The doctors were forced to conclude that 90 per cent of their fractures would never have occurred *if the patients had not been unconsciously inviting an accident at that time!*

Look, for instance, at the record:

Less than one per cent of the heart disease patients had had more than one accident before coming to the hospital, but nearly three-fourths of the accident cases had had *two or more* previous accidents. One man had had 27 accidents requiring hospitalization!

The great majority of the accident cases were less than 25 years old—suggesting that the "accident-prone" types are either killed off or permanently invalided after this age.

Nine-tenths of the accident cases

mentioned a habit of always hurrying —they "couldn't keep still." The majority of them were excessive smokers —a symptom of restlessness. They were unusually interested in sports, which tied in with their habit of physical activity, their desire to "work off" emotions which could not find a useful outlet. They loved danger and adventure, as a group. They did not care for day dreaming; they never bottled up their emotions. They showed a history of conflicts with authority—the school, the law, the family—but unlike other types of patients with the same conflicts, they never reacted to their difficulties by becoming criminals or neurotics or by retreating into a dream world. The "accident-prone" all had a lifelong history of wanting to "do something about it"—something physically rash.

Here was a new, emotion-inspired group of illnesses. Could the patients be saved from a lifelong habit of undergoing one dangerous accident after another? Perhaps.

TAKE, as a simple example, the case of one 12-year-old patient. In spite of excellent motor skill, her history showed that she constantly fell down and stubbed her toes, cut her fingers and skinned her knees—several times every day. She had a badly scarred hand, as the result of an accident. She was headed for a life of accidents.

The doctor who tended her in the hospital first gained her trust and then tried to show her that she need not hurt herself to be loved. Gradually she gave up the chain of daily, petty accidents, but she continued to take hair-raising, unnecessary risks. Study of her case showed that Mary took a risk whenever she was angry; she was afraid to express her anger in a more positive way by fighting it out, or even by telling her teacher and friends what was troubling her.

As Mary was shown this pattern, she shifted to a new form of rebellion: she began to arrange things so as to get her feelings hurt. She was very sensitive about her drunken father, who abused her, yet she constantly brought him into the conversation with the other children, and then ran to the nurse, in tears, saying, "They're talking about my father to hurt my feelings." Mary had to be shown that this was something she brought on herself, just as she used to invite accidents. When she saw this, her whole personality seemed to adjust itself. She was no longer at war with the world and no longer agitated by sudden fears and rages which had to find an outlet. Mary was snatched from the ranks of the accident-prone in time.

Fairly simple measures of treatment will cure many of these people, if a skilled psychiatrist is on the job. And there are few accident-prone persons still living who are too old to respond to treatment. Unfortunately, most of them look upon themselves merely as the victims of a long series of "bad breaks." And until very recently, even psychiatrists would have agreed with them.

Yet one group has been vitally,

economically interested in accidents for many years: the insurance companies. Their studies of industrial accidents had already indicated to them that a small group of men in every factory suffered most of the accidents. Years ago, the Travelers' Insurance Company concluded that over four-fifths of all accidents were due to "something in the personality of the patient."

Why did they think so? Well, four large utility companies had set out to cut down on the number of accidents in which their trucks were involved. They made elaborate tests of their drivers' reaction time and coordination and found nothing to explain why certain drivers had repeated accidents. Nonetheless, they shifted these men to other work.

This worked out nicely, from the point of view of truck accidents, which were reduced by 20 per cent. But the drivers shifted to other work all suffered a constant series of *industrial accidents within the plant!*

They were "accident-prone."

Practically all of the fracture cases at the Presbyterian Hospital reported a period of stress just before the accident occurred. Here are some of the case-histories:

A man, who had been known as "mother's boy" previous to his recent marriage, injured his back in an industrial accident. He admitted to the doctors that he had been disappointed at finding that his wife didn't take as good care of him as his mother had.

"She'll have to take care of me now," he said, cheerfully. "I guess it serves her right."



A workman, working on a high building, was told by his foreman not to slide down the rope to the ground. He was a much-admired and conceited bachelor, a favorite with the girls, and incapable of granting anyone authority over him. He slid down the rope because, "I thought I'd show the foreman."

A high-school girl, whose divorced mother had threatened to send her away to school so that she might marry another man, injured her knee playing football. "She can't send me away now that I may be a cripple for life," was her reaction.

Sometimes, it will be seen, the accident serves a practical purpose for the patient, by winning him sympathy or relief from an unwanted job; sometimes it is a futile beating out at the world; sometimes it is a small and limited form of suicide. More often, however, the accident-prone use their

violent, jerky, inconsidered action to get rid of emotions of rage and rebellion and fear which they have not learned to dispose of in any more considered way.

The doctor's job, in dealing with the accident-prone, is to show them how they have been inviting accidents throughout the years. They must be taught the greater wisdom of stopping to analyze their emotions before they act on them. They must be then given a new habit of harnessing their rage and rebellion into some constructive form of work, if they cannot get away entirely from the habit of suffering these strong emotions over trifling interferences with their wishes.

This treatment cannot be administered *en masse*—each individual case is different and must be handled differently. But sometimes a few months of treatment will work miracles in turning a surly, rebellious patient, with a long history of accidents, into a cheerful, well-adjusted person.

In this country, 500,000 persons are incapacitated through accidents on any given day. One hundred thousand persons die in accidents a year.

Obviously, if the doctors are right—if nearly nine-tenths of these cases could be avoided by a little psychological treatment in time—the effect of this treatment on the war effort would be electrifying! Work can be stepped up more rapidly by treating the accident-prone than by all the slogans and prizes out of Washington.

Yet this all-important discovery that accidents are a disease was itself made only by accident!

Out of the Red

In Oregon, some years ago, the pink salmon were late arriving at the mouth of the Columbia River, and the salmon canneries were threatened with delay and a loss. They were organized to put up salmon on a big scale but couldn't do so because the pink salmon, for reasons of their own, were not running. There were plenty of white salmon, and white salmon is every bit as good to eat as pink salmon, but most people expect to see pink meat when they open the can, and it was considered foolhardy to try to sell white salmon. One day a bright young chap working in one of the canneries exclaimed:

"There's no sense in sitting here with pay rolls mounting, waiting for pink salmon. Let's can the white salmon and make the public like it. They'll buy it just as readily as pink salmon, provided we print the right phrase on the can. I've got the phrase: 'This salmon is guaranteed not to turn pink in any climate.'" —Fred C. Kelly

Forgotten Mysteries



Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

• • • In 1866, Mollie Fancher passed into a mysterious trance-like condition. Dr. Samuel Fleet Speir declared that for years her body had the cold of death; her breathing practically stopped; her pulse became almost indistinguishable. During a period of nine years she consumed less food than a normal woman would eat in 48 hours.

Noted specialists were unable to explain her living death, but when she returned to consciousness, they were faced with even a greater mystery. Now she seemed endowed with supernormal powers. She could distinguish colors in total darkness, could describe the dress and activities of persons hundreds of miles away. She could read unopened books and letters which were placed beneath her bed covers. On one occasion Dr. Speir brought with him an unopened letter which he had received that morning. While he held it, still sealed, in his hand, Miss Fancher wrote out its contents word for word.

Among those who certified to Miss Fancher's supernormal powers were famed neurologist Dr. Robert Ormiston, Dr. Willard Parker, and Dr. Parkhurst, a great astronomer.

On February 3, 1916, having spent 50 years in bed and violated half the basic laws of science, she invited President Wilson to attend her birthday party. The President declined the invitation. Eight days later she died.



• • • Shortly after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel*, Thomas Wolfe presented his publishers with another book which centered around a Pullman car numbered K-19. The manuscript was not published at the

time, but Wolfe later incorporated it in *Of Time and the River*.

Still, according to his close associates, he could not escape the fatal fascination of K-19. Often he mentioned it in a half fearful way. Then in his last work, *You Can't Go Home Again*, Pullman K-19 appeared again.

On September 15, 1938, Wolfe died, and when the body was returned to Asheville, Wolfe's family watched his coffin being placed in the baggage car. *The number of the car was K-19.*



• • • Out of the wind-tossed Atlantic emerged the dripping dredge bucket which had been lowered from the Woods Hole Institute research ship. It was the summer of 1934 and the ship was dredging the ocean floor off Cape Cod for marine fossils.

This particular bucket brought up fossils, but along with them it brought up the shadow of Lost Atlantis. For the fossils were those of certain dry land creatures which indicated that the ocean floor had sunk recently and suddenly.

Startled by their discovery, the Woods Hole expedition continued dredging far out into the Atlantic. They found evidence that a vast area had sunk as much as 8,000 feet within very recent geological times, very possibly within the memory of man.

Commenting on this matter in the Bulletin of the Geological Society of America, H. C. Stetson declared: "Such a rise and fall of sea level in so short a time . . . approaches the catastrophic."



• • • Among the wisps of evidence concerning the existence of phantom ships, there is one tale that is more than a legend. In this case, one of the witnesses was the future King George V of England.

In 1881 Prince George of Wales was cruising on Her Majesty's Ship, *Inconstant*, accompanied by his brother, Prince Albert Victor. At 4 a.m. on July 11, when the ship was enroute from Melbourne to Sydney, an eerie red light was seen off the port bow. What followed is vividly recorded in the Prince's diary, which was later published.

"In the midst of the red light, the masts, spars, and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strange relief as she came up. The lookout in the forecastle reported her as close to the port bow, while also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her. So did the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving, there was no vestige or sign of any material ship. *The night was clear and the sea was calm.*

"Thirteen persons altogether saw her. Two other ships of the squadron, the *Tourmaline* and the *Cleopatra*, who were sailing on our starboard bow, asked whether we had seen the strange red light." —R. DeWitt Miller



Yale's—and America's—most beloved professor pays informal tribute to one of his longest and happiest associations

Angell of Yale

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

DR. ANGELL and I have this in common: he was the only man ever considered for the presidency of Yale who was not a Yale graduate; and I was the only Yale graduate never considered for that position.

There was, however, one respect in which Angell was not perfectly qualified to be a college president. Old Tom Fuller in the seventeenth century said it was desirable there should be some dullness in every college president. Knowing Angell intimately for many years, on and off the record, I have never been able to detect even a shadow of it in him.

Dr. Angell was not only ordained as a college president, he was foreordained. His father, James Burrill Angell, was one of the most distinguished university presidents in American history. As President of the University of Michigan, he became one of the most progressive and most distinguished of educational leaders—"Of all the great American college presidents, he was probably the most modest."

Apparently James Rowland Angell followed the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who named as a chief requisite for success in life a careful choice of one's parents. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1890—took his M.A. at Harvard in 1892. Here's where I come into the picture.

In the year 1891-1892 I was an instructor in English at Harvard. I taught one year at Harvard and 41 years at Yale, which I regard as an equitable distribution of my time between the two institutions.

Well, in this year of '91-'92 I organized the Harvard Graduate School Nine, of which I was captain and second baseman. Angell, who was the original fair-haired boy in every sense

of the word, was pitcher on this Nine, and I do not remember that we lost a game. He always had something on the ball, and during the rest of his life retired many of his opponents on many other fields.

One of his children paid me as high a compliment as I have ever received. I was preaching in the Yale Chapel; this little girl sat with her father and mother in the presidential pew; after I had finished, she said, "Mama, during Professor Phelps's sermon I didn't itch once."

Dr. Angell came to Yale, in many ways the most conservative institution in America, from a great State University. During the 16 years that he was president, I can remember only one remark of his betraying this environment: that he could not understand why the professors at Yale preferred to teach undergraduate rather than graduate students.

Now Yale was the first college in America to start a department for nonprofessional graduate study, and our Graduate School today is one of the best in the world. In the State Universities the graduate students are naturally more attractive to teach than the undergraduates, because there are such an enormous number of undergraduates, many of them with comparatively little background.

But Yale and Harvard and Princeton have this in common: there are no finer young men in the world than the undergraduates of these three institutions; and as is the case at Oxford and Cambridge, their main purpose is not learning, but a career.

Only a minority of them have any holy zeal for scholarship. But the majority will fill prominent positions after they leave Yale; they will make their influence felt in responsible places. I remember when I first spent a sabbatical year in Europe, students seemed much more mature. They discussed profound questions in philosophy, international politics, and so on. But 10 years later when I returned, these same students were still discussing profound questions in philosophy and international politics; whereas many of our boys at Yale, who had seemed so immature, were already filling positions of influence and trust.

It was President Eliot who said that every college president was certain to be called a liar and that in his case they not only called him a liar but proved it. One evening when Dr. Eliot attended a huge Harvard dinner in Boston, he gave his hat to an old colored hat-checker; and when toward midnight the aged Negro handed him a hat, Eliot said, "Is this my hat?" "I don't know, Sir." "Then why did you give it to me?" "Because



If, in 1865, New Year's hadn't come on Sunday, William Lyon Phelps might have been a New Year's baby. But his father was a strict Baptist minister and Sunday was Sunday to him. So Mr. Phelps was born on Monday. He started his schooling at the age of three; for 65 years thereafter he went to school, first as pupil, then as one of Yale's most distinguished scholars and beloved professors.

you gave it to me, Sir."

I never heard Angell called a liar, but I have no doubt that in his case as in the case of nearly all college presidents there were members of the faculty who would have liked to murder him. It was unsafe, however, for any professor or for anyone else to engage with him in any contest of words. Angell was and is one of the most brilliant after-dinner speakers in America.

Not only has he a marvelous sense of humor and an extraordinary power of wit, but he has these gifts at instant command. I have been present at many dinners where some person called on to speak before President Angell (and I do not know whom to pity more, those who speak before or those who speak after him) has had the bad judgment to make some humorous remark reflecting even good-naturedly on Angell. When Angell rises to speak, he gives an illustration of graceful, rapier-like annihilation.

I remember at a public dinner when the toastmaster, who was a federal judge, had a little fun with him in introducing him. Angell rose and said it was refreshing to see a United States Judge who was not behind the bars.

During President Angell's administration of Yale, the material growth of the University was almost miraculous. He succeeded in doubling the endowment; and then Edward Harkness contributed 10 complete college units, making probably the most expensive college plan ever installed in America. The astounding thing about this is that at conservative Yale, where the class spirit was so important that you never spoke of a Yale undergraduate or graduate without attaching his class numerals to his name, this revolutionary change from class identification to college identification was carried through without friction. Anyone who would have predicted such a thing would have been thought insane. Immense credit for this is due to Dr. Angell who consulted with undergraduates, college officers and alumni alike.

Angell is one of the few men in the world who do not mind a pun on their own name. I was playing golf with him one day in New Haven when he drove the ball into the water that guards one of the greens. I said, "The pool is troubled," and he said, "Yes, and an Angell has troubled it," which you may recognize as an excellent Biblical quotation.

Dr. Angell's learning is equally matched with wisdom. The moment he retired from the presidency of Yale, NBC offered him the important post of Educational Counselor. At first he hesitated, thinking perhaps it was offered mainly because of his prestige, but he was finally persuaded to take it.

Today, at NBC, they say he sits in on all conferences, even in matters technical.

I think myself that in those days long ago when he pitched so successfully on the Harvard Graduate School Nine he became, without trying to, a thoroughly good fellow.

And that is what he is today.

Hunting horns call them to battle rather than to hounds; they wear tin helmets in place of silk hats —Philadelphia's bluest bloods have gone to war!



Philadelphia's Main Line Enlists

by MORLEY CASSIDY

MOST PHILADELPHIANS like to think, between wars, that they can explain the phenomenon called the Philadelphia Main Line.

It is exactly what you'd expect, they say, from a mating of four-percent gold bonds with DAR family trees. It is wealthy, cultured, effete and decadent: Philadelphia's own peculiar fox-hunting, station-wagon version of Chicago's Gold Coast, New York's Westchester County, and Boston's Back Bay, all rolled in one. It is blue-blooded, yes; and so what? Skimmed milk is blue, too.

But the Main Line is tricky.

A hard-boiled foreman at the Bendix Aviation Company plant, where delicate instruments are manufactured for Uncle Sam's fighting planes, stared hard the other day at a picture on a rotogravure page.

It was a picture of Hazel, a capable factory girl who, for the last six months, had been quietly punching the Bendix time-clock and sitting down at Bench 37 to do a better-than-average job of winding coils for air-speed indicators. The foreman knew her well—on week-days.

But this was a picture of Hazel on her day off—a gay young creature in hunting clothes and a hard hat, swinging aboard a spirited bay. And the caption below clinched it.

"Eager for a morning run with the Radnor Hunt," it read, "is Hazel M——, notable among the debutantes for her superb horsemanship."

The foreman studied that picture for a long time. It jarred all his notions about the Main Line. But that was because he didn't know the Line.

This rich and independent principality went to war two years before its larger and slower-moving neighbor, the United States of America.

The Main Line could do that, be-

cause officially it does not exist. It is a "state of mind surrounded by the United States." No map shows its boundaries.

But swing an oval 30 miles westward from Philadelphia's Overbrook Station. Within that oval you will pen up at least 1,000 fortunes that have descended in an unbroken line for six generations. You will surround, too, the hills above Valley Forge, where Washington and his little Army spent the grim winter of 1777-1778.

It is a rolling, wooded country, cinnamon colored in the hunting season. Its soil was always rich; but bygone generations made it richer. They added a topsoil, 10 inches deep, of four per cent tax-free gilt-edged bonds.

The famous author of *Kitty Foyle*, Christopher Morley, who was born on the Line but never liked his neighbors' looks, once said: "Nowhere in the world will you see such faces as you find on a Paoli train. They are faces that never have to worry about what's going to happen, because they *know*." Another person said Main Liners had "a different wave length from the rest of America."

But in this war, the Main Line is pitching its last mink coat and station wagon into the pot with the rest of the country.

Literally. A mink coat turned up at a Main Line bazaar for the U.S.O. And the Japs had hardly left Pearl Harbor before 150 Main Liners had lined up their station wagons—complete with drivers—in a station-wagon corps captained by investment banker Edward B. Shober for any use the Government could make of them.

Miss M——, at the Bendix plant, is only one of the flock of debutantes who have jumped into smocks to join the army of production. One sprightly bud sent her broker-father into cold chills with the airy suggestion that she could organize a CIO unit among her friends, three of whom were working at the Bendix plant. A fourth was making rifle cartridges at the Army's Frankford Arsenal. Two others were welding cabins on Navy scouting planes at the Philadelphia Navy Yard's aircraft factory. Another was in the middle of a 400-hour course in welding.

Debutantes and their mothers, sisters and aunts have flooded the volunteer services. Husbands, too. It's a rare broker in Lower Merion who isn't an air raid warden or an auxiliary policeman. One crusty codger, at 74, patrols his air-raid post with a secretary; and no post in London is blacked-out more vigorously.

So far as the Main Line was con-

Morley Cassidy claims the distinction of being the only reporter ever to hitch-hike through a major Main Line foxhunt. Assigned to cover the bi-centennial hunt of 1940, he set out in a hired car (he can't ride). The car bogged down and he thumbed successively a passing mushroom grower's truck, a motorcycle with a sidecar, a grounded rider's sedan . . . arriving at the kill 30 miles away "only a little more winded than the horses." He comes to the Main Line from Shelby, Iowa, his birthplace. Now a feature writer on a Philadelphia newspaper, he's done stints on papers in Omaha, Denver, New Orleans, New York. His last Coronet article was The Philadelphia Gold Rush.

cerned, the war began in September, 1940, when the First City Troop marched off to camp.

The Troop is more than just the Main Line's own. It was Washington's bodyguard when he took the oath as first president of the United States. For more years than the nation can count, it has paraded past Independence Square on its black mounts, in uniforms as showy as any Hussar's—black patent leather hip boots, jackets with silver frogs, high black helmets with flowing white plumes.

Main-Liners in the Troop liked those outfits, but they doffed them, in 1940, for the uniforms of the federalized National Guard, Troop A, 103rd U.S. Cavalry.

With Pearl Harbor came a Main Line declaration. On December 9, the Board of Managers of the City Dancing Assembly issued this statement:

"The Assembly Ball for this year has been cancelled. No more will be held until the war is over."

If anyone thinks that declaration is not newsworthy, let him note that the Assembly Ball, in the course of 194 years, has been cancelled only five times: in 1776 and 1812 to lick the British; in 1861 to lick the Rebs; in 1917 to lick the Kaiser; and in 1941 to lick the Axis.

And therein lies the story that will explain the Main Line to its often-puzzled neighbors.

It's a story that goes back to the first Assembly in Philadelphia, held in Alexander Hamilton's warehouse on Front Street in 1748—28 years before the Revolution.

Fifty-four families were invited to that first assembly, with the stipulation that there should be no dancing save the minuet; the Managers wished no "unseemly romping at Cotillions." It was a dull party, legend says; but it gave birth to "the Assembly list."

That list has never changed. Assemblies in recent years have grown to 1,000 or more, who dance to 6 a.m. and dine as they have dined for a century, on champagne and terrapin; but every member of the City Dancing Assembly—after 194 years—is a provable member of one of those 54 families who danced in the warehouse of Alexander Hamilton.

The baffling Main Line is, in effect, simply the Assembly Set gone tweedy. And for that, and its new name, the Line can thank the stubbornness of a dynamic young railroader named Alexander J. Cassatt and a Welsh farmer who, just after the Civil War, was living on a tract of land just west of Philadelphia.

Cassatt, pushing the Pennsylvania Central Railroad westward to the Alleghenies, mapped his right-of-way across the Welshman's land; but the Welshman asked a fantastic price for the right.

"A. J." got mad. Promptly he bought another farm outright, built his tracks across it, and announced that the rest of the farm, from now on, was a town—Bryn Mawr.

Tycoons took to sending their families to the railroad's swank new summer hotel or to the fashionable Wild-



The Philadelphia Scene

at the turn of the century

BY LYLE JUSTIS



hia Scene

e century

STIS



The Main Line

WHENEVER the first tocsin of danger has rung out and the first boom of cannonfire sounded, Main-Liners have seized their swords, mounted their horses and ridden hard and fast in defense of the principles adopted on July 4, 1776 in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. You can see them here in Lyle Justis' version of the Main Line going into battle . . . proud, hard-riding, hard-fighting folk who have lived up to the traditions of their gallant grandfathers, signers of the Declaration of Independence. The prancing steeds plunging from left to right across this scene are war horses . . . the first City Troops of 1776, the mounts of



The Main Line Goes to War

Wherever the first tocsin of danger has rung out and the first boom of cannonfire sounded, Main-Liners have seized their swords, mounted their horses and ridden hard and fast in defense of the principles adopted on July 4, 1776 in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. You can see them here in Lyle Justis' version of the Main Line going into battle . . . proud, hard-riding, hard-fighting folk who have lived up to the traditions of their gallant grandfathers, signers of the Declaration of Independence. The prancing steeds plunging from left to right across this scene are war horses . . . the first City Troops of 1776, the mounts of the Civil War, World War I and the foxhunters of the days before December 7th, 1941. Horses perhaps symbolize the Main Line . . . horses for war and horses for peace-time foxhunting . . . the Main Line's favorite diversion. Lyle Justis, whose work is as contemporary as a newspaper hot off the press, is the product of methodical planning and come-what-may-putting-together. The discipline was self-imposed, the aimlessness part of his southern background. He taught himself to draw. He's teaching this summer at the New Hope School of Art in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, which, he claims, is "Art's Summer Capital."

gosses boarding house at Haverford which thereupon became known as "the kissing station," because young wives kissed their commuting husbands goodbye every morning.

By the end of the 80's, the Main Line was firmly established. And A. J. Cassatt, a Pittsburgh outlander, had proved his quality. He was the first man in the United States to write his check for $15,000,000. As president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he wrangled with Jay Gould, president of Western Union—and clinched his argument by ordering out a small army which, in a single night, chopped down every telegraph pole along the Pennsy's right-of-way.

Cassatt's "Cheswold," with 46 rooms, stained glass windows, and a Louis XV ballroom, started a fashion for owning great manor-houses on the Line.

The Charles A. Munns built "Woodcrest," which had 62 rooms and cost $1,250,000. John Wanamaker countered, on Old York Road, with "Lindenhurst," which cost $3,500,000. P.A.B. Widener, who had graduated from a butcher shop to a string of traction companies, outdid them all with "Lynnewood Hall," a Graeco-Roman structure 450 feet long, housing a $30,000,000 collection of the world's best art. But he found that the Main Line couldn't be seduced by art. It stayed away from the pictures and "the butcher's place" in serried top-hatted ranks.

The Main Line showed that it could resist diamonds, too, when Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury made the mistake of trying to crash the Main Line at the top.

Widow of a Washington lawyer, she came to Philadelphia in 1912 as the bride of the new president of Drexel & Co. Her first public appearance at the Academy of Music delayed the curtain by 20 minutes.

And small wonder. She wore diamond tiara and drop ear rings which shot out dazzling shafts of light with every movement of her head. At her throat she wore the wedding gift of J. P. Morgan—another diamond as large as a robin's egg. And around her neck was draped her husband's wedding gift—a string of matched pearls which fell from her shoulders in four loops, with the longest of them reaching to her knees.

She did no better when she and her husband built "Whitemarsh Hall." This Italian Renaissance dovecote is six stories high, with three floors above ground and three below. It has its own theater, telephone exchange, art gallery and battery of elevators. Its 308 acres contain a dozen junior mansions for guests—"Harrison House" with 50 rooms, "the Fuller Place" with 25, and "Strawbridge Bungalow" with 17.

When the Main Line—the part of it that matters—stayed away from the housewarming, Mrs. Stotesbury gave up.

In 1932 she went to Florida to stay. "Whitemarsh Hall" today is deserted—a complete ghost town under one roof.

The World War, the taxes that fol-

lowed, the depression, and "that man" in the White House have had a sobering effect on Main Line splendors. Scores of the great mansions, boarded up, mark the sites of battles lost to "that man."

But the fox-hunters remain undaunted. W. Newbold Ely's hunt, at Ambler, entertained an even 1,000 of its farmer friends at an ox barbecue at the end of last season. Rose Tree, Radnor, Vicmead, and the Pickering Valley Hunts still don formal pinks or plain "rat-catchers" daily for runs of 20, 30 or 40 miles from October to April.

Such things give the Main Line strength, even in the face of income taxes, to carry on. But the final guarantee that all will be well is found in "Dreka's Book."

"Dreka's Book," nearly a hundred years old, and kept by a stationer, lists future Main Line parties. No Philadelphia hostess would dream of fixing a date for any large affair without consulting "Dreka's" to be sure that no friend was giving a party the same night.

And if "Dreka's" can be trusted, the world is not going to fall apart. Every date for "the season" of 1942-43 is already filled. Others are sprinkled beyond that. And on the page for 1951, one proud father of a girl now nine years old has made a confident reservation:

"December 31, 1951. Ball at the Bellevue-Stratford for Miss ———."

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA
by Christopher Morley $2.50
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

PORTRAIT OF A COLONIAL CITY
by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Cortlandt Van Dyke Hubbard $15.00
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

THE DELAWARE
by Harry Emerson Wildes $2.50
Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York

How It Began

NOEL MITCHELL is responsible for one of the world's most unique streets—a street that is a sidewalk sitting-room.

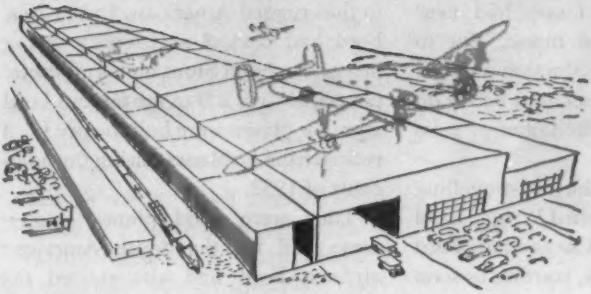
Back in 1908, Mitchell decided that business in his St. Petersburg, Florida, real estate office was slack. So he had fifty large benches built, painted orange and emblazoned with advertisements of his business.

The benches filled rapidly, and so did Noel's office. Other merchants followed suit. Soon St. Petersburg's main street became an avenue of multi-colored benches. Later, in the interests of civic uniformity, the city hastily passed a law requiring benches to be uniform in size, wide enough to seat five persons and painted green.

Today St. Petersburg has 2,290 benches on its main street, has incidentally become one of America's most famous meccas for the aged and the weary.

—JEAN MCMICHAEL

Ford brains and brawn, which yesterday turned out cars in mass to crowd our highways, today grind out bombers to crowd Hitler's skyways



Bombers by the Hour

by SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

A LITTLE MORE than a year ago a small group of men stood on a piece of farmland about 35 miles west of Detroit and analytically studied the contours of the earth. The March air was cold and the ground was soggy, but it was level and it spread out into a vastness of acreage. A lazy little creek fed the roots of a grove of willow trees nearby.

Wearing a gray coat loosely over his shoulders heavy with the weight of his 78 years, Henry Ford and his production boss, Charles F. Sorensen, were engrossed in making mental blueprints.

"Well, Chief," Charlie Sorensen cracked, "How soon can we cut the red tape and get started?"

The very next day two big, powerful steam shovels grunted jagged scoops into the soft earth and the greatest factory in the world was born.

They called it Willow Run.

Today Willow Run is the scourge of America's enemies—a gigantic mass of glass, concrete and steel that marks the regeneration of American offensive power—the biggest big bomber factory in the world, the biggest factory of any kind ever built.

It all came about because of a certain sightseeing trip earlier in 1941, when Ford, Sorensen and other Ford officials were invited to inspect Consolidated's B-24 plant in San Diego.

What they saw was a miracle, me-

Shelby Cullom Davis is Senior Economist with the War Production Board. He represents that dynamic body on the War Requirements Committee of the Board of Economic Warfare. He knows what he is talking about in these pages. Those two jobs alone (not counting his directorships, his seat on the New York Stock Exchange, his best-selling book Your Career in Defense) mean that this young man (he's in his early thirties) is as ready as Willow Run for action against the Axis.

chanically. But Ford officials needed only a glance to see it was not mass production. Not that this was Consolidated's fault—no one had ever ordered bombers en masse. Yet to Ford men, mass production seemed imperative. And who could better do the job than Ford, the father of mass production?

Within a week the fast-travelling Ford officials had visited Wright Field to notify the Air Corps that Ford could build the B-24, starting as soon as ordered by the Government. At first, the Army declined Ford's offer—"at least for the present." Ford was to build bomber parts only, then ship these elsewhere for assembly.

And then came a quick reversal in Government policy. I happened to be present at "Big Bill" Knudsen's press conference in Washington when he quietly let loose the bombshell that Ford would build completed bombers —bombers by Ford.

"You mean, Ford will build bomber *parts*, don't you?" queried one reporter, skeptically.

Knudsen cupped his ear in one hand. He is a little hard of hearing. The question was repeated.

"No, Ford will build bombers—all of them," he replied, "at Ypsilanti."

For a time it was the Ford Ypsilanti bomber plant. Gradually, however, it has become known as the Willow Run plant—some say because Ypsilanti was too hard to spell and pronounce, others because Ford has a penchant for naming plants for the streams nearby, as witness the great Ford River Rouge plant.

The name was an unimportant detail. Ford was now in the bomber business—by no means a strange field to that rugged American. In the 20's, Ford had backed a visionary young inventor named Stout on his all-metal planes. Nearly 200 of the famous Ford trimotor planes were built before Ford retired from airplanes during the holocaust of 1932.

They were good planes, too — some still fly the South American airlines. Ford had also started the first commercial airline between Detroit and Chicago and lays claim to developing the radio beam—without which most airlines could not fly.

So Ford knew something about airplanes—although during the decade he had been out of the business, an aerial revolution had occurred. The Ford trimotor, marvel of its day, was a ponderous museum piece compared with the new Consolidated bomber, weighing 25 tons and capable of carrying four tons of bombs for a range of 3,000 miles at a speed of 300 miles per hour.

So with his typical thoroughness, Ford started out to learn about bombers. Most of the responsibility of overseeing construction was delegated to hard-hitting Charlie Sorensen, Vice-President, known as a real "driver" in American industry. Sorensen and Ford first met in 1904 when the latter, a thin, gaunt young engineer then with Detroit Edison, came to the machine shop where Sorensen was employed with an order for some pattern work for a new racing car.

They've been together ever since.

Twice in his lifetime war has changed destiny for Henry Ford. Twice he has yelled himself hoarse telling the world he was agin' it—then whole-heartedly turned over his factory facilities and keen mind to his country. "If we're in it, by God, we're gonna win it."

Today Henry Ford lives in a big 30-bedroom house a few miles outside of Detroit. His day is a great deal like any factory worker's, except, perhaps, even a little more trying. He arises at six a.m. and goes for a walk. Then he drives to his engineering laboratories and putters around until breakfast. Then back to the plant by ten-o'clock.

What he does after that is as unpredictable as the weather. He may go over to the River Rouge plant and look at the big engines—or he may go out to Willow Run to see how the bombers are coming along. If there is any trouble, he usually finds it. He still gets into heated discussions with his engineers and factory workmen about what is wrong and what should be done about it.

FORD triumphs have never been of the "I came, I saw, I conquered" variety but always at the expense of much hard work. Although he had seen the big bomber being manufactured at San Diego and knew he could do better with his mass production methods, further intensive study was necessary.

So Roscoe Smith, who'd been in charge of Ford's 18 "factories in the meadow" within a radius of 50 miles of Detroit, and Ed Scott, blue-print engineer, headed a crew of 200 Ford experts toward San Diego where they set up offices in a huge tent at Consolidated's plant and began learning first how the bomber was being made and then how Ford might improve on the methods being used.



For several months the study continued—until late July of 1941. Meanwhile ground had been broken at Willow Run, the first piece of steel fitted into place in May and the first concrete floor poured on June 25th.

Plans for Willow Run got bigger and bigger as the Nazi menace grew. Not only was Willow Run to make the thousands of parts going into the Consolidated Liberator and to assemble the finished product—it was also to ship parts for assembly to other big bombing plants.

In a sense, Willow Run would be three plants in one. Employment there might eventually rise as high as 100,000 persons. It would be the

largest factory ever built in the world!

Officials mention a brand new city of 200,000 persons rising out of the Michigan farm lands—all workers or their families. Although many former auto workers will be employed, thousands more must be drawn from other occupations. At least 20,000 women will be necessary.

TODAY, the vision of Willow Run, this great harnessing of American hitting power, is fast approaching reality. Manufacture of parts began in October, although the plant itself was not yet finished. Huge bulkheads at the unfinished ends kept out the wind and snows. By Spring, the first completed bombers were on the way.

Adjacent to the factory is a tremendous airfield with concrete runways. At the hangar is a hotel for pilots, sleeping quarters and restaurant for the ferry command who take the planes, after being rolled off the assembly line and duly tested, to their destinations.

THE trick of mass production lies in the sub-assemblies — getting as much done as possible on the various parts of the plane before putting them together in the final piece where only a limited number of men can work at one time. Consolidated had only about a dozen sub-assemblies; Ford has broken the job down into 70, which makes far more efficient production. The final assembly line is like a river into which tributaries flow at 70 different points.

Jigs and fixtures play an important part in mass production, too. Jigs and fixtures are "holding" tools, holding the parts together while they're being worked on, in many cases serving as a kind of pattern for the part itself.

When bombers were ordered by the half dozen, it didn't pay to set up elaborate jigs and fixtures. The airplane manufacturers usually made them of pipe and they weren't always accurate. But Ford has lavished loving care on these tools. They are made of steel, with cast iron braces. Some even have elevators on their sides so that the workers can adjust themselves to their work.

Ford's tool and die shops have designed and redesigned machinery to speed up output. Where rubber dies were formerly used, Ford uses metal dies, carefully cut out in much less time.

In countless other ways has Ford reduced manufacturing time — and the end is not yet. Already production time has been cut in half.

"It could be cut even further," says Ed Scott, Ford airplane engineer. "We have 3,000 tool designers and 600 engineers. If we had time, we could have a total of 3,600 ideas a day—but this is impractical, because if we redesigned the parts, we would have trouble with replacements for planes now in service."

In my several mile walk through Willow Run, the insides of which, incidentally, are so large that big three-ton trucks run around like so many push carts, I had hoped to meet Roscoe Smith, Superintendent-in-Charge. Once I saw him from a dis-

tance, shuffling the miraculous cards he inevitably carries in his pockets to keep him up to date on all work in progress. But, as in the west, distances are deceiving—I never quite caught up to him.

It is quite a jump for Smith from managing Ford's "factories in the meadow," as a prime advocate of industrial decentralization, to running the biggest, most centralized factory in the world. But then Ford has a habit of picking his men not for the traditional job-qualifications, but rather for personal qualities which will help them make good. And Smith is making good, in his own quietly efficient, studious way.

The production rate at Willow Run is, of course, a military secret. But before Pearl Harbor it was generally assumed the plant would turn out several hundred big bombers monthly at peak operation.

Busy as he is, Henry Ford also finds time to think about the post-war, peacetime development of aviation. Not long ago he acknowledged his goal for the future was a "flivver plane" that will take off from a small plot and sell for the price of a light car.

"We've been experimenting with a two-seater that we expect to put on the market ultimately," he said.

From big bombers to flivver planes sounds like a great hurdle—but it wouldn't be the first time Ford has accomplished the impossible.



Tall Tails

AFTER THE close of the Spanish-American War, from the Philippine Islands came reports stating that U. S. Army explorers had discovered a tribe of savage tailed people in the jungles of Luzon. Later a photograph of a tailed man reached America, and thousands of postcard reprints were sold to tourists.

But according to the U. S. National Museum, the photo was a fake—their files contain a photo of the "tailed" man without a tail!

It is true that many of the Igorot head-hunters of Luzon wear fantastic costumes with tails, as do various aboriginal tribes all over the Malay Archipelago. But there is no scientific record of a race of people born with tails. Embryologists inform us that every normal human being has a tail during the embryo stage, but this tail is completely overgrown by neighboring parts as the child develops. Occasionally, however, a child is born with an external tail.

There are many such authentic cases. A baby born in 1928 at Knoxville, Tennessee, had a tail seven inches in length, and several years earlier a boy was discovered in Baltimore with an external tail nine inches long. The longest human tail on record, however, was a ten-inch tail found on a twelve-year-old boy in French Indo-China. —ROBERT M. HYATT

Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from The Best I Know, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat



JOHN BARRYMORE visited a haberdashery in Hollywood, selected a number of things, ordered them sent to his address and started to leave.

"And your name?" asked the clerk.

"Barrymore," was the cold reply.

"Which Barrymore, please?"

John looked at the fellow disdainfully. "Ethel," he barked.

—JOHN BARRYMORE

THIS is the story of the Bishop of Carter's Green, who always, no matter how tragic the tale told to him, would reply, "Oh, well it might have been worse."

One morning the Bishop of Stanley Bridge called on him.

"The most horrible thing has happened," he said. "It is unbelievable. Terrible. Scandalous. The Bishop of Chiltern Wiltern is in Scotland visiting the Bishop of Queen's Castle, and last night Chiltern Wiltern's house was burned to the ground."

"That is too bad," said the optimistic Bishop, "but, after all, you know, it might have been worse."

"But, you know, my dear Carter's Green, the charred remains of the Bishop's wife were found in the ruins this morning."

"That is indeed sad. Yes, very sad. Very sad, very sad. But, still, it might have been worse."

"But," said the Bishop of Stanley Bridge, "with her in, er, er, in, er well, compromisingly close proximity —as a matter of fact, if I may be quite frank with you, in bed with her, were found the remains of the Bishop of Mayfield-on-Sea."

"Bad, yes, very bad, I admit," answered the Bishop of Carter's Green.

"But, you know, actually, as a matter of fact, it might have been worse."

The Bishop of Stanley Bridge rose to his feet. "Look here, now, Carter's Green. You're a nice fellow and all that, and I have known and liked you for a long time, but I am tired of hearing you say 'it might have been worse.' You carry things a little too far. Now, just answer me, what could have been worse about that?"

"Well," said his friend, "it really might have been worse. Had the house burned last Thursday, they would have found me there instead."

—GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Stage and screen actress, quoting from Town and Country.



IN SOME degree, the following story answers the question, "Is it true that an elephant never forgets a kindness or a grievance?"

An American hunter was one day tramping through elephant country in Africa when his guide stopped him abruptly and exclaimed that elephants were near. The crushing tread of the huge beast was soon heard and the hunter retreated to the edge of the clearing. Into the clearing came a towering female elephant, looking weary and forlorn. She stopped, lifted one foot as though in pain and leaned against a tree trunk.

Her foot was obviously hurt and the brave hunter, impelled by sentiment for the suffering creature, walked into the clearing. The elephant eyed him with a supplicating look and, thus encouraged, he walked up to her and quickly extracted a huge thorn he found in her foot. The elephant gave him a look of unmistakable gratitude and lumbered off into the forest.

Years passed and one day the hunter was sitting in the front row of the circus bleachers with his little son watching the "great spectacle" pass around the arena. "What magnificent elephants," thought he to himself. Suddenly one of the elephants looked toward him, left the procession, came over to his bleacher seat, looked deep into his eyes—and tenderly lifted him and his son with her trunk, took them over and deposited them in the $3.50 seats.

—OSA JOHNSON

Explorer, and author of "I Married Adventure."

NOT LONG AGO, Mr. Pollock came out of a theater and encountered his old friend James T. Powers. "Jimmy" used to be a very popular comedian but Pollock hadn't seen him in nearly twenty years. Powers said: "Have you five minutes? I'd like you to meet my wife. No one else in the world admires you as my wife does. She says you're the greatest author in America; she reads every line that you write. And she thinks you're the most exciting lecturer anywhere; she traveled 100 miles once just to hear you speak."

Then "Jimmy" took Mr. Pollock over to his wife and said, "Darling, I want you to meet Heywood Broun."

—CHANNING POLLOCK

Dramatist and Author.

How these modern Vikings saved their fleet from the German gangsters who overran Norway makes one of the most exciting tales of World War II



The Fleet without a Country

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE SKIPPER was worried.

Even now as the heavily laden tanker *Kiwi* steamed through the hot Arabian Sea he was thinking of Christmas in Bombay for 34 Norwegians who hadn't seen Norway for what seemed like an eternity.

For more than two years he and his men, like thousands of other Norwegian seamen, had been men without a country, entirely cut off from home. They had had no word from their wives and children. Were they starving? Had they been shot? Only the Nazi invaders knew, and they weren't telling.

He looked up. Sparks, grinning, handed him a message he had picked up on the BBC Norwegian broadcast, sent out every day in Morse from London.

On this Christmas Eve the President of the United States had sent a warm personal message to King Haakon of Norway. But there was one paragraph in it that made the Skipper feel that he and his men were not forgotten:

"We are especially grateful for the inestimable aid in our common fight which is being given by intrepid Norwegian seamen on whose skill and courage greatly depends the steady flow of supplies which, in the end . . . will restore decency and personal freedom to the world."

There were others, too, who had not forgotten them. To worry about some 700-odd ships like the *Kiwi* on every ocean of a warring world is a big job, but the highly efficient Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission —better known by its cable name NORTRASHIP—takes that worry in its stride. When the *Kiwi* was still some 400 miles out of Bombay, Nortraship had payrolls and further instructions waiting at the docks.

Welcoming a small group of Nor-

wegian sailors to Washington recently, Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, said:

"I think it was a British publication which said that the Norwegian merchant fleet was worth as much as a million soldiers to the Allied cause. Well, I want to say this is no exaggeration; you are worth far more than a million men."

There are high British authorities who will go even further. They will say that if it were not for the fast, brave fleet of Norwegian tankers a large part of Britain's air fleet might have been grounded in the dark days of 1941. Or, as President Roosevelt so succinctly put the matter: "They carry half of Britain's oil to England. They carry a third of her food to her."

When the Germans overran Norway in 1940, they were seeking more than occupation of the land; they were after the biggest prize of the oceans, then or since—the Norwegian merchant marine.

In April, 1940 the masters of the ocean-going ships of this fleet received wireless instructions from German-occupied Oslo: "All Norwegian ships will proceed at once to Norwegian or neutral ports."

An hour later came the second message, this time from London: "Norwegian ships will proceed with all speed to British or Allied ports."

In the Arabian Ocean, in the China Seas, off the Suez Canal, in the North Sea, at Antwerp, in the Pacific and in the Atlantic men like Captain Djerkholt of the *Kiwi* came to rapid decisions. Nearly one thousand masters, all those outside occupied ports and commanding some 3,800,000 gross tons of shipping, obeyed the London call. In this way some 80 per cent of the Norwegian merchant fleet —the fastest, most modern and the fourth largest in the world—was saved from the Nazi grasp.

THE Fleet without a Country was born on the darkest day in Norwegian history. On April 22, 1940, the Norwegian king, safe in an obscure inn to which he had fled from German-held Oslo, issued a decree requisitioning the merchant marine for the duration. King Haakon named Oyvind Lorentzen to manage the ships in the name of the Government of Free Norway. A few hours later in a remote fjord, Lorentzen boarded a waiting British cruiser.

In London, Lorentzen and a small staff got to work. All papers and records had been left in Norway—and they knew nothing of the whereabouts, cargoes or destinations of the thousand ships.

Yet when Lorentzen broadcast an appeal to all Norwegian masters ask-



ing them to confirm the message: "I hold my ship on behalf of the Royal Norwegian Government," not a single master failed to respond as directed.

One of the most daring exploits of the war followed upon this avowal of loyalty to the Norwegian Government in exile. On a murky night, five Norwegian ships in Sweden, loaded with vital mineral ores destined for Britain, decided to run through the German blockade. The ships slipped out into the thickly mined Skaggerak and miraculously ran clear through the blockade to meet up with a providential British naval convoy.

Then there was the Norwegian whaler in the Antarctic which got a radio order: "Report to the mother ship." The captain changed his course to comply but he became more and more suspicious as he approached. What if the Nazis were aboard the mother ship and were using the Norwegian code?

The skipper played it smart:

"Have just sighted a whale. Will return after capture. All right?"

"No. Return at once."

The chase lasted 16 days. Once the pursuing raider got within firing distance, but a sudden fog bank came between the two and the whaler managed to make it to a British base. Today these huge Norwegian whalers make fine, fast oil tankers.

Meanwhile, many Norwegian shipping experts, responding to Director Lorentzen's plea for assistance, were coming to London by devious routes. One of the men left Denmark by rowboat after the German occupation. He covered himself and his boat with white sheets and when the German searchlights played over the waters between Denmark and Sweden, he pulled in his oars and drifted along with the many ice floes which were in the sound. Early the next day he landed in neutral Sweden. By way of Russia, Rumania, Italy and France he managed to get to London.

After the fall of France, the shipping men who managed to smuggle themselves out of Norway reached London through what exiled Norwegians at that time laughingly called the "safe route": through Sweden, across Russia, Siberia, China, the Pacific, the United States and the Atlantic. The tougher route, known as the King's Highway, was more direct: by small boat over the watery lane from the fjords of Norway to Scotland —some 500 miles.

TODAY THE Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission has its main offices in London and New York. More than 600 men and women are at work in these headquarters. Dozens more are scattered around leading United Nations ports as agents for Nortraship.

It takes money and lots of it to operate these ships and keep them in essential and frequent repair. From the fees it collects for the use of the ships, Nortraship takes care of these two big items. Shipping rates are carefully regulated by American and British maritime commissions. Other expenses include many convalescent and vacation homes in the United States, Canada and England for Norwegian

sailors who cannot return to their own land. The problem of maintaining high morale among these exiled men is one of the most important facing Nortraship. The able seamen aboard Norwegian ships make about $110 a month, including various wartime bonuses, with 10 per cent of this going into a savings fund for each man. There have been practically no desertions, and surprisingly little labor troubles. Periodically the men get time off to spend at the vacation homes Nortraship has set up.

The shipping fees are also used to maintain free Norwegian legations and consuls in the United Nations and to train Norwegian flyers and naval officers in Canada and England.

Frequently the Norwegians scorn the protection of convoys—their tankers are the fastest in the world. Always ready to take a crack at enemy U-boats, many of these ships are armed with powerful guns manned by sharp-eyed gunners who were trained for the task at Camp Norway in Canada. Former harpooners on Norwegian whalers make the best gunners.

What has helped, too, is the sheer courage of many of the Norwegian ship masters such as stocky, placid Captain Einar Gleditsch. One day in the North Atlantic, Gleditsch very nearly succeeded in deliberately running down and ramming a submarine. He finally gave up when a heavy rain squall blotted out the scene.

"Oh well, you were armed, of course," a reporter said after interviewing the Captain.

"Of course," the Master replied with a perfectly straight face. "In my cabin I had a fine .22 caliber rifle."

Since the outbreak of the war, the Norwegian merchant marine has lost about 200 ships and some 1,300 seamen. Replacements in ships and men are difficult to get. Recently Nortraship made arrangements to get 11 transports from Britain. Six "overage" oil-fueled ships are being obtained from the U. S.

Under a widespread training program in many different ports of call, Nortraship is making ship specialists out of ordinary seamen and thus getting badly needed replacements for officers who have gone down.

In more than one sense Nortraship is probably the last great international corporation which is still maintaining world-wide operations. Its annual income must run in the tens of millions. Its repair bills in U.S. ship yards alone was well over a million dollars in 1941.

When the war is over the private Norwegian ship owners will be paid off—that is, those who managed to come through the Nazi occupation alive. The accumulating funds of Nortraship will also enable Norway to rebuild its merchant fleet and aid in the reconstruction of the country.

That thought alone is probably what keeps many of these doughty Norwegian seamen going.

—Suggestions for further reading:

NORWAY, NEUTRAL AND INVADED
by Halvdan Koht $1.75
The Macmillan Company, New York

MISSION TO THE NORTH
by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman $3.50
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

Superstition about it has worked more evil than the disease itself; this news may help to lift the veil



Good News about Epilepsy

by EDITH M. STERN

ONE IN EVERY 200 people is subject to epileptic seizures — which makes the disease about as common as diabetes or advanced tuberculosis. Of these, however, only about one in every 10 has such frequent, spectacular convulsions that he must be institutionalized. The rest, given half a chance and up-to-date medical treatment, could lead happy, satisfactory lives.

More has been learned about epilepsy during the past two decades than in the preceding 2,000 years. Twenty years ago, a wealthy father who had "tried everything" for his epileptic son, was amazed at the dramatic, though temporary, relief which the boy experienced following a period of starvation. Eager to know its "why," the father made a donation which started the Harvard Epilepsy Commission, and as the interest of the Boston research workers spread to other medical centers, one line of investigation or treatment led to another.

Doctors found that the beneficial effects of starvation came from changes in the body chemistry that caused acidosis—and that acidosis, in turn, soothed the nerves. Later, a substitute for the drastic and unpleasant procedure of going without food was found in the "ketogenic" (high fat) diet. It proved especially effective with children suffering either from the form of epilepsy known as *petit mal*—momentary, almost imperceptible lapses of consciousness—or *grand mal*—the falling down, convulsive jerkings, and frothing at the mouth popularly associated with the disease. At the Mayo Clinic, 47 per cent of children under treatment benefited by this diet.

Greatest help of all in the study of epilepsy, however, has come from an

apparatus called the electroencephalograph, which records the fluctuations of the electrical currents of the brain, just as the electrocardiograph does this for the heart. This electrical record is useful in diagnosing epilepsy, in indicating whether the disturbance is generalized or localized, in gauging the success of treatment, and in helping to determine the factor of heredity (since the pattern or form of a person's brain waves seem to be a hereditary trait).

STILL ANOTHER recent chapter in the brief modern history of epilepsy concerns a medicine first used by Drs. Putnam and Merritt of the Harvard group. It is called dilantin sodium—and unlike the more standard treatments for seizures, is not a sedative, has no dulling effects. No one yet knows *why* dilantin is effective. But Merritt and Putnam have reported that it markedly improved 74 per cent of *grand mal* patients and 59 per cent of *petit mal* patients under treatment from two months to two and one-half years. One-third were entirely free of seizures while under the period of observation.

Doctors are working to learn more about the drug. Some patients simply can't take dilantin, just as some couldn't take the earlier forms of the wonder-working sulfa products, because it gives them various unpleasant symptoms like nausea, dizziness or cramps. A few actually become worse under treatment. But in the numerous cases where dilantin does work, it is miraculously effective, and with time and further experimentation bids fair to be to epilepsy what quinine is to malaria or insulin to diabetes.

Today only a quack would say he knows a sure cure for epilepsy: treatment is a matter of trial and error, of careful watching and dosage by a physician. But it's an even greater fallacy to label the disease "incurable"—as too many physicians, and nearly all laymen, still do. More epileptics are cured than anyone knows, because they don't advertise the fact, and because the idea that "nothing can be done" dies hard. In a recent motion picture, a doctor registered gloom, said to his office nurse, "Poor devil! Epilepsy! Hopeless! All I can do is drug him to make him forget his misery."

Bunk! The technics of the picture were 20th century. The sentiments date from the second, when Arateua, a famous physician of Cappadoccia, described the epileptic's life as one of "enduring shame, ignominy and sorrow."

It needn't be! "If morale and mentality can be maintained," says Dr. William G. Lennox, president of the International League against Epilepsy, "two-thirds of the battle is won." For the real tragedy of the epileptic doesn't lie in the physical manifestations of the disease, but in the way the patient is treated by family and society.

Unfortunately, most of us don't look on epileptic seizures rationally, as we do on asthmatic gaspings for breath. Unconsciously, perhaps as a hangover of the medieval idea of

demonic possession, we imbue those seizures with a superstitious horror and ostracize the victim from work and play and normal companionship.

And it is fear of thus losing friends or job that makes nervous wrecks of many epileptics. Similarly, it is loss of initiative and ambition, more often than any mental deficiency, that makes innumerable epileptic children fall behind in their school work. A small proportion of epileptics are congenital idiots, it's true, and there's nothing to do about them. But, on the other hand, some of the most distinguished people in history have been epileptics, too: among rulers, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Peter the Great of Russia; among writers, Byron, Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Swinburne, deMaupassant, and limerick-composing Edward Lear; among musicians, the composer Hector Berlioz and the violinist Nicolo Paganini. Indeed, 60 to 80 per cent of all epileptics are normal mentally.

SOCIETY'S attitude is equally responsible for what's falsely called "the typical epileptic personality." Actually tantrums and rages have no more physiological connection with most types of seizures than low mentality. What happens is that parents of epileptic children tend to spoil them for fear of "bringing on a fit." Playmates taunt young victims of *grand mal* with nicknames like "Fitzy" or "Jerky"; of *petit mal* with "Dopey." Small wonder that youngsters thus pampered or tortured become uncontrolled, resentful adults. On the other hand, an epileptic shown normal love and respect, and stimulated to do his best at work and play, is likely to develop an equable disposition enviable in any child.

With social attitudes so important, the work of the Laymen's League against Epilepsy, founded December 4th, 1939, is as heartening as the development of the newer remedies. For the first time, the centuries-old fog surrounding the disease is being publicly pierced. Laymen's League members—who, despite the name, are doctors as well as laymen—pay either $1.00 a year to receive a book, called *Science and Seizures*, as well as regular bulletins on epilepsy, or $5.00 a year for the book and bulletins, the international magazine *Epilepsia*, and as contribution to research. With headquarters at Harvard Medical School in Boston, the League is national, has members in 44 states, and co-operates with local organizations like Minneapolis' Society for Research on Convulsive Disorders and New York's Association for the Relief of Convulsive Disorders to establish and popularize scientific truths about epilepsy. If only one per cent of what is now expended on the care of epileptic patients in institutions or on worthless patent medicines purporting to be cures for epilepsy were available to the League, its meager budget for research would be swelled effectively, and the end of costly care and untold sufferings for epileptics and their families would speedily be brought about.

Meanwhile, if there's an epileptic

in your family, here are some don'ts that will make your lives easier.

Don't fall for mail-order or patent medicine "cures." They are simply exorbitantly-priced sedatives plus a few unimportant drugs, sometimes harmful with overdosage.

Don't run from doctor to doctor. Your family physician knows the patient's condition and how best to keep him in good general health. If he suggests a neurologist as consultant, so much the better.

Don't experiment with faddy diets. Except for the ketogenic diet, which must be planned down to the last gram by a doctor, there are no effective diets for diminishing seizures.

Don't be overprotective of an epileptic child. So far as possible, let him go about and play normally. Pictures of seizures occurring in the midst of traffic, stock-in-trade of the mail order medicine vendors, are misleading.

Don't surround the patient's affliction with shame and secrecy.

Don't feel that your family is "tainted." Doctors disagree violently about the hereditary factor in epilepsy, and until they settle the point, assume that such harsh laws as the Connecticut statute imposing a jail sentence on epileptics who marry have an unscientific basis.

Don't regard epilepsy as synonymous with dependence. The patient with the largest number of *petit mal* seizures on record is a competent secretary and supports herself and her family.

Above all, remember even during those agonizing seconds which seem like hours to the distressed onlooker, that convulsions are transitory; there is no reason to feel peculiarly disgraced, to relate your loved one's symptoms in some vague way with insanity or criminality. True, about 10 per cent of our mental hospital beds are occupied by epileptics, but that is only because, barbarically, most states make no separate provision for them, and many epileptics as sane as you and I are housed with the mentally ill. As for criminality, no evidence indicates that the proportion of epileptics in prisons is greater than in the world at large.

Keep in mind, always, that epileptics are simply people with a physico-chemical disturbance of brain cells for which science is rapidly finding causes and cures. Meanwhile, in the protracted stretches between their brief seizures, *you* can help them fulfill the Good Life.



IT IS TOLD by Leonard Lyons of a certain actress that once, after a busy day, during which she had rehearsed for a radio program as well as for a role in a stage play, she took a cab, sat back exhaustedly, and told the driver, hazily, "Murray Hill 5230." The driver replied, "Thanks ma'am—but I'm married."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)

How's your color memory? Unless you have a painter's vision, you'll find some posers in this who's hue of well known objects

What's Your Eye-Q?

THE WHOLE WORLD is in technicolor, but we think in grays and blacks. Consequently, you'll find that your memory for color fails you in a surprisingly high number of the objects listed here.

Incidentally, don't go in for fancy hues in your answers. Simple reds, blues, blacks, whites and greens will do for most of the items. One of them is colorless; several have more than one color.

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 54 or over is fair; 64 or over is good; anything over 74 is excellent. Answers are on page 102.

1. F sharp piano key.
2. Tongue of chow dog
3. Chalk for billiard cue
4. Five dollar bill (reverse side)
5. Airmail stamp (6c)
6. Tie worn with tailcoat
7. Kentucky grass
8. Frederick Barbarossa's beard
9. Unused meerschaum pipe
10. Moby Dick
11. Artichoke
12. Skates won by Hans Brinker
13. Yale University's color
14. Numerals on golf flag
15. Stokowski's hair
16. Postal telegraph blank
17. Chalk used by bowlers
18. R.A.F. uniform
19. Patina on bronze
20. First prize ribbon
21. Second prize ribbon
22. Othello's skin
23. Dress of *Whistler's Mother*
24. Clara Bow's hair
25. French flag
26. Cheddar cheese
27. An admiral's star
28. Chinese mourning
29. Al Smith's derby

30. Bromo Seltzer bottle
31. Taj Mahal
32. Dartmouth's color
33. Classified telephone directory
34. Plaster of Paris
35. Topmost stripe of American flag
36. Arsenic
37. U. S. Union Jack
38. Barber pole
39. Pupil of an eye
40. Vodka
41. Creme de menthe
42. The President's dwelling
43. British Uniform of 18th Century
44. Flag of surrender
45. An Albino's hair
46. A hockey puck
47. Port light on a boat
48. Starboard light on a boat
49. Paul Bunyan's ox
50. Paprika
51. A 25c War Saving stamp

Turn About Is Fair Play

SINCLAIR LEWIS once received this letter from a western lawyer:

"Dear Lewis:

"Have read a few of your works and would like to ask a few favors. Please send me a list of your stories, your autograph, picture, and a letter describing your life. How many children you have and their names. Thanking you, I am,

"Yours truly,

"J. J. Jones."

To which Lewis answered:

"My dear Jim:

"There was only one thing about your nice letter that I didn't like. It was so sort of formal. True, we have never met, and somehow I feel we aren't likely to, but isn't this a democratic country? So let me call you Jim, and you call me Fatty, or any other friendly name. Now, Jim, I haven't got a photograph of me here, but I'll go right down to the Junction and have one taken. I'm preparing a letter about my life, but it's been a pretty long one and a bad one, and that will take me several weeks.

"But meantime, Jim, I'm awfully interested in lawyers. Kindly send me your picture, pictures of your home and office, a list of your assets and liabilities, average income per month, list of the books you have read since 1914, if any. Kindly inform me whether you have ever defended a bootlegger or an author and why. Should be glad to have any other interesting information for use in a story. How do you get along with your wife? Kindly explain this in detail. Thanking you in advance, beg to remain,

"Yours affectionately,

"Sinclair Lewis."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)



Once, they say, a Nazi general said to French reporters: "France's best man? Charles De Gaulle, of course. Didn't you know?" Today we all know—

De Gaulle: Prophet with Honor

by CURT RIESS

FRANCE HAD fallen. A voice was speaking from London—speaking in French, to Frenchmen everywhere.

"Is all hope gone?" it cried. "Is this defeat final? No. Whatever may come, the flame of French resistance must never—will never—be extinguished."

It was a tired voice, yet somehow full of assurance. It came from a tall man in a crumpled uniform, a man with eyes red from lack of sleep. After 36 desperate hours in Bordeaux, he had flown to England with nothing but a little suitcase; he had had a short but dramatic conversation with Winston Churchill, then he had gone on the air.

That was the first time many of France's millions had ever heard of General Charles De Gaulle. Today, though it is dangerous to do so, many of his countrymen own his photograph. Whenever he speaks over the radio, Frenchmen listen, in occupied or unoccupied zone—in spite of all that Vichy and the German occupation authorities do to prevent it.

Yes, De Gaulle is popular. But he is still comparatively unknown. For the French people he is a symbol rather than flesh and blood. When he was in France, only two years ago, none of those who were leading the Third Republic gave him a second thought—with the exception of Paul Reynaud and Georges Mandel.

The French generals did everything possible to suppress the very fact of his existence. Why? Because they didn't see eye to eye with him on the question of how the coming war was to be run. They believed in fixed defense lines, whereas De Gaulle favored mobile mechanized warfare. De Gaulle was convinced that the faster and the better you could move, the better chance you had to win; he ad-

vocated tanks, tanks and more tanks.

This theory almost proved to be his undoing. Up to 1934, De Gaulle had had an amazing career. During World War I he had been wounded three times; he was captured by a German patrol, and three times tried in vain to escape. After the war, between 1920 and 1921, he took part in the anti-Bolshevik campaign in Poland. His superior there, who later praised him without reserve, was General Weygand. Later, he became a professor of military history at Saint Cyr, the famous war college open only to a few selected officers. Still later, he went to the Near East. Finally he joined the General Staff.

It was during the years at Saint Cyr, especially after 1929, that De Gaulle started *The Army of the Future*, the first book on mechanized warfare ever written. One of the few officers who seemed to understand was Pétain, without whose help the younger man probably would never have advanced very far.

But General Weygand, then Commander of the French Army, was very much against the theories of De Gaulle. When De Gaulle's book came out in 1934, Weygand appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Didelet, his chief of staff, to write a sharp rebuttal in the official military weekly.

Long a favorite of Coronet readers, Curt Riess is especially well equipped to write about France and Frenchmen. Reason: long experience on the staff of the celebrated French newspaper, Paris Soir. A correspondent for that paper in the U. S. when France fell, Riess remained in this country, devoting his time to writing for magazines. He's had two books published here: Total Espionage and Underground Europe.

And then, in 1936, when Gamelin became the leader of the French army, De Gaulle was removed from the General Staff and transferred to Metz. It seemed a splendidly begun career was at its end.

"De Gaulle would have got over it," one of his intimate associates recently arrived from London told me, speaking of those fateful years. "His real tragedy was that while almost nobody in France listened to him, he was listened to very carefully in Berlin. Perhaps it's true, and then perhaps it is not, that the Nazis decided to mechanize their army *only* after having read De Gaulle's book. But at least it *is* known that the German General Staff did order more than 200 copies of his book for German technicians to study."

There is even a story that General Hans Guderian, the man responsible for mechanizing the Nazi army, once said to a French newspaper man in Berlin: "There is, of course, no doubt about our being able to get through the Maginot Line if we want to. We all know it, and your best man knows it, too."

"And who is our best man?"

The General seemed puzzled. "Colonel De Gaulle, of course. Didn't you know?"

The French newspaper man had never heard the name before.

Even today only those who are in

touch with him constantly because they work with him, know the man De Gaulle as well as the General De Gaulle.

It must be admitted that he looks his part. He is very tall—six foot six. His face is rugged and severe, his steady eyes deep-set and cool. But he is quite an easy fellow, almost genial, and there are times when he loves to talk—that is, when there is something to talk about. He is an excellent speaker and most of his famous broadcasts have been made with just a few notes in his hand.

"Of course, first and last he is an officer," says his collaborator. "He thinks—and even talks—in military terms. He wears a uniform with two silver stars, the insignia of a brigadier-general, the lowest general's rank in France. He even has generals of higher rank serving under him. I am told that once somebody suggested that he assume the five stars of the Commanding General. De Gaulle didn't even bother to answer. The man who was willing and able to start a revolution against the regime of collaborationists thinks it inconceivable to revolutionize army tradition."

IT IS HIGHLY characteristic of Charles De Gaulle that he never agreed to form a "government in exile." Although the Free French movement really functions as such a government, he decided that Free French Delegation was a much more proper name.

When it started, it wasn't even a delegation. Just a tired and disillusioned man whose world had gone to pieces within a few hours—when he found out that his great friend and ideal, Marshal Pétain, would not live up to his promise and fight on, but would make peace with the enemy.

> ***"France, though crushed, is taking part in the world reformation. Those of her children who are fighting, are tightening their ranks and are increasing their efforts. Those who cannot yet do so are raising their eyes toward the hope of future armistices.***
>
> ***"Well, the worst will soon be over; better times are coming: here is Clemenceau's hour."***
>
> —Gen. Charles De Gaulle

There were his famous radio appeals on June 18 and June 20, after which he waited in an office of two dingy rooms at St. Stephen's House. He was sure that all the high-ranking French officers would come and join him. But none of them came.

"Looking back," De Gaulle's friend told me, "it doesn't seem so surprising. After all, De Gaulle had done what practically none of the others had dared to do. Furthermore, Weygand and all the other French officers disliked De Gaulle anyway — because during the whole debacle of the French army, De Gaulle had been the only one who had really achieved something resembling a victory. It was he and his Fourth Armored Division who, against superior German forces and without air support, were able to stave off the Germans successfully at Laon from May 16 to May 19, and

caused the almost panic-stricken retreat of the Germans into Abbéville on May 30. De Gaulle had showed his French comrades how the Nazis could have been stopped if the other officers had known as much about modern warfare as he. They never admitted that, of course, but they knew it."

Others came to join him, though. Slowly but steadily. French soldiers saved at Dunkerque; French sailors who had found refuge in British ports; politicians and journalists who preferred to leave France rather than live under Pétain. And De Gaulle didn't lose any time. Immediately he proceeded to form a "New French Army."

Today, Free French forces are everywhere in the world. Besides the units with the RAF and British army, we know, of course, of the small and courageous Free French Navy which only recently created an international incident by taking over the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. We know of the African colonies which have decided to withdraw from Vichy and join De Gaulle, and of the great fights the Free French have put up in Libya and in Syria. But military wisdom and fear of reprisals against the families of those who have joined De Gaulle, make necessary to conceal any true picture of the extent of expansion of the Free French Forces.

"The headquarters of the Free French Delegation," De Gaulle's colleague informed me, "are now in Carlton Gardens, in a large, dignified building which the British have put at De Gaulle's disposal. About 450 people work there: officers, experts on war and on French matters, stenographers, telephone operators, writers. Guards in French uniform stand outside.

"After arriving at his office at nine o'clock in the morning, General De Gaulle usually confers with his colleagues and his general staff who form the *Comité National*. At least twice a week he gets over to 10 Downing Street; he is on very friendly, even cordial terms with both Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden. Generally, he returns to his office and works there until seven or eight o'clock at night."

Evenings he usually spends with his wife and his two daughters, Elisabeth and Anna. (His son, Philip, is in the RAF.) He rarely goes out, and Mme. De Gaulle, a very charming and intelligent French woman, almost never entertains. Even the purely formal, representative occasions are cut down to a minimum. Once, when a good friend told De Gaulle to take it a bit easier and to think of himself and his health, he was answered, "Later, later. Too much work to be done now."

THOUSANDS of Frenchmen write to De Gaulle and to the people in charge of the Free French broadcasts by the BBC in London, to assure them of their loyalty and to encourage them in their fight. De Gaulle, whenever he can find the time, insists on reading these letters himself. He has issued a standing order that he wishes to see, whenever possible, all Frenchmen who have been able to make their way to

England and Carlton Gardens. In this way he has become probably the world's best informed person on what goes on in France.

"You may remember that on many occasions De Gaulle has predicted Vichy's next move—and he has hardly ever been wrong," the general's friend pointed out.

There is every indication that England's Prime Minister takes the General and his ideas extremely seriously. Especially his ideas as to how the continent should be invaded.

For, being a practical military man, De Gaulle knows that an invasion—to start somewhere in France—can succeed *only* if undertaken with overwhelming superiority of mechanized forces—supported by an overwhelmingly superior air force. He very definitely feels that the same kind of confusion that helped the Nazis to invade Holland, Norway, Belgium and France will, on the day of reckoning, help the Allied forces.

So sure is De Gaulle that this invasion *will* take place—that it *will* be successful—that he and a few intimates very often take time out to discuss what will happen in his beloved France once Hitler is defeated.

He has no wish to enter Paris in triumph, nor to establish himself as the head of the nation. Far from it. He knows Frenchmen well enough to take into account their traditional dislike of military men with political ambitions. And he doesn't mind. In fact, unlike his former friend, old Pétain, De Gaulle has no political ambitions whatsoever.

Once victory is achieved, he wants to step down and be once more what he has always been and what he always will be—a soldier.

—Suggestions for further reading:

CHARLES DE GAULLE
by Philippe Barres $2.00
Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York

ARMY OF THE FUTURE
by Charles de Gaulle $2.00
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

Novel Revenge

IN 1915, when Julian Street published that noted book on American travel, *Abroad at Home*, it was much resented in Cripple Creek, Colorado, a town which figured in Mr. Street's book largely because it contained Myers Avenue, a spectacular red light district.

A mass meeting was promptly called to express the town's indignation, and threats of lawsuits and boycotting were bruited about. Finally, however, a city councilman took the floor.

"I have a much more effective and lasting revenge to propose," he said. "Gentlemen, I move that the name of Myers Avenue be changed to Julian Street."

The proposal was adopted with a whoop, and to this day, Julian Street's name adorns the city's primrose thoroughfare.

—ROSCOE FLEMING



Our Modern Minute Men

THE GREATEST money-raising campaign in American history was launched May 1, 1941, when President Roosevelt bought the first United States Defense Bond from Secretary Morgenthau. Since then, Americans have purchased as much as $69,000,000 worth of Defense Stamps and Bonds (now called War Savings Stamps and Bonds) in a single day; indeed, through February, 1942, the total amounted to $4,200,000,000. By comparison, Community Chest drives are child's play, and even nation-wide collections for causes like the USO or the Red Cross are relatively small-scale.

Directing this gigantic promotion for Uncle Sam is a handful of Americans who once were engaged—at far higher salaries—in pushing such products as candy, soft drinks and chewing gum.

No howl of "government extravagance" can rise against their practices. Fund-raising costs have set an all-time low—less than one-tenth of one per cent—as compared with 15 per cent for most charity drives. Instead, the War Savings Staff has made masterly use of volunteers and of existing organizations. In addition, they have stimulated many ingenious stunts like stamp showers for brides or bond prizes for athletic events; created slogans; helped organize local selling committees.

And now, on the pages that follow, meet a few members of the War Savings Staff and find out how they "keep 'em buying."

General Manager

Eugene W. Sloan, Executive Director of the War Savings Staff, corresponds to the general manager of a business. Warm, easy, quietly realistic, he has the personality for the job. And the experience. For seven years as chief of Baby Bonds for the Treasury, he learned to woo the small investor.

He's responsible for the creation of the War Savings Books which are triply effective: psychologically, because they set immediate, step-by-step savings goals; physically, because they fit equally well pocketbooks and Post Office machinery; financially, because virtually all of them are converted into War Savings bonds.

Born in St. Louis, Sloan was graduated from Princeton, where he majored in economics; later, he was the first enlistee in the Officers Training Corps in the First World War. His initial business experience consisted of peddling three trunkfuls of shoes through the South, for the St. Louis shoe firm founded by his father and uncle. Later he worked at a machine, joined the shoeworkers' union. After 10 years as sales manager for the firm, he became an investment broker, quit private business to sell shares in the United States.



Promoter

When the War Savings campaign began, you could buy stamps in only 30,000 places—and those post offices and banks exclusively. Today there are 1,500,000 outlets. In the beginning, you virtually had to hunt for booths, counters or windows carrying War Bonds and Stamps. Now, thanks to S. D. Mahan, you can't avoid them.

At a cost of four tenths of a cent for delivery, your postman has left at your door "Our America," the War Savings tabloid, with articles by nationally famous writers. It's Mahan's idea, and you'll be getting other issues. Your newsboy may be one of the 300,000 newsboys who have already sold $13,000,000 worth of stamps and are going stronger. Schemes like these are part of the ace merchandising job done by the War Savings Staff—and for which unassuming Mr. Mahan modestly gives credit to everyone but himself.

This poised, well groomed business man was born on a Pennsylvania farm, which he still owns. He resigned as Advertising Manager of Westinghouse to go with the government.

"I got worried," he said. "So I decided it was more important to promote savings than refrigerators."



Ballyhooer

When curly-haired, cherubic looking Carlton Duffus was a schoolboy in Pipestone, Minnesota, he used to do odd jobs for every carnival and circus that came to town. As a student at Hamline University, St. Paul, he worked for a theater circuit. He knows show business from bottom to top. For a brief period he strained his larynx as a barker, for five years handled MGM's publicity for theaters from Broadway to Montana hills.

Now, at 32, Duffus has a still bigger job as ballyhoo expert for the War Savings Staff. Whenever a local community stages a drive to buy planes or tanks or ships, Duffus is on tap to give suggestions and practical help. Some of the stunts he has engineered: scale models showing what your bonds buy; free rides on jeeps to bond buyers; rides on the Coast Guard's breeches buoys for stamp-buying youngsters.

Under his direction three newsreel crews search out individuals who have done outstanding jobs in the War Savings campaign and photograph them for exhibit in their local movie houses as "Minute Men." He plugs songs, has distributed over 2,000,000 free copies of the ditty written by Irving Berlin, *Any Bonds Today?*



Word Stimulator

Vincent F. Callahan, Director of Radio and Press Sections of the War Savings Staff, quit high school in 1918 and enlisted in the Army. His career as a soldier lasted one week, when his age—15—was discovered.

It has been press and radio, radio and press for Callahan ever since. The youngster got a job on a Washington newspaper, held it through his 23rd year. He has run radio stations in large cities, had charge of sales and publicity for NBC in Washington for 10 years.

Callahan and the seven radio experts under him supply material to 868 local stations and the networks. Weekly, 700 stations broadcast 2,100 Defense Savings programs. In addition, special features go to the 300 stations with farm programs, the 450 with women's. Stars like Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans are enlisted; personal calls are made on sponsors to obtain time on the air.

And that's only the half of it. The Chief also directs 11 people who send material to newspapers, including copy specially prepared for the Negro, labor and religious press; to 3,500 trade publications, and to house organs reaching 16,000,000 monthly.



Comics Collector

Ed Reed recruits celebrities like Little Abner, Andy Gump, Joe Palooka, Winnie Winkle and Little Nancy for the War Savings drive.

With his own comic feature, *Off the Record*, syndicated in 170 newspapers, Reed has lived, worked and played golf in 135 places and has met pretty nearly all the comic strip artists in the country. Last October he was made volunteer chairman of the Cartoon Committee and, by December 1, had hauled in well over 100 pictures specially drawn for the War Savings Staff by 50 nationally known artists.

For instance: an elaborate Rube Goldberg machine reminds the man who carries it on his head not to forget to buy War Stamps. Superman, flying through the air, says Hurry Up and Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds. These specially drawn pictures go to 1,000 daily papers, thousands of weeklies.

Engagingly boyish, Reed doesn't look his 35 years. He was born in Paris, Texas, studied cartooning at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. He couldn't get a job as an artist, and for seven years after his graduation wrote advertising copy, always intending to return to cartooning.



Picture Story:

The Battle of Waterloo Road

Adapted from the book of the same name by Diana Forbes-Robertson, with photographs by Robert Capa

HERE IS the story of the little people of Waterloo Road, the little men of England. Perhaps you have neighbors just like them—people who work, dream, laugh—and who fight in their own soul-warming way for freedom. These are the men and women who remembered, when Hitler sent his bombers to blitz London, that once another despot saw his dreams of domination crumble at another battle of Waterloo.

In the following pages, Coronet will give you a glimpse into the everyday lives of these sturdy folk—flesh-and-blood reasons why Hitler can't win.





"We've got everything in Lambeth from the lowest of the low to kippers for tea . . ."



They are no braver than other people, in Lambeth, and no more terrified either.

Old Lambeth

SOUTH OF the river Thames lies the old borough of Lambeth. "Lambeth?" you say, "isn't that where they sing and dance all the time?" As a matter of fact, *The Lambeth Walk* is a nice gay tune, but the narrow busy street from which it takes its name is more concerned with the essentials of life—the price of food—a living to be made. In the past Lambeth has taken much of its life from the river Thames, but of late the river has let the district down a little. It is because on a moonlit night the river shines and shimmers in the darkness, and however high the bombing planes fly they can catch the gleam beneath them, and they know that they are above the heart of London. They come, aiming at the life-line of England. Sometimes they hit their objectives; more often they don't. Usually it is the houses of the working families of London that are ground and shattered by the bombs. Then the inhabitants shrug their shoulders and ask, "What good does it do him?"

At the central control of the Lambeth ARP hangs a huge detailed map of the district where, as each bomb falls within the borough boundaries, a little flag is placed. The number of flags is getting immense now, and the borough jealously asserts its claim over the neighboring boroughs to the title of "most bombed" of all London.

Many lives have been lost in Lambeth, of course, but it all does not really make any difference. For life

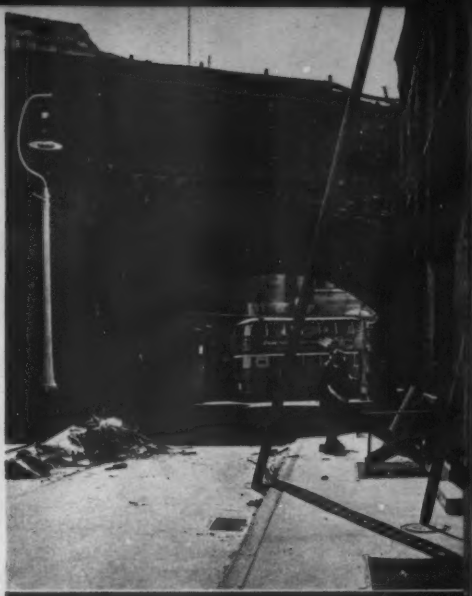
continues in spite of death—in spite of lights failing, and gas or water mains being hit.

Trains roar through to Waterloo Station, their noise invading the kitchens and bedrooms of the houses beneath. Aware of its danger, proud of its record, and busy with its own jobs, life along Waterloo Road continues.

And all the while, in the little streets that twist and turn behind the main thoroughfare live the people of the parish of St. John's—as varied a collection of people as could be found anywhere in a big city.

Railwaymen, charladies, dock workers, office workers, policemen, shopkeepers, tipsters from the race track, actors, nurses and publicans. Only today they are also air raid wardens, fire watchers and canteen workers. They live together as in a village within a great city, like thousands of other small groups all over a city, grouped around a church, a market, a school. And, as in any small community, they think and say and are every different kind of thing imaginable. They have always known a good deal about each other, but the war has brought them even closer together. You see, they have sheltered together, and the bombs that have fallen near one have fallen near another. They say, "Our bombs," now.

"You can't keep 'em away from the big bombs," says one warden. "When they're warned off a big 'un that may go off any minute, they'll get as near as they can."



Waterloo Road has a double life: it is an important main road, and a village street, combined.



In the early hours of the evening, before darkness comes, people like to chat.



"They do a lot, the Gibbses," says one of their neighbors. "More than most people."



It is Mrs. Gibbs' mother and her youngest daughter who have dropped in to chat a while.

The Gibbs Family

THE GIBBS FAMILY would be the last to boast that they do any more than anyone else. Nevertheless they are the ones who have taken on the responsibilities, whose sense of duty has let them in for all the hard jobs.

In common with thousands of families all over London, they have been thrust forward as leaders, and it was natural that Mr. Gibbs should be made Shelter Marshal, and that Mrs. Gibbs should step into his shoes when he works late.

Mr. Gibbs, you see, is a London Policeman.

"They always give Tom the hard places," says Mrs. Gibbs proudly. "It's nerve wracking, you know, with the cars coming from everywhere."

Now he works for the London Transport Company as police guard in Morden underground station, patrolling and guarding the cash box for eight hours every day. When he comes home, he does at least three hours' Digging for Victory at his allotment at Brockwell Park, providing vegetables for the family. And in the evening, either at 9:30 when he is working in the morning hours, or any time after midnight if he is on at night, he puts on his warden's uniform—a blue overall with ARP stitched on the pocket—and goes over to the crypt.

Mrs. Gibb's life is all cleaning and scrubbing and looking after her four children, for whom she plans and worries constantly. First there is Nancy, just 20, a tall vigorous girl with a dignified manner. She works in the

filing department of a shoe shop. In the evening, she looks after the arrangement of the church for service.

Seventeen-year-old Tommy comes next. He is a booking clerk in Moorgate underground station, hoping one day to graduate to station master. Often he goes on early duty, when he must be at the station by five to open up for the day. When he gets home, he does his spell of fire-watching at the crypt.

Lily and Joan are 14 and 10, a couple of redheads, who stroll about together, their mouths full of sweets, playing ball as they walk. Lily is already very pretty and Joan is almost as tall as she is.

Their home in No. 2 has a basement kitchen where Mrs. Gibbs cooks and where they eat their meals. On the ground floor is the parlor in front, a room full of the things that Mrs. Gibbs has picked up in her scrounging. Behind the parlor is Tommy's bedroom and upstairs are the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs and the three girls. There is a back yard where Mrs. Gibbs does her washing. It is an old-fashioned inconvenient house: they find the quarters cramped and primitive, but the London County Council is not going to do anything about improvements until after the war.

Often the Gibbs family's day begins at four in the morning when Mrs. Gibbs gets up, pulls Tommy out of bed to get to the station by five, and makes his breakfast.

On a busy market day, Mrs. Gibbs joins the other women, large hatless



Mrs. Gibbs takes stock of prices, of the day's shortages, of the size of the queues, before buying.



Life is so complicated, these days. Mrs. Gibbs drags out her ration book and looks over her coupons.



Mr. Gibbs does his Digging for Victory in the morning. Sometimes Mrs. Gibbs helps.



They stop to ask him directions, and he bends down from his great height to listen.

women, carrying bulging shopping bags, poking their way energetically into any group round a stall, eager not to miss anything. She thinks for a minute, running over in her head the list of what she needs.

People don't grumble much, she thinks, as she trudges home with her heavy parcels. Most of the morning is spent going from shop to shop, every day of the week. It gets tiring sometimes, but they accept it, and go on with it as a necessity because of the war.

Bending over the gas ring in the kitchen, she starts preparing the midday meal. The family trickle in. It is seldom that they all sit down together. But they do eat well.

In the middle afternoon, Mrs. Gibbs goes outside to do some of the daily scrubbing. Every day she does a little, and while she works, Dad sits down for a smoke before getting dressed for his afternoon duty.

It is the hour for casual callers—Mrs. Gibbs' mother Mrs. Wilkins and her youngest daughter Floss drop in for a chat on the way to market. After a while, the callers hurry off to the market and Mr. Gibbs goes to put on his uniform and set out for work. On the job, he sometimes sits in the little office where the cash box is lodged, sometimes patrols up and down the station, keeping an eye on the streams of passengers that pour through the gates.

At half past nine Mrs. Gibbs takes the large key to the shelter and goes across the street to the crypt of St. John's. She has had quite a lot of

trouble in this shelter. When Mr. Gibbs has been unable to come down till late she has had to step into the position of arbiter of morals and cleanliness. Many an unruly shelterer has tried to cross her—and has lost the battle.

The regulars, very few these days of lull, trickle in; the tea and biscuits provided by the Church Army are brought down. There is little tension among the people who come down. They laugh, talk, discuss their home affairs. They like their cup of tea, the human contact, the not being alone.

And behind all of them lies the memory of the days down here when the night outside was filled with noise and fire and danger. They crouched here in those days, each one feeling that he was the most unprotected member of humanity.

There had been the one terrific night when the church of St. John's had been struck above them. No one had been hurt inside the shelter. In fact it was not realized immediately down below that it was the church directly above them that had been hit.

Now, as it grows late in the long summer evening, Mr. Gibbs comes from work, changes into his warden's uniform, and goes down to the shelter. Mrs. Gibbs puts away the tea things for the night. It is almost midnight and, with a last look round, she goes back to the house. Dad looks round by himself for a few minutes. No need for him to stay down for the night, the alarm has not sounded. The shelter is quiet now. One more day is over.



The hour for tea and talk before the shelterers settle down for the night is a social one.



He lights a last cigarette. One more day is over for a London family, an ordinary family.



These dark-clad hurrying figures help keep the dirt of destruction under control



"I must tell you about my cooking, Mum. I scrounged some flour, figs and baking powder. . . ."

Mrs. Gardner

A GREAT NUMBER of London's charladies come from south of the river to spread out all over the city—scrubbing steps and floors, dusting, polishing, washing and beating.

Mrs. Gardner is one such charlady. She lives in Boyce Street in Lambeth near enough to the Air Ministry where she works to walk there daily. Her job is a hard one but Mrs. Gardner is very glad to work, as her responsibilities are heavy.

It seems her husband died, having forgotten to provide for his family. So Mrs. Gardner has had to work hard to bring up her two children. It helped when John was old enough to start earning, too, and the three of them had lived together very comfortably and happily.

But the war changed all that. John is 23 now and has been in the army since the beginning—and Tilly was one of the St. John's school children who left for Exmouth before the declaration.

She was in the crypt of the church with Hutch and the Gibbs family and the others when the church was hit, but she doesn't talk about that.

She much prefers to report from John's letters that he has started some experiments in cooking at regimental headquarters. In fact, she worries about him constantly, fearing that he may not be eating or sleeping properly, or that he may be moving into some dangerous action.

And of course he, in turn, sweating in the gritty desert, worries ceaselessly about her back in Waterloo.

The Vicar

THE VICAR of St. John's, Waterloo is Father Hutchinson. He came to the living of St. John's from Woolwich, another London parish farther down the river.

Hutch is a proud Londoner, constantly referring to events of the past that have happened in the familiar places of his parish; he likes to draw comfort for his people from accounts of other tribulations lived through and forgotten.

Before the war, his house was always full of young clergy, but on the declaration, the household thinned out and Hutch was left alone, with less to do in a time of great emergency than he had ever had before. The children had gone to Exmouth, the hospital was evacuated for the moment, the boys'-club members were scattered to the armed services.

But a different sort of life soon started for him—busier even than before. There were people to be looked after who were bombed out. The hospital filled up again, and he was needed there often to comfort and reassure during a raid. He would dash off to visit the children in Exmouth and busy himself again with those that had come back.

He has tried to keep up the spirit of the people, encouraging them to stay in there, fighting, yet again and again he has impressed on them that it was the idea of tyranny and domination by force that they were fighting—not the German people.

The life in the vicarage is like the vicar himself, surprising and unpre-



His life has changed very much since the war began. He's busier than ever before.



Old men of the parish come to Hutch's house for an afternoon a week to play cribbage.



In front is a blast wall to protect the Air Raid Wardens' Post in the basement.



Hutch stops a minute to talk to Mrs. Gibbs. "One of my stalwarts," he calls her.

dictable. People run in and out at will, and the street door always stands open, save in the very coldest weather.

His house is austere and shabby, showing the need of repairs. He has one woman, Clara Lawrence, who comes in to clean in the morning. She also cleans the church. He gets his own breakfast, sends out for sandwiches and beer from the pub for lunch, and he always dines out, usually in the little Italian restaurants of Soho.

Hutch's study is on the first floor, and the desk at which he sits faces a wall of books, all the best in prose and poetry. Flowers are on the desk and piano. On the wall by the fireplace are family photographs and those of his boys from the club, in uniform; Air Raid Precaution rules; a crucifix; and a row of hurricane lamps in case the lights fail.

Seldom does a day pass that at least one of Hutch's boys from the club comes bounding up the narrow twisting staircase, his service boots echoing. They come for an hour two out of their precious leave; if they can't come, they write him letters from India, Iceland, everywhere.

A boy from the tank corps may come in, and Father Geoffrey, an old colleague of Hutch's, now a Naval Chaplain, is there as well. Suddenly, Hutch, with one of his spontaneous changes of mood, grabs Geoffrey to the piano to play over a Waterloo Christmas carol they wrote together. Then they recall to each other the bombings of last Christmas.

Hutch breaks off. He has work to

do outside, people to see.

He walks through the street, his chin thrust forward, his large strides making his cassock flutter from side to side. In repose his face is very sad, and often he greets people unsmilingly. Perhaps as he walks through the streets of his parish he is thinking of the vast responsibilities that a priest has in a time like this.

For people are very close to death all the time—and they are afraid to die, afraid even of showing they are afraid. Many of them have got all the color and the comfort that they have ever had in their lives through their contact with the church, through the services that he has made as beautiful as possible.

The church is endangered by all this death and destruction. It does not seem as if God was very interested in His faithful if He allowed these bombardments to happen. A clergyman has to fight that.

Nevertheless, in spite of this, there is a greater turning toward prayer, a greater need for faith and the churches are fuller than they have been for years.

So Hutch continues on his way, delighting as he does to poke his head into open doorways, open windows, and pass the time of day with the neighbors. Shouts echo all round him. He is outside the school, midday break is just over and from all directions the children of St. John's are returning for their afternoon classes. Joining in with them, he marches like the Pied Piper through the streets and back to school, where he makes



Looking in from classroom to classroom, Hutch speaks to the children.



The babies were playing with blocks and letters. Most of them treat it as great fun.



St John's received a direct hit. But Hutch made a garden in the church, as thanks to God.



Slowly the congregation swells from week to week, as people get used to the idea.

the rounds of classes, stopping to chat with the children.

He walks back along the Waterloo Road, and before returning home, pays one last call to another important claimant on his service, the Royal Waterloo Hospital, of which he is the chaplain.

Walking through the wards, he talks to the patients. He has his regular services here through the week, but it is during the periods of heavy Blitz that he has felt that all his resources of personal strength have been most relentlessly tried.

Hutch leaves the sandbagged entrance of the hospital, and crosses the street, wandering down the Waterloo Road till he comes to his church. He enters the side gate and strolls into the garden. He goes up the steps of the church and looks inside into the stripped interior, clean of rubbish, clean of paint, the raw exposed brick showing on the walls and floor. An old man is scrubbing a recently erected wooden structure for an altar.

They say that Hutch aged years when his church was hit, but Hutch did not want to be defeated by the disaster that had happened to his church. First of all he busied himself to get the crypt in working order, so that the parish could continue to look to the church as a living part of their lives. Then he turned to the ruin of the church itself. Finally it stood, empty, unadorned, but it stood. He made plans. He had no intention of leaving it lonely and unused. The ruined church began to bloom; it became a church again.

ARP

AFTER MANY wanderings, having been bombed out twice and lodged temporarily here and there, Post 2 is settling into Hutch's basement. The entrance is marked "Private. Air Raid Wardens only."

Inside is Post 2, beginning to feel at home: the telephone is installed, the first-aid equipment is in, the wardens' individual equipment of steel helmet, torch, whistle and civilian-duty gas-mask are in a large dresser belonging to Hutch. Eight men are the full-time wardens here and they divide up the 24 hours into 12-hour shifts, with never less than three on duty at a time. During periods of heavy raids the shifts get confused and jumbled and everyone finds that he has been on straight through without a break.

John Bramley is the man responsible for all the clerical work of the Post. John takes a very amused view of everything. His eyes twinkle as he contemplates the absurdity of a world where men have to watch and wait and keep constantly aware in case death may rain on them and their neighbors.

The Post Warden and the Deputy Post Warden are Jim Thorpe and Joe Millard, both young men.

Central Control of Lambeth, the coordinating headquarters of all the wardens' posts all over the borough to whom Jim Thorpe, as Post Warden is responsible, will telephone through instructions to call wardens to lectures on gas attack, fire fighting and first aid. In the midst of air raids it is the posts that telephone to Central



John Bramley is the oldest full-time warden. All through the day he mounts guard.



Jim Thorpe sits at the telephone, then issues the instructions to the wardens.



The wardens have a special position now as the leaders, the aristocracy of the bombed.



The Sergeant-Major leans quietly against the wall, his solid form relaxed and unperturbed.

Control, reporting "incidents," asking for help from the Fire Brigade if fires are too big for them to cope with, for rescue squads, for stretcher parties, for ambulances.

When evening comes now, Jim and Joe stroll down to one of the shelters in their territory to see how it is. It is almost totally dark, but ahead lies a pool of light from a glaring bulb and the beckoning sound of voices and a radio playing. The smell of disinfectant is strong, underlying it is a smell of bodies, the smell of people all over the world, driven into herds, forced underground to hide.

A few early shelterers are gathered round the tea table, an overturned barrel set with tablecloth and tea things. They sit near the Sergeant-Major, Mr. Poole. There is a feeling of strength about him that is comforting. In these cold unfriendly surroundings where everyone is leveled to the common ground of self-preservation, only the wardens, by dint of their steel hats and their blue overalls retain an aura of reassurance that makes the Londoner feel that he has something to fight back with.

The group round the tea table finally splits up, the wardens wander back to the Post, satisfied that all is well. Behind the Sergeant-Major, leaning against the wall, people climb into their bunks, lie down for one more night in the damp underground exile from their own homes, watched over by their fellow Londoners, untheatrical ordinary men, preparing for another night of wakefulness and quiet, or a hell of burning buildings.

Home Guard

MR. FRANK HIBBS, superintendent of a large Lambeth tenement is Lieutenant Hibbs of the Kennington Company of the Bermondsey Battalion of the Home Guard from 6:30 in the evening.

A spare keen-faced man of 48, he was bound to be in the Home Guard from the very first moment of its creation, and sure enough he was No. 13 in the London district when the call was first made to form the Local Defense Volunteers, the original name of the Home Guard. He was bound to be in it, because his experience as a soldier in the last war and until his demobilization in 1925, was making him fretful and restless.

Anxiously he reviewed his responsibilities, seeking an excuse to join up again but he decided against it and later was confirmed in his decision by the death in a bombing of the superintendent of his district, which left him heavily responsible for the thousand families in different buildings belonging to the company that employs him.

But when the Local Defense Volunteers came into being, his chance came to put to use his military experience and talent. In the early days, in the frightful emergency of the moment, without uniforms, without weapons often, he drilled the men. It seemed inevitable that the Germans would sweep right through to the sea and across it, and Mr. Hibbs and his fellow LDV's expected to bear the full brunt of invasion.

When the immediate danger di-



Frank Hibbs is pledged to fight from street to street, from door to door in defense of Lambeth.



Hibbs takes his men swinging out of headquarters, through the streets. Platoon, march!



The Company Commander is a sad-eyed, humorous old army man, with a dreamy, quiet look.



He mounts upon the shelter and addresses them on their balconies, telling who shelters where.

minished, the Local Defense Volunteers had time to breathe, to change their name to Home Guard, to change character a little. An organization modeled on the regular army resulted, with more discipline, but having lost a little of the shoulder-to-shoulder spirit.

Meanwhile Mr. Hibbs, one of the comparatively few working-class men to get a commission, is a lieutenant in command of a platoon. Every day, after work, he puts on his uniform and goes over to headquarters for duty—sometimes a platoon march, sometimes an exercise of attack and defense in the streets of Lambeth, sometimes firing practice, sometimes office work. He occasionally does duty straight through the night.

At 6:30 in the evening Lieutenant Hibbs leaves for duty. One night it will be platoon march. The drill is soon over and Hibbs goes up to the office at headquarters to do some late work.

Discipline and physical fitness are an essential part of the Home Guard training, but no side of it shows the true purpose and character of the body more completely than the exercises that are organized periodically for an attack on a strong point in the district which must be approached and stormed by one section of the company and defended by the rest.

The men must know their district really well, they must learn all short cuts to headquarters, and above all, they must learn to act separately, to think alone.

And they're learning—fast.



Spy-conscious Eric knew the cryptic lettering on the bottom of the table drawer was an invitation to adventure

Camisado

by CHANNING POLLOCK

"RED" LOGAN—Eric to you—came out of the West, and registered at a midtown hotel. It was a hot Sunday in early July, and there seemed to be almost no one else in New York. Eric's first appointment was for nine the next morning, and facing the prospect of dinner and an evening alone, he wondered why he hadn't taken a night train out of Cleveland. Meanwhile, there was unpacking to do, and the luxury of a cool shower and fresh linen.

Unpacking, with Eric, was a major activity. He had opened every drawer

in the room, and transferred most of the contents of his bags when a collar button detached itself from his shirt and disappeared. Groping on his hands and knees, Eric retrieved the button, and rising, banged his head against the open drawer of the bed-table. Looking up, he saw that something had been scrawled in pencil on the unpainted bottom of the drawer. He removed the drawer for inspection, and noted that the writing had been done recently, with a soft pencil:

"Camisado, XX MU 6-9232."

Curious kind of note-book, Eric thought; the bottom of a table drawer.

An odd name, too, Camisado—if it *was* a name.

Naked and dripping after his bath, Eric speculated idly as to what else it might be. MU 6-9232 must be a phone number, but why hide it away, and whoever heard of anyone called Camisado? Underclothed, he searched the phone book, but in vain. "Camisa," yes, and "Camitta," but no Camisado. Wasn't that Latin or Italian or something for shirt?

Dressed now, and with nothing in particular on his mind, Eric opened the desk-dictionary that orthographic shortcomings had made an advisable part of his luggage. There was the word: "Camisado—A night attack by soldiers wearing shirts over their armor for mutual recognition." Beneath this was an illustrative quotation: *They had appointed the same night for a camisado upon the English.*

Eric sat on the edge of his bed and thought hard. The country was full of spies; everyone knew that. Only a few weeks before, he had read the confessions of a former foreign agent who gave the innumerable signs and passwords of his colleagues. *Camisado*—scrawled under a table drawer! Well, that certainly was something to occupy one on a hot and otherwise tedious Sunday afternoon! What should one do? Obviously, phone the police or G-men. But what could one say? G-men might require something more than a hunch and a quotation.

"Why not try a little investigating on my own?" Eric asked himself. "Why not call MU 6-9232?"

But what could one say *then?* Camisado? Why not? If that *were* a name, one could invent an excuse for having called, and if it weren't, one could see what happened next.

A girl's voice answered the phone.

"Hello—yes?" It was a soft pleasant voice with a foreign accent.



Channing Pollock describes himself as a happy man, his publishers as a versatile one. He was born in Washington, D. C.; at 14 was left fatherless in San Salvador (Pollock senior had been U. S. Consul there); at 16 he became assistant drama critic for a Washington newspaper and at 20 he was in New York—shabby, broke and jobless. (He and the Washington paper's business office couldn't agree on which plays were good.) For a quick summing up of all the years since (Pollock is now 62): authorship of 31 plays; 3 novels and 3 volumes of essays; movies, radio broadcasts and countless magazine stories. Among things we never knew till now: he wrote My Man, the song Fannie Brice made famous and vice versa.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FIORE MASTRI



Amazed he heard the pat response: "... for a camisado upon the English."

"They had appointed the same night . . ." Eric said.

Promptly, a little bit tensely, the voice replied, ". . . for a camisado upon the English."

Obviously—oh, quite obviously—there was more to this than met the eye, or ear.

Eric tried, "I brought the word." Rather clever, that; if the voice queried, "What word?" it might be an innocent voice.

But instead—still with that slight, baffling accent—its owner said, "How can I be sure?" And, taking a chance, Eric answered, "XX."

There was a pause, and then the girl asked, "Is it soon?"

"Tonight."

"Where shall we meet?"

"I don't know New York—,"

"Renganeschi," the girl said. "Back of Jefferson Market. At seven and I wear my watch on my *right* wrist."

"So do I—and my hair's red."

The phone clicked; the girl had hung up, leaving a young advertising man from Cleveland perched on the hem of his sheet, amused, excited and puzzled.

"Where do we go from here?" he questioned himself. "Am I an ass, or am I really on the trail of something? Does one get on a trail as simply as that?"

It wasn't so simple, after all, he reflected; a bit of luck bumping his head, and then an alert mind, imagination and daring. But *still*, "Where do we go from here?"

"I've got to deal in generalities," "Red" told himself. "She doesn't seem too smart; I must make *her* talk. Nice voice. Wonder if she's pretty."

SHE WAS pretty; "damn pretty," Eric decided, sitting at a table in the back room of the tiny Italian restaurant he had found after an hour's prowling around Jefferson Market. He had chosen a place in the farthest corner, and waited until the girl entered, not too obviously looking for someone and not too conspicuously keeping in sight a right hand with a watch strapped to its wrist. Her dark hair was as soft as her voice—softer, perhaps—cascading to her shoulders like an inky Niagara. Her dress was soft, too; a pale blue something-or-other that held fast going around curves. She didn't look like a spy or a saboteur or a Mata Hari—however *she* looked—but then, of course, the first job of a spy must be *not* to look like one.

"Hello!" she said, as though she'd known him for years.

Eric began, "I was afraid I wouldn't

recognize—" but an almost imperceptible movement of her eyes warned, "Caution; the waiter!"

Playing up to that functionary, Eric ordered two dinners—table d'hôte, with antipasto, ravioli and red wine. He was glad of the chance to pull himself together, and recall what he had planned to say. She mustn't slip through his fingers now; she must betray herself and her gang; give him a tangible start for the G-men, and he must remember that *all* woman spies were attractive and "won out by making it hard for a regular guy to turn them in." Obviously, she liked *him*, and that was part of the game, too.

As the evening passed, Eric reverted to his original question, "Am I an ass?" The conversation was commonplace; they might have been old friends, or a little more, enjoying their Sunday. Eric thought, "If I *am* a darned fool—as I probably am—I'm mightly glad of it."

He was growing gladder and gladder, what with the wine and the soft voice and the soft hair, when a dark, stocky young man, who wasn't at all soft, crossed the room, and without invitation sat down at their table.

"Got anything to show me?" the young man asked, almost in a whisper.

Eric's mind, pleasantly languorous till now, leaped to the emergency.

"Not now," he said. "Not here."

The girl interposed.

"Writing's not safe," she remarked quietly. And then, turning to Eric, "When did you say it is to be?"

"Tonight."

"Everything ready?" the stocky man asked.

"If you are."

"Ready and waiting," the man said. "Risky job, isn't it?"

"Not very," Eric replied. "Sunday night, and there won't be anybody but a couple of watchmen."

"At the plant?"

Eric nodded.

"Where?"

"Jersey City."

"Munitions?"

"Yes."

"Have you got the egg?"

Eric nodded again, and again the stocky man asked, "Where?"

"Suitcase, checked, never *mind* where. Someone will bring it."

Even in that moment, he liked the way he'd said "someone."

"I'll have to telephone," the young man declared. "When and where shall they meet us?"

Eric was ready for that.

"Erie Depot," he said; "in an hour. Nothing suspicious about people going into a railway station. Fifty feet north of the head of the last track. From there, it's dark and deserted. If there's trouble—"

The young man stuck his right hand into his right coat pocket.

"Okay," he said.

"How many men you got?"

"Plenty." And then he repeated, "Fifty . . . north," and was gone.

The girl lifted her wine, and its color was reflected in her face. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Eric."

"You're nice," the girl said. "Too

nice to be mixed up in this."

"Same to you. What's *your* name?"

"Camilla."

"Camilla what?"

"Never mind; we'll never see each other again."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"I can always get you on the phone."

"Not after this," Camilla said. "We won't be able to phone for a long time after this."

That was true, Eric realized, with a sudden pang. He had never had much traffic with girls. Left on his own at 14, "Red" had scratched hard for a living ever since. First, he had sold newspapers and gone to night-school. Then he had established a small corner stand, where he had attracted the attention of George Hanson Bartlett, who gave him a job with the Acme Advertising Agency. Bartlett was always taking in bright young men, and the competition was keen. No time for "lallygagging."

Eric reported for work at eight every morning, bolted dinner in a neighboring cafeteria and rarely reached home before nine or ten at night. If you called it home—two impersonal rooms and a kitchenette. At 24, Eric headed the radio department at Acme; a raw-boned, secretly romantic, rather gawky brick-top, he was just beginning to suspect that life might hold something besides customers. He read a few books, devoured newspapers and magazines, and of late had been considerably steamed-up over our preparations for war, and general indifference to our Fifth Column. We were going the way of France, Eric feared. A million spies and saboteurs in this country, somebody said. Now, he had one with the goods—practically—and hesitated about turning her in. Surely, he *was* an ass!

IT WAS LIKE Eric not to have given a thought to his own danger. The stocky man carried an automatic; Eric had seen its shape in his coat pocket. Another, and bigger man at a neighboring table undoubtedly belonged

"I'm bossing this job. You didn't even know where the egg was to be laid."





Grummer held the bag as if it were loaded.

to the gang. This was a nest of spies. At this moment, more—"plenty"—were being summoned to meet him, at his own suggestion, in a dark and deserted spot 50 feet from a railway station. Eric knew the spot was dark and deserted; leaving a suburban train at midnight, he had blundered into it only a month or two before.

"The more the merrier," Eric decided. "It's going to be a good party, and some of the crowd will be *my* friends."

The stocky man had returned, and now it was Eric's turn. "Where's the phone?" he asked.

"Why do you want to know?"

Was he growing suspicious?

"We've got to have that suitcase, haven't we?" Eric plumped. "And someone's got to be told where to bring it."

"Okay," the man said; "I'll go with you."

"What's *your* name?"

"Call me I. B."

"All right, I. B.," Eric responded. "I trusted you, and you got to trust me. I'm bossing this job, and you're just supplying the strong-arm squad. You didn't even know where the egg was to be laid."

"We were waiting for you to give us instructions," I. B. reminded him.

"You've got 'em. Sit tight while I get in touch with my crowd. Then let's go."

"How big *is* your crowd?"

"I guess you know that."

"I mean, how many came with you?"

"You'll find out."

I. B. nodded. "Okay with me, pal."

Eric fixed him with a cold eye.

"I'll be back in a minute," he promised, "*unless* somebody follows me. I've got a very good friend in here, and if—"

"Man or woman?" Camilla asked.

"Never mind. Just keep your seats."

THINKING fast, watching sharply, Eric strolled past the telephone booth in the hall, and to another in a drug store the other side of the street. Why hadn't he thought of that suitcase before? It would have to show up now, or the whole business might fizzle. Bill Grummer; that was the answer! Bill was floor-detective at the mid-

town hotel; sharp-witted and a friend of long standing.

"Get this quick," Eric told him over the phone, "and don't ask questions. You'll find two suitcases in my room —both empty. And, on the desk, there's a big dictionary and a telephone book. Tie 'em together, put 'em in the black suitcase, snap the lock, and bring the works to the Erie ferry at 23rd Street. I'll be there in 40 minutes with another man and a woman. Act as if you didn't know me—"

"What the—"

"Never mind. This is important, and right up your alley. Act as if you didn't know me, but let them see that you *do*. Get it? Hold that bag as if it were loaded, and follow me wherever I go. You'll be the most talked about dick in town if we pull this."

"I get you," said Grummer.

Eric dialed Rector 2-3520.

That was the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The call took five minutes, two of them devoted to Eric's establishing his identity. The story was briefly told.

"We can get half a dozen of 'em red-handed," Eric said. "This crowd was all set for word to blow up whatever would do 'em the most good."

"Right!" snapped the voice at the other end of the phone. "We knew there was something on for tonight, and we're ready."

Excepting a sleepy old fellow behind the prescription counter, nobody was in the drug store, or outside.

"All set," Eric declared to himself, as he sauntered back to his table. "Not such an ass," he added, as he saw the other and bigger man from across the room scurry away. Obviously, he had been in consultation with the girl and I. B., and Eric had been right in thinking him one of the gang. Okay; he was prepared now for anything.

For anything but what happened next.

Camilla had re-filled her goblet, and sat with her long, trim fingers caressing its stem. Her eyes were fixed on the glass, and Eric's followed. In that moment, the girl's vanity case slipped from her lap, making a sharp sound on the uncarpeted floor, and I. B. stooped to pick it up. Moved by those slim fingers, the goblet revolved slowly, revealing to Eric a tiny bit of white paper fastened to the glass by moisture. Written on the bit of paper, with a soft pencil, in block letters, were four eloquent but inelegant words:

"They're wise. Beat it."

Before I. B. could disengage himself from the tablecloth, and rise to see-level, those caressing fingers had stroked the paper off the glass, rolled it into a wet pellet, and wedged it beneath a wrist watch. The watchful gangster across the room could have seen nothing but two silent and motionless people.

"Thanks a million," Eric said, ostensibly to the reappearing I. B.,"but I've got a job to do, and I think we'd better start."

"Okay," answered I. B. Camilla's eyes were soft, and kind, and ab-

solutely expressionless.

There was a taxi at the door, and all three climbed into it. "Twenty-third Street Ferry," I. B. instructed the driver, and as the car started, Eric saw the other and bigger man emerge from the restaurant. In the cab, and crossing the ferry house, I. B. kept his right hand in his coat pocket.

"They're wise, all right," Eric thought, "but I hope they don't shoot until my crowd comes."

BILL GRUMMER was waiting with the black bag. I. B.'s eye took him in, but no one spoke, and, very casually, the little procession embarked for Jersey. Grummer sat in the men's side of the boat, with the big gangster close to him. Eric was across the way, with I. B. between him and Camilla. There seemed to be no other passengers. I. B.'s right hand was still engaged; he had paid for the taxi and the ferry tickets with his left.

"Wise, and then some," Eric concluded. "Anyway, there's got to be a minute when that powder plant, or whatever it is, doesn't blow up on schedule and, if my friends missed the boat, the next minute's likely to be my last. *Unless* Camilla cuts in. She's a good kid, and it's her bad luck—and mine—she can't team up with me."

Something crashed. Eric, startled, belatedly realized that the ferry had reached her slip.

The procession re-formed—the trio first, Bill Grummer a few paces behind, and the big fellow at his heels. Still casually, it marched to the last train shed on the north. Farther ahead of them loomed the walls of the powder plant—or "whatever it is"—but, the appointed 50 feet away, there was only space and darkness—and a lot of it.

"Where's your mob?" he whispered to I. B.

"Don't know," I. B. answered.

Had they been warned at the last moment? And where were the G-men? Then, his eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, Eric saw—or thought he saw—someone leaning against a nearby tree. In the same instant, he felt the muzzle of a revolver pressed against his back, and I. B. said, "Stick 'em up, and be quick about it!"

Camilla screamed, not loudly, but with a kind of strangled anguish, and, turning his head, Eric found Bill Grummer, the house detective, covered, too, and his black suitcase in the hands of the man who had walked behind him. A few seconds later, four strangers had joined the party from nowhere. Three of them carried automatic pistols, and the fourth turned his flashlight on a sort of wash-boiler in the middle distance. Before Eric could protest, his nearly-new calf-skin suitcase had been dropped gently into an oily fluid that flowed over the top of the boiler.

"That's my bag," he said. "What's the big idea?"

I. B.'s hands were patting Eric's person.

"Got your handcuffs, Burke?"

asked the man who had been leaning against the tree.

"Wait a minute!" Eric cried. "You're making the wrong pinch. *I'm the fellow who got on to this* gang, and telephoned headquarters. My name's Eric Logan, and I'm with the Acme—"

"Wait," echoed the tree-leaner. *And then to Burke: "Where did you pick him up, and who's the girl?"*

"This," Ignatius L. Burke replied, *"is Miss Camisado, and she telephoned* headquarters just after four o'clock *this afternoon. Said somebody'd called her up, given her a lot of passwords,* and asked her to meet him. She tipped *us, and we joined the party. Then* this guy told us he had a bomb packed away in his suitcase, and—"

Eric laughed.

"Looks like we've all been spy-catching," he said. "The gentleman *who brought my suitcase is Mr. William* Grummer, and he's a floor-detective at my hotel. If you open the bag, you'll find a wet dictionary and an equally dangerous telephone *book."*

Sheepishly, the party returned to New York. "How about a drink?" *Eric asked, as the ferry nosed into* 23rd Street. None of the G-men *wanted one. Eric did—and how!* Seated in a pleasant chop-house with the woman in the case, he said, "So *Camisado's your name?"*

"Yes," she answered. "Where in

Eric felt the muzzle of a revolver pressed against his *back. Camilla screamed with a kind of strangled anguish.*



the world did *you* get hold of it?"

"Scrawled on the bottom of a table drawer in my room."

"One of our salesmen did that," Camilla smiled. "He called the office to ask for my home telephone number, in case there was dictation for me that night, and when I gave it to him, he said, 'That's *one* number I won't lose. There's a table drawer lying upside-down on the bed, and I've scratched my memo on the bottom of it.' "

" 'They had appointed the same night,' " Eric quoted. "How did you know the rest of that quotation?"

"Two or three days ago, I looked up my name in the dictionary. Father was born in Italy, and somebody told him that, in English, Camisado meant shirt. I noted the definition and quotation for him, and they sort of stuck in my mind, I guess."

"Funny how things do that," Eric responded. "MU 6-9232, for instance. You might be free for dinner some night, and I can always get you on the phone."

"The end of the week, perhaps."

"Make it tomorrow," Eric said.

Archibald M. Willard



Yankee Doodle went to town . . . You can almost hear the fife and the drums as the "Spirit of '76" comes alive again today. Appropriately enough, this canvas was painted in 1876 and, caught up in the wave of patriotism sweeping our country on the 100th anniversary of its birth, achieved instant popularity. Archibald M. Willard, Ohio-born wagon painter and veteran of the Civil War, earlier had established a small reputation as a humorous artist and, indeed, had at first planned the work opposite as a light treatment of a Fourth of July celebration in a country village. With the decision to present, instead, a serious study of three generations of patriots, came a search for appropriate models: Willard's own father is the central figure; Hugh Mosher, farmer soldier and close friend of the artist, is the fifer, and a boy chosen from a Cleveland preparatory school is the young drummer. The painting originally was titled "Yankee Doodle." Sigfried Colten of New York took this color photograph, the first ever made of the celebrated painting. Until now, reproductions depended on an artist's hand-coloring of black and white photographs; here the actual tones have been transferred directly to the printed page.

Irwin D. Hoffman

Irwin D. Hoffman studied at the School of Fine Arts of the Boston Museum and worked abroad in the 1920's on the Page Traveling Scholarship. He was commissioned to execute America's first mining murals, is known as well for his fine paintings and etchings of Mexico.



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE TOWN OF MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

BY ARCHIBALD M. WILLARD

Spirit of '76



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE TOWN OF MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

BY ARCHIBALD M. WILLARD

Spirit of '76





BY IRVIN S. BOSTMAN

Pastoral—Puerto Rico

The Nazis lit the torch of war and the flames are slowly creeping up to Egypt's door-step; but Cairo is fiddling and hoping it won't burn



Cairo in the Cauldron

by ALLAN A. MICHIE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Whatever may be the ultimate fate of Cairo—indeed, whatever may have befallen her at the time of this reading—the following on-the-scene account, hot from the typewriter of Allan A. Michie, remains unique as an authentic picture of one of the world's most colorful cities.*

WAR IN CAIRO has been war de luxe. Though death has struck nearby almost nightly, though Axis troops have been massed some 400 miles away, Egypt's capital city has continued to take the war lightly.

As a matter of fact, war placed Egypt in an embarrassing position. Under the Treaty of 1936 by which Britain gave her "independence with reservations," Egypt granted British forces the use of Egypt as a base in the event of war in the Mediterranean. Egypt, in effect, if not officially, agreed to become an ally of Britain.

When the war reached Egypt's borders, however, she remained a curious kind of passive ally. Dutifully she broke off diplomatic relations with both Germany and Italy—yet she still has not declared war on either. When the Germans sank her freighters and bombed Alexandria and Cairo, Egypt even sent diplomatic notes of protest until the government finally saw the futility of paper protests to the Nazis. Egyptian soldiers are stationed in the desert, but they are far enough back so that they will not have to fire at the Axis forces.

Egypt looks at the war which has three times burst across its desert frontier and is inclined to say: "A plague on both your houses." The aristocratic families, the court clique, the wealthy cotton merchants and most of the politicians want the British out of Egypt. But they fear what would happen to their wealth and position if the Nazis swept across the country, so they hope lukewarmly for a British

victory. Many of the poor *fellaheen* and lower-middle-class villagers, impressed by the German show of strength in conquering Europe and taught by the still powerful Wafd (Nationalist Party) to be bitterly anti-British, openly side with the Germans. They wish, though, that they would do their fighting somewhere else.

German and Italian broadcasts are widely listened to. The Axis speakers use gutter Arabic aimed at the *fellaheen* and appeal to the peasants who struggle along on an average wage of 12 cents a day. The peasants are told that when the Germans and Italians come they will redistribute the land. Axis announcers rib the *pashas* and *beys* who run Egypt, inventing salty details of their domestic lives. The British try to counteract this with a college professor speaking classical Arabic which, to the peasants, sounds like Chinese.

As THE capital of a semi-neutral country, Cairo tries to ignore the war. But, superimposed on the normal life of its 1,300,000 population, is the General Headquarters of the British Army and R.A.F. in the Middle East (Naval HQ is at Alexandria). From Cairo, Army Commander-in-Chief General Auchinleck directs British troops sprawled out from Libya to the Caucasian border of Russia; the R.A.F. launches its bombing raids on Italy and Tripoli; and British diplomats at the imposing Embassy worry over the political complexities of Britain's Middle East empire. As a nerve center, Cairo is the London of the Middle East. But there the similarity stops.

Nowhere, not even in London, do you see the variety of uniforms that color Cairo's streets. There are bearded naval men in spotless white shirts and shorts, bronzed South Africans in practical bush shirts, WAAF's from Britain, South African WAASies in smart khaki uniforms, British women drivers with natty blue kerchiefs around their necks, Australian nurses in dignified gray, British nurses in starched scarlet and white, U.S. Army men in light khaki shirts and trousers, turbaned sikhs and haughty Rajputs, pygmy-sized Gurkhas with over-sized hats, tough-looking Poles, Czechs, Belgians and Greeks, coal-black Free French colonial troops from the Cameroons, swaggering Aussies, brown-skinned Maoris from New Zealand, R.A.F. men looking strangely different in khaki, crimson-trousered British Hussars, known as "cherry pickers," bemedalled young Yugoslav airmen in gorgeous blue uniforms, Palestine Jews and Arabs in khaki labor-corps suits, and tough Ladies from Hell in their Scotch kilts.

Some of the chief Allied personalities are always in evidence. General Wavell, when he was in command, used to ride every morning at the Gezireh Sporting Club. General Auchinleck, a great walker, took brisk early morning walks around the Gezireh golf course or along the banks of the Nile, but he gave it up to make pre-breakfast inspections of army units in the Cairo area. General De Gaulle, who frequently journeys to Cairo from

his African capital of Brazzaville, takes no pains to hide his identity, striding in and out of Shepheard's Hotel where he maintains an office-suite.

Cairo sprawls on both sides of the wide Nile, just above where the river splits into its many delta streams on the way to the Mediterranean. Wealthy Cairenes live in modernistic apartments and fine private houses. The poor live around and among them, in dirty, ancient tenements and mud-brick houses which would disappear in a puff if a bomb should ever strike them.

CAIRO is not a beautiful city. It is sufficiently eastern to fulfil the westerner's idea of what the East should be like and western enough to make a European or American feel at home. To the newcomer it is a jumbled combination of foul smells, flies and noises.

The natives, whom the British call either "nightshirts" or "laundry bags" because of the long shapeless *galabeyahs* which they wear, love to make noise. Taxi drivers cannot drive unless they have one hand on the horn. Bicycle riders, their nightgown robes tucked up to their knees, don't tinkle their bells when rounding a corner—they ring a tune which would put a carillon to shame.

Every main street is crammed with persistent hawkers, selling everything from socks, shoes, flywhisks and cigarettes to filthy pictures.

In order to increase their appeal, beggars walk the streets carrying babies, often not their own, which can be hired out by the day from poor families. It was not so many years ago that native mothers used to mistreat themselves before the birth of a baby so that it would be deformed; a deformed baby was supposed to bring more from alms-givers. Dope traffic, which has been decreasing for some years, is now on the increase.

Grind organ men work the streets from sunrise to sundown, accompanied by jugglers, acrobats and gag men who put on shows and then pass the hat to soldiers on leave who hang out their pension windows to watch. One group consists of a father playing his Arabic version of *Tipperary* on the cornet, a brother playing the bass drum, a little girl in yellow tights who does head stands on top of a step ladder and a brother who tumbles.

One morning I saw three innocent, newly-arrived South African soldiers agree to have their shoes shined. They sat down at a sidewalk cafe table. In an instant they were surrounded by three shoeshine moppets, one flywhisk vendor, one cigarette seller, one sock vendor, another selling razor blades,

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Reading about the exploits of foreign correspondents like Vincent Sheean plus a three months' bicycle tour of Europe made 27-year-old Allan A. Michie decide that he too was a foreign correspondent. But unfortunately, nobody agreed with him. So for six months he existed on ten dollars a week until Time Magazine, much to his surprise, added him to their foreign news staff. He's been there ever since. Veteran of more than 600 London air raids, writer of best sellers, he's circled the globe on assignment. Now, while waiting for his next trek (to Russia or South America, he thinks), he's working on a new book—on the fight for the Middle and Far East.

a wog* with a performing baboon, a little girl acrobat, a man with a mongoose which fought a snake, a roll seller, and a dozen loungers.

A considerable share of the population spends its time making phony money to palm off on the rest of the population. So much bad money exists that taxi drivers take your silver pieces and bounce them on the sidewalks before accepting them. If you send a boy off to get a taxi he will return with another moppet besides himself riding with the driver. The first lad calls himself the "taxi getter;" the second says he is the "taxi getter getter." Both have to be given *backsheesh* (tip).

Cairo is the communications heart of the Middle East. Railroads run south up the Nile to Khartoum, north to Alexandria and Mersa Matruh, the main British base 300 miles away in the desert, east to the Suez Canal and Palestine. The two roads to Alexandria are jammed with British military traffic. Misr Airlines, an Egyptian concern, flies daily to Palestine and BOAC flying-boats, British and American bombers and transport planes leave Cairo on the long flights to India, South and West Africa.

Middle East GHQ is a wire-enclosed residential area near the British Embassy and the United States Legation. There, in a modernistic apartment house, General Auchinleck runs his vast military empire.

Troops based in the Cairo area live in sprawling desert camps outside town. The New Zealanders and Indians have large replacement centers and rest camps just outside the city. On leave in Cairo they poke about the foul-smelling *Mouski* (native market) or ride mangy camels to the foot of the Sphinx and pyramids.

The banks of the Nile are lined with two-story houseboats, known as *dahabeih*. The military authorities have taken over a number of larger boats which used to run on excursions up the river and have refitted them as clubs and rest houses for officers and nurses on leave. A Greek millionaire gave over his large house, complete with bar and billiard room, rent free for the duration of the war, to the South Africans.

There are always thousands of troops on leave in Cairo. Friday and Saturday nights, army pay days, are like New Year's Eve in Times Square —with celebrating troops driving the horse-drawn *gharries*, lining the bars to sing *Tipperary*, and brawling in the streets. Arrogant Aussies ride about in *gharries* and exchange their Digger hats for the drivers' red tarbushes. Sometimes they toss the drivers out and drive the carriages around by themselves.

There are military police on duty all over the city, particularly at the bars, and they are constantly ejecting troublesome soldiers. The Aussies think they are tough; the Scotch troops know they are tough; and that combination always leads to a fight.

With three quarters of a million soldiers in the Middle East, sex is a pressing problem. In Cairo the troops

*Wily Oriental Gentleman

are limited to the red light neighborhood (directly across from swank Shepheard's Hotel), into which officers in uniform are not allowed. Women stand in their doorways or hang out the windows to attract attention. M. P.'s and Army medical men are in constant attendance in the area. Occasionally the whole neighborhood gets plastered with signs reading: OUT OF BOUNDS TO TROOPS.

Many of the soldiers in the Middle East have been away from their homes for more than a year, and thousands have been given what the military authorities call "compassionate leave" to revisit England and the Dominions. Otherwise, as in the World War, there would be a big drop in birthrate.

Most British women and children have been evacuated. Others had to prove that they were doing "war work," and there has been frantic string-pulling to get wives and daughters fixed up as "secretaries" at GHQ.

For a time, under Wavell, desk officers at GHQ worked from nine to one, lunched and siestaed from one to six, worked until eight and then knocked off for the day. Officers who came in to Cairo from tony British regiments in the desert brought their hunting guns and polo mallets. Daily cricket, polo and field hockey matches were played at Gezireh. Auchinleck, however, when he replaced Wavell, cracked down on long siestas and cut out a great many of the army's social activities.

CAIRO entertainment, at best, is limited. Officers take tea and dance on Sunday afternoons at Mena House Hotel; dine at night at Shepheard's Hotel or on the roof of the Hotel Continental, where they can watch the jelly-bellied wriggles of Hekmet Fahmy, a lissome Oriental dancer; or buy drinks for the hostesses at The Dugout of the Metropolitan Hotel. There are several taxi dance halls.

Cairo's social life revolves around its clubs—Gezireh Sporting Club, the Turf Club, the Royal Automobile Club and the Mohammed Ali Club. The swank Mohammed Ali Club serves the best food in Cairo, and before the war its membership was virtually limited to cotton men and Egyptian politicians. It was said that you could always make up an Egyptian Cabinet from the ex-ministers who gathered there for lunch. British officers have now been admitted to its select ranks and the Egyptians prefer to stay away.

Shepheard's Hotel, which has been romantically pictured by a score of novelists, is the greatest disappoint-

Next month

We dare you to read:
DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY!
The most startling article ever to appear in Coronet

ment in Egypt. Egyptians are very quick to point out that the hotel is not Egyptian. Controlled by Europeans, it is normally a winter season hotel, but now runs all the year round. It is staffed largely by Sudanese servants, who amble about in billowing pajama bloomers with gaudy brocaded jackets or long white *galabeyahs*, serving pink gins and other drinks to officers and their girl friends on the terrace. The interiors of the salons, with their Byzantine columns, mosque-like domes and low couches covered with mounds of pillows, look like Hollywood's conception of a harem. On the terrace, leering *dragomans* sidle up to every newcomer and offer to escort him to the pyramids.

Egyptians don't like the war but they want to make as much money out of it as possible. Local storekeepers angle for British business. Bars have been renamed "The Anzac," "The Spitfire," "Tomahawk Bar," and "Churchill Bar." Although most of the Egyptians don't give a hang about a British victory, they cover their store fronts and delivery trucks with "V for Victory" signs. One enterprising photographer advertises that with each portrait taken he will give away a picture of Winston Churchill.

Most of the Axis agents in Egypt have been rounded up. Occasionally Italians escape from their prisoner-of-war camps, one of which is a few miles outside Cairo.

The Egyptian Government, unwilling to believe that the war has come to Egypt, has not concerned itself much about air raids. Only a few brick public shelters have been built and, like the brick shelters in London, they are useless and shunned by everybody. Of the 50,000 Cairo buildings which, according to a government survey, are required to have private shelters, only 2,000 have them.

Cairo hopes that its position as a holy Moslem city, next only to Mecca and Medina, will save it from Axis bombers. Cairenes put their faith in the belief that Cairo will not be destroyed as long as Rome is left untouched. But the city has had one air raid already in which bombs were dropped in residential sections, and Cairenes are gradually waking to the realization that Hitler, who cares nothing for Il Duce's Rome, will bomb their city when and how it suits him.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MEDITERRANEAN FRONT
by Alan Moorhead *$2.75*
Whittlesey House, New York

MIDDLE EAST
by H. V. Morton *$3.00*
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York

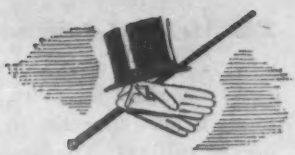
Fair Exchange

CLARENCE DARROW once neatly solved a woman's legal problem. "How can I ever show my appreciation?" she gushed.

"My dear woman," he replied, "ever since the Phoenicians invented money there has been only one answer to that question."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)

Carroll's Corner



A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

• • • To Norman Corwin and Archibald MacLeish. First, by far, among those who have grasped the real meaning of war-time radio propaganda . . . to Vic and Sade, a soap opera with some intelligence.

To Vladimir Tytla, the Disney artist who was papa, wet nurse and patron saint of *Dumbo* . . . to Ludwig Bemelmans, for practically everything he's ever done; for the *Splendide* world inhabited by Bemelmaniacal head waiters, Guatemalans and stray small boys.

Thorns:

• • • To Hollywood starlets who figure that the best way to aid the war effort is to have a station wagon that matches their uniforms . . . to Hollywood press-agents who attempt to make something extraordinary out of the fact that their clients have donated money for ambulances and bombers.

To Daphne DuMaurier for *Frenchman's Creek*. Dime novel stuff from a fine novelist.

Quote—Unquote:

¶ Westbrook Pegler: "I am a member of the rabble in good standing."

¶ Ogden Nash:

"I know that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree."

¶ Keith Preston: "If there's anything homelier than the old masters, it's the old mistresses."

¶ The Duke of Paducah (NBC radio comedian): "She wore an hourglass gown on a beer-glass figure."

Hollywood in a Hurry:

• • • The greatest money making movie star of all time? Guess again.

It's Wallace Beery . . . Shirley Temple's doll house, in which dozens of replicas of Shirley from all over the world are preserved in glass cases, is the greatest memorial to a living person in America. And as musty as King Tut's tomb.

If you're a Hollywood conversationalist and you want to prove you're an authority on music, simply say, "Have you heard Shostakovitch's *Fifth*?" It's the new fad . . . There are 1200 so-called "top" writers in Hollywood. That is, writers with three or more screen plays to their credit. No more than 240 of them ever work at one time.

¶ Hall of Fame: Joseph Cotten, the nation's new heart throb, was the first potato salad salesman in the state of Florida.

Communiques:

• • • Away back last spring when people were wondering when the name *Defense* Bonds and Stamps would be changed, a high-ranking Navy officer, speaking off the record, gave a calm, curt reply to the national query: "We can change the name of Defense Bonds when we take the Offensive," he said.

File and Forget:

• • • Stravinsky wrote a ballet for the elephants in the Ringling Brothers circus . . . in Japan, each licensed prostitute turns over seven per cent of her earnings to the police.

The Medical Journal:

• • • The Nurses Council on the radio advertises for more nurses, for "new blood" to enlist in "woman's noblest calling." The Nurses Council fails to add that nurses are underpaid and overworked. Young nurses today are too much under the thumb of starchy conservatives who won't ask for more pay because Florence Nightingale never said anything about more pay . . . If your doctor has been tapped for the Army or Navy, check and double check your new doctor. As soon as the nation's supply of doctors becomes thinned out by army needs, the quacks will take over. Be sure your new man is a Doc with a diploma, not a Donald Duck.

The Red Cross reports that over 200,000 Americans have donated their blood through 18 blood donor centers. By last April 1st, 17,000 pints of blood a week were pouring in.



Design for Living

TO LIVE content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony. —WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING IN *My Symphony*



Americans ignored the "crackpot" hunchback who warned of invasion 33 years ago; but the Japanese listened and studied—and copied

California's Achilles Heel

ANONYMOUS

"IF JAPAN once gains control of Washington, Oregon and California, no number of men nor amount of treasure can bring about their restoration"—Homer Lea.

Thirty-three years ago, a bitter, thwarted little hunchback, "Lieutenant General" Homer Lea made a series of sensational predictions. He forecast that Japan would attack and defeat the United States while our fleet was divided between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Lea presented detailed maps and plans showing how this would come about—an attack on the Philippines, a fifth column rising in Hawaii, quick capitulation of Guam and Samoa and the loss of Alaska. Within a few months large Japanese forces would land in Washington, Oregon and Southern California. Then another Japanese army would attack San Francisco, annihilate our defending forces and complete the victory.

Homer Lea was not an American general. He couldn't make the grade physically. His quasi-title was bestowed upon him by Dr. Sun Yat-sen who was then trying with Lea's aid (unsuccessfully) to start a Republican revolution in China. But Lea was no crackpot. He was a brilliant military tactician who devoted his brief life to studying the strategy of the Pacific. He suggested—correctly—that Japan would attack without formal declaration of war. Lea's plan for the capture of Luzon was a carbon copy (or the other way around) of that used by the Japanese. Lea thought Manila would fall in three weeks. It actually surrendered in 26 days.

Lea believed the Japanese would attack the Pacific Coast three or four months after the start of the war. He

(continued on page 102; see map and explanation, pages 100-101)

Homer Lea's Plan for West Coast Invasion



I

(1) Japanese landings at Gray's Harbor and Willapa Harbor
(2) Advance to Chehalis and Centralia
(3) Capture of Seattle, Everett, and Portland
(4) Fortification of Bitter Root and Blue Mountains

III

(1) Japanese landings at Bodega Bay and Monterey Bay
(2) Japanese advance through Santa Clara Valley and Sonoma County
(3) Bombardment and Surrender of San Francisco

II

(1) Japanese landing at Santa Monica Bay
(2) Advances on Los Angeles
(3) Fortification of San Jacinto, Cajon, Saugus and Tehachapi Passes

The Japanese Invasion of the West Coast

Reprinted from The Valor of Ignorance by Homer Lea, first published in 1909, re-published by Harper & Brothers, 1942

JAPAN's invasion of Washington and Oregon constitutes the simplest of problems. The landing will occur in Gray's and Willapa Harbors. Should these harbor entrances be mined, debarkation will be on the open beaches between the bays, or north of the entrance to Gray's Harbor.

The first objective of the Japanese armies will not be the cities on Puget Sound nor Portland nor the cities on the Columbia but will be directed toward Chehalis and Centralia, two small towns 57 miles eastward. These places constitute the strategic center of both states. Portland would form the right center of the Japanese position. Seattle and Everett would form the Japanese left center. With the seizure and fortification of the Bitter Root Mountains east of Spokane, together with the Blue Mountains in eastern Oregon, the dominion of Japan over these two American states becomes complete.

The seizure of southern California presents even less difficulty. As Los Angeles is the objective point, landings will be made upon the closest available seaboard—Santa Monica Bay. Once an enemy gains these shores, San Pedro must either fall to an inferior force or be defended on a continuous front of a number of miles.

The whole of southern California will pass into the hands of an invading force once Los Angeles is occupied. Entrance into southern California is gained by three passes—the San Jacinto, Cajon and Saugus, while access to the San Joaquin Valley and central California is by the Tehachapi. Control of these passes determines Japanese supremacy on the southern flank of the Pacific Coast. Conditions render southern California impregnable against attack once these passes are held in force.

There then remains but the seizure of San Francisco to bring about the final dissolution of American power on the Pacific.

The defense of San Francisco is only insured by the use of mobile armies and is concerned with three distinct theaters of action: (1) defense of the San Francisco peninsula, (2) defense of the Sausalito peninsula, (3) defense of its inland lines of communication. To defend the San Francisco peninsula requires an army stationed in the Santa Clara valley 50 miles southward. To defend the Sausalito peninsula requires an army stationed 50 miles northward in the county of Sonoma.

Japan, after seizing the American insular possessions, plus Washington, Oregon and southern California, can, within five months, land at Monterey and Bodega Bays a force exceeding 170,000 veteran troops.

Whatever course the Japanese pursue,—battle, bombardment or seizure, San Francisco will be forced to capitulate within a fortnight.

(continued from page 99)

blueprinted a plan for invasion of the West Coast which is just as sound, strategically, as the one he outlined for Luzon.

But—and here is the key to Lea's thesis—he predicted his forecast of successful invasion of the Pacific States on these preliminaries:

1—Loss of Hawaii and its conversion into a major base by the Japanese.

2—Loss of all our other Pacific stepping stones and Alaska.

3—Destruction of all American naval power in the Pacific.

4—A state of American unpreparedness such that we could not mobilize more than a maximum Pacific defense force of 100,000 men; lack of any American general staff; lack of any war plans; lack of any scheme of mobilization; absence of any American arms or weapons; and only 30,000 trained troops.

It is hard now to imagine an American military disaster so cataclysmic that Lea's preliminaries to a Japanese invasion of the West Coast could be fulfilled. But there is every reason to believe that if such an event should occur, Lea's blueprint would be followed by Japan. He presented his plans in a book called *The Valor of Ignorance*. It never sold very well in the United States, but in Japan more than 40,000 copies were distributed and the volume for years has been required reading in all Japanese military schools.

Answers to Questions on Pages 48-49

1. black
2. black
3. blue
4. green
5. red
6. white
7. green
8. red
9. white
10. white
11. green
12. silver
13. blue
14. white
15. white
16. blue
17. white
18. blue
19. green
20. blue
21. red
22. black
23. black
24. red
25. blue, white, red
26. yellow
27. gold
28. white
29. brown
30. blue
31. white
32. green
33. red
34. white
35. red
36. green
37. blue and white
38. red and white
39. black
40. colorless
41. green
42. white
43. red
44. white
45. white
46. black
47. red
48. green
49. blue
50. red
51. If you don't know, buy one and see for yourself



Collecting overdue bills from Café Society has become a science with Weiss and Weiss, who know how to dun a debtor and make him like it

Fine Artists of Bill Collecting

by DICKSON J. HARTWELL

THE WEISS brothers swear it happened.

A prominent New York society woman was buying a fur coat in an exclusive New York shop. She wanted to open a charge account. After giving the usual information to the credit manager, she turned to him and inquired sweetly, "How long will it be before you turn my account over to a collection agency?"

To bill collectors that story has become a legend. It reveals one reason the fabulous Weiss brothers have been in the business for 35 years. People are fundamentally honest, say the brothers, but mostly on deferred payments. To keep those payments from being deferred indefinitely is the bill collector's job.

There are all kinds of collectors. Some specialize in wholesale furs, others in the dress, hardware or furniture trades. One collects for department stores and another for time-payment diamond merchants. Some are suave, some clever; others are gaudy, belligerent, honest or crooked. But only one firm claims artistic eminence. By dint of persistence, persuasiveness, and the substitution of strategy for the strong arm, Nathaniel and Abner Weiss—officially Weiss and Weiss of New York—have by their own admission achieved recognition as Bill Collectors to Café Society.

"With us," say the Weiss brothers, "bill collecting is an art."

Faintly reminiscent of a madcap scene out of *Hellzapoppin*, the brothers Weiss have painlessly but with gusto extracted large sums of money, long past due, from opera singers, columnists, heiresses, movie stars, dukes, duchesses, judges, millionaires and just plain playboys. The confidential list is as long as a Congressional Petition and reads like a combination of

the *Social Register* and *Who's Who.*

When talking, senior partner Abner's simplest prose is emphasized by shouts, sweeping gestures and thigh-slapping laughter. Tall and powerfully built, he has the dynamic energy of a comet wired for sound. Nathaniel, shorter, is temperamentally much the same, but to scale. Their overwhelming, vigorous joy in their work has won the awesome admiration of creditors—and debtors, too.

"Debtors love us," they cry joyfully. "Why, some people refuse to pay at all unless the bills are turned over to us for collection."

THOUGH THE Weiss brothers collect a lot of bills by working out ingenious budgets, their ingenuity extends further than this. It has outmatched the resourcefulness of at least one much-married woman always in the news, who occasionally owed bills she preferred to pay later. Once Nathaniel Weiss, waiting for her to emerge, paced the lobby of her Park Avenue lair until people began to mistake him for a house detective. By dint of perseverance and the imitation of a voice not quite his own, he finally managed to get her on the phone from the lobby desk. When she was unmoved by his description of the joys of a debt-free life, he let her have it.



"I am in the lobby where lots of people can hear me!" he shouted in a crescendo that was doubtless recorded as an earthquake tremor on several seismographs. Roaring her name into the mouthpiece, he continued, "I don't want to raise my voice, but I want my money." He got it and at once. He didn't win her friendship though, which saddens him.

Collecting for the champagne circuit keeps the brothers on the move. Usually they follow the social seasons. August often finds one of them at Newport or Saratoga, autumn in Maryland, winter in Palm Beach or Miami, and spring in Aiken. Wherever they put in an appearance, the more alert local credit men try to get next to them for a confidential tip on who is owing money today. They are probably the best private source in the country of inside information on debtors.

Once, in Newport, the dowager head of one of America's wealthiest families faced paying a large bill with such interminable reluctance that the Weiss brothers were called in. After their preliminary, or scouting, overtures were rebuffed by a horde of servants, the brothers decided upon offensive tactics. While the dowager was shopping, a Weiss-inspired sheriff

climbed into her parked Rolls Royce and drove it off as forfeit. When the bill was presented the next day, it was met with some choice though blue-blooded expletives; but it was paid.

The brothers Weiss disparage this sort of procedure as inharmonious with their position in Café Society. The dignity of their foreign reputation must be upheld too. They represent the governments of Great Britain, India, Switzerland and Canada. Before the war, France and Belgium were also clients. Their success in collecting prompted one of these countries—the brothers won't say which one—to whisper the suggestion that the United States government might do well to give Weiss and Weiss the job of collecting its war debts.

Weiss and Weiss, being in their own words, a "high class house," abhor the chicanery often resorted to in their business. Forms cleverly imitating a subpoena, fake law firm letterheads and high pressure letters are not in the Weiss bag of tricks.

When they get an account, they write the debtor a polite but firm letter somewhat in the chivalrous spirit of a fencer calling "*en garde*" to his opponent.

"It serves as a letter of introduction," says one Weiss.

"And prepares him for what is about to happen," roars the other.

There was no time for warning, though, in one of debtor-wise Abner's most important collections. When the stock market crashed on Black Friday, 1929, he received a call from an important Manhattan art dealer. A $32,000 portrait by Gilbert Stuart had been sold a few days before to an official of several large New England corporations who had been buying pictures on credit and selling them for cash. The dealer was suspicious, and when the market broke he became worried.

"I want my money or the picture."

Late that night, Abner arrived at the Boston home of the corporation official. No one answered the bell but to his surprise the door was open. He walked in. In the dimly lighted hall his nearsighted eyes could barely make out a pile of pictures stacked against the wall. Waiting to be carted away, he thought, and pounced on them like a puma. Abner Weiss is no connoisseur, but for years he has collected bills for the world's foremost art dealers. When he discovered a portrait of a man in a brilliant red coat, he knew it could be the Stuart.

Abner left the house, located a telephone and called the debtor's number. The man's wife answered.

"I want my money," Abner said, throwing finesse to the winds.

Her husband was away, she said meekly. She didn't know where, or when he would return. No, she had no money. There were a lot of pictures in the hall. Would Mr. Weiss pick out his and go.

Very much pleased with himself, he swung onto the midnight train seconds before it pulled out for New York. Propping the picture safely in his berth, he mentally began to spend the collection fee when it suddenly

occurred to him that maybe this picture wasn't the Stuart after all. Breaking out in a cold sweat he inspected it closely. The light wasn't strong enough so he took it to the men's room. It *seemed* all right but he knew the picture only vaguely. Even the poorest imitation would have fooled him. Maybe it was a ruse! Maybe they would arrest him for theft.

Abner Weiss didn't sleep that night. If the canvas was worth $32,000, he wanted to stay awake and guard it. If it was a fake he was too angry to sleep. By the time his train arrived in New York the next morning, he was exhausted.

At the stroke of nine, full of apprehension, he handed the picture to his client. When he saw the gleam of happy recognition in the dealer's eye, he collapsed with relief. But his pay for the night's work, $3,200, quickly revived him.

Though substantial, that is by no means the largest fee collected by Weiss and Weiss. In the halcyon days of free spending and catch-as-catch-can collecting, accounts involving $100,000 to $150,000 were not uncommon. They collected something over $130,000 from one famous art patron. They were considered specialists in his case and for a time enjoyed the status of expert with the various lawyers, credit men and merchants who were involved.

Because a person owes money and has a Weiss brother or two after him is no reflection on his character, and doesn't necessarily impair his credit. Usually Weiss and Weiss clients not only want to get their money; they almost invariably also want to keep the debtor as a customer. Slow paying accounts are an important slice of the clientele of a luxury business.

THE ATTITUDE of many stores is summed up in an incident which occurred in a Fifth Avenue shop. The notoriously slow-paying Mrs. A. was shopping for a fur neckpiece. The salesman, concerned, slipped away and sought the manager.

"Suppose she decides to buy something. Will I dare let her have it?"

"Sure, give it to her. We'll collect eventually. Just add on 10 per cent for Weiss and Weiss."

Occasionally, managers lack confidence in their own judgment. When this happens one of the Weiss brothers is almost certain to get a telephone call: "Hello, Weiss. Mrs. B. is in the store looking at $125 dresses. Do you think she is good for them?"

The Weiss file on Mrs. B. may go back 20 years or more to the days when, as a debutante, she was tardy in settling a bill for something she shouldn't have bought. That file gives them the answer in a minute.

The Weiss brothers are called upon to serve debtors, too. Late one afternoon, they had an emergency call from a noted nightclubber and columnists' copymaker who was suffering from an acute hangover.

"Please come up to my house right away," he pleaded. "Everything has gone wrong."

A Weiss responded at once. When he reached the young man's couch of

suffering, he was grasped frantically by the lapels.

"My God, Weiss, you must save me. I've got a hundred people coming here in two hours to a dinner and reception and the gas and electricity are turned off because the bills aren't paid. My future is in your hands."

Weiss rose to the occasion. He picked up the telephone and called the company. His tone was urgent and professional. Accident, he explained, serious—operation required —please have services turned on at once. Thank you. Thank you, very much.

"Thank *you*, sir," said the company.

Rarely does the threat of personal danger enter into the collection business. Only once has it affected the brothers Weiss. A Boston automobile company asked them to collect the balance due on an automobile, "or get the car." Abner Weiss finally located the purchaser one night in a cheap New York hotel and burst into his room loudly demanding his money. To his horror he found himself facing a notorious gang of crooks. But his grasping the initiative so thoroughly startled the gang that none of them even said "Boo." Instead, they became apologetic and promised to turn over the car the next morning. Abner, courageously bluffing it out, said he'd spend the night downstairs in the lobby to make sure they didn't try to pull a sneak.

Downstairs, he cowed them further by telephoning that he would wait in a chair in front of the elevator. Then he went home to sleep. By seven o'clock the next morning, he was back carrying on an harassing fire of conversation via the house telephone. By eight o'clock he had the car.

For all the enjoyment they take in discussing the humorous side of their business, the brothers get pretty serious when they touch on the mercantile end of their work. The collection of such wholesale accounts represents about 80 per cent of their volume and there is nothing funny about it whatsoever.

"In the wholesale end, you don't have to use imagination," they declare dourly. "You just go in and collect the money."

The Weiss brothers have observed that the doctor and the tailor are always the last to be paid. "And a man will always settle his wife's bills before he pays his own," they declare. Asked if women aren't better payers than men, one Weiss will shout "Yes" while the other trumpets "No." The right answer is "sometimes."

Although it would be an exaggeration to suggest that the Weiss brothers collect every bill that they accept, they do have a record for tenacity which verges on the proverbial. The creditors may well be thankful for it. Less enthusiasm can be expected from the debtors. But, say they, as long as there have to be bill collectors, they might as well be Weiss and Weiss.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

CREDITS AND COLLECTIONS
by Ettinger and Golieb $5.00
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

Not of Our Species

Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show



• • • Trains don't stop long at Fort Benton, Montana. On a certain chill night in 1936, according to Frances Littlefield of San Angelo, Texas, the baggage was hustled aboard as usual. There were a couple of trunks, an assortment of crates and milk cans —and two coffins.

As the train pulled out, the moving lights of the coaches illumined a shepherd dog standing quietly on the platform.

"People around here say he's the best damned sheep dog in these parts," the baggage man declared. "Named Shep. Belonged to one of the men in them coffins."

Six years later, on January 12, 1942, Shep was a little slow in stepping out of the way of an oncoming locomotive, and went to his reward—if any. During every day of those years he had arrived on the station platform a few moments before each train. He had sniffed every passenger who alighted. To the end he never lost hope that his master was merely on a short trip, traveling for some strange reason in a box.



• • • A classic example of animal sagacity was observed by writer Archibald Rutledge. One afternoon while he was driving home his hogs, he saw in the distance a pack of hounds pursuing a stag.

A moment later, the weary stag, white froth dropping from his mouth, broke cover. He was obviously in a state of exhaustion, and the hounds closed in rapidly for the kill.

With the last of his strength, the stag reached the drove of hogs, and began pushing his way among them. When he had reached the center of

the drove, he walked quietly along at the same pace as the hogs, protected on all sides by a living fort of pork.

The hounds soon gave up the hopeless pursuit. The stag remained within his unique convoy until the drove reached Rutledge's stable yard. Here the stag, now fully rested, made his way through the hogs, and ran off.



• • • Citizens of East Hampton, Connecticut, are convinced that the "spirit of the hive" of Camille Boule's bees has suddenly become some sort of super consciousness. Anyway, here's the story as a score of witnesses affirm.

In 1941, Boule moved to Putnam, 50 miles from his home in East Hampton, leaving his bees behind. A week later his bees arrived en masse in Putnam and quickly located Boule's house. Several months later Boule returned to East Hampton, again leaving his bees behind. A few days later the bees arrived in East Hampton, found their old hive, and began making honey.



• • • One day in 1939, Joseph Cause, Jr. of Fishers Island, New York, set his muskrat traps as usual, expecting the customary catch. But he was sadly disappointed when, on later investigation, he discovered his traps to be as empty as when he had first set them early that morning.

Determined to find the reason, Cause stood silently in the bushes and observed a large muskrat swimming toward his hole. The animal was half carrying, half dragging a lump of sod-grass. As he neared the entrance to his underwater home, he struck the trap with the piece of sod. The jaws closed around the grass, and the muskrat calmly passed over the sprung trap and into his home.

This practice was soon taken up by other muskrats, and Cause's trapping enterprise was ruined.



• • • On September 24, 1933, homing pigeon number 1708 was released from Washington, D. C. It gained altitude, circled, and started for home—New York's Bronx Zoo.

But it failed to arrive at its destination. A week later it was officially listed as "missing," and one small drama of the sky was thereby supposedly closed.

Eight years later, on June 19, 1941, a pigeon circled uncertainly above the Bronx Zoo and finally alighted on an aviary where years before the pigeon lofts were located. On the pigeon's legband was the number 1708. There's nothing like finishing a thing once you start it.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of $5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Not of Our Species," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.



This is the house that Jack built: a continent-spanning airline that flies 'em as big and as fast as they come. And this is the way he built it

Jack Frye: Vision Unlimited

by DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

OUT INTO the night from the big Los Angeles Air Terminal roared a sleek, silver airliner, its nose pointed eastward for New York. Aboard was a six-year-old girl, traveling alone for the first time by air. Sitting beside her was a big, handsome, curly-haired gentleman, who made friends easily and delighted in pointing out to her everything she wanted to know about the giant plane and how it worked. Like a bedtime story, he explained the blinking lights of cities and towns below.

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, the man and the little girl left the plane. She wanted to send a wire to her mother, who was worried because she felt it too dangerous for her daughter to fly. That wire today is one of the most prized memoirs of the man, who is the youngest first executive of any major U.S. airline and the only airline president holding an air transport pilot's license. It said simply:

Dear Mommy,
"Am having a very nice time. I think you are very wrong about planes. Love, Sally.
P.S. The president of TWA is a very nice man."

Born in Sweetwater, Oklahoma, March 18, 1904, Jack Frye would have been a doctor if his rancher-father had had his way. Instead, Jack left the ranch, and with his brother Donald, now head of the Frye Aircraft Schools, went to California.

Today his airline (TWA) covers nearly 6,000 miles; has $13,000,000 in assets, 23,000 stockholders and 3,400 employees. It flies higher, faster and with bigger land planes than any airline in the world. Its success (despite the fact that it hasn't yet paid cash dividends) is accredited to the progressive action of its youthful president and the friends around him.

Jack Frye is six feet two inches tall,

or about the same height as Gary Cooper, but he is much stouter, weighing 205 pounds. He has dark hair frosted with gray; his eyes are dark brown. Handsome, in a thoroughly masculine way, he presents an excellent appearance at a directors' conference or in flying togs in the cockpit of a plane. He much prefers the latter and frequently bats up and down the route in the company's Lockheed twin-engined ship which it keeps for traveling executives and experimental work. Usually he is testing some new piece of equipment on those occasions when he flies.

THE LIFE STORY of Jack Frye is best described in the words of an after-dinner speaker who said: "Mix together the adventures of Huckleberry Finn, the Rover Boys and Dick Tracy, and the result will be a near-picture of Jack Frye's experiences. He started riding range at the age of seven—on his grandfather's 15,000-acre cattle ranch in Texas. By the time he was 18, he was making a business out of flying. And plenty of things happened in between."

At 14 he caught pneumonia—from over-enthusiasm at seeing his first airplane. When an old Army Jenny (World War vintage) was forced down near a pond on which young Frye was ice skating, the boy insisted on running errands for the pilot most of the day. It gave him a cold that put him in bed for 10 weeks and nearly claimed his life.

A couple of years later he ran away from home and enlisted in the Army Engineer Corps at El Paso. He quit the following year and went back to the ranch, only to leave soon after for California with his brother and two pals in a Model T Ford, which Frye sold. He lived off the proceeds until he got a job as a dishwasher for $12 a week. That saved the day with the landlady to whom he owed nearly six weeks' rent because he was too proud to write home for help. When not scrubbing dishes, he sold papers which brought the weekly income up to about $15.

Then came a job as soda clerk and $25 a week. A friend he met over the fountain talked him into taking his first airplane ride, although it took him seven long days to convince Jack it was a safe thing to do. The now-famous flying Jack is an acrophobian. As a youth on the ranch he dreaded his turn at greasing windmills just 20 feet above ground. Today he still can't stand on high places.

But in spite of this, he was bitten by the flying bug almost as soon as the plane left the ground. After this trial—cost, $5—he spent $150 of his earnings for flying lessons at the Burdette Fuller Flying School whose net asset was one Jenny Biplane.

Now, however, Jack Frye is flying in the big-time. He owns two homes—one in Wheeler, Texas, and another on a five-acre tract in Merriam, Kansas, a few miles across the river from Kansas City, Missouri, where TWA's general offices and shops are situated.

But he and Mrs. Frye—the former Helen Varner Vanderbilt who became the third Mrs. Jack Frye in

Arizona on New Year's morning last year—spend very little time at home, or anywhere else. Wherever he travels, she goes with him. He frequently visits his ranch in Flagstaff, Arizona, or a second in the pan-handle of Texas, and works in the outdoors during the few days he is there.

In his home there is a large library which has everything in it from Eighteenth Century Poetry, through the technical history of the airplane, down to Saint Exupéry, a favorite. Although Jack never completed a high-school education, there isn't a neighbor in Texas whose complete library he has not read.

Magazine ads never escape him. He finds them most interesting and occasionally will jot down an idea which strikes his fancy and send it to his advertising department with the suggestion they "do something like this." Definitely not prissy, he is, however, a most exacting person and wants everything to be accurate. He likes short sentences; short paragraphs. This is typical of his penchant for making quick decisions which has many times saved his life when he was piloting and equally many times has saved the life of his company.

He is always on the lookout for new ways to improve the company's service. Every time he makes a trip aboard a TWA airliner he jots down little comments and sends them to department heads to follow through. Once he wrote about the carelessness of men passengers when undressing in the sleeper berths and recommended a different style curtain on the planes. Another time he found something wrong with the water faucet in the men's room aboard the plane and scribbled: "This is, in fact, the mechanical abortion of the age." He sees that the ladies' room is well equipped in every detail, right down to the curling iron.

He has two offices—one of them a simple affair at the airport in Kansas City, and the other a spacious suite in the Airlines Terminal at the corner of Park Avenue and 42nd Street in New York. He spends very little time in either.

At the company's home office in Kansas City, where he can look out a long row of windows and see the planes land and take off, he sits behind a glass top desk and often twirls a big globe, eyeing it enviously as though trying to figure out some way of flying non-stop from Chicago to Moscow this year and not in 1950. On a wall in a frame is his commission as a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

The big New York office is a masterpiece in design. His desk and an office divan are done in striking red leather. The particular shade that is used is one he helped create. Up and down the route during his inspection tours, he noticed that on TWA's planes, all the insignia seemed to be different shades of red. Then, one day on a piece of stationery he found a pleasing tone and sent it to his maintenance department with the recommendation: "I don't care which color red you use on our planes from

now on so long as it's this one." It was necessary to have artists and paint experts make up the special shade of crimson now known as TWA-red.

Incidentally, his sense of color is acute. Once he sent back a printed piece of company advertising because the color scheme in it struck him wrong. There was a note attached: "Scrap this. If you can't get pictures in color that look natural, don't use color. Use black and white."

He drives his Pontiac—upholstered with red leather—so fast that there isn't a policeman in Kansas City who won't tell you: "Sure, I know Jack Frye—he's the guy who tries to fly his automobile all over town."

The big New York office is a striking contrast to the dingy affair which he first had as part owner of the Burdette Fuller Flying School back in 1926 when he mortgaged his few Texas cattle to buy half interest in the old Jenny airplane. Then he met Paul Richter, who is today executive Vice President of TWA, and together they bought out Fuller and started the Aero Corporation of California, Jack Frye, President.

THE CORPORATION'S charter covered about every industry connected with the business of flying. Under it they acted as sales agents for Fokker airplanes; operated a school for training pilots; maintained a mechanical division for servicing airplanes of all and any makes; conducted sight-seeing trips; chartered planes; did stunt flying for motion pictures and producers, including a few crashes; sprayed crops; and even, at one time, flew fish to inland cities.

"Anything so we could make an honest dollar flying," Richter says today. Anything, too, that Jack Frye could get his fingers on for the promotion of flying.

The young president started Standard Airlines as part of the Aero Corporation and flew its big Fokker six-passenger transport planes between Los Angeles and Tucson, Arizona with such precision that residents called him "On the Dot" Frye.

With his eye to the future, Frye helped in the amalgamation of Standard Airlines, Western Air Express and TAT-Maddux Airlines into a transcontinental air route that, in 1930, became TWA—the transcontinental line. He was made president in 1934 and is still boss.

His early trouble was company finance. The reason was simple. He thought that planes, pilots, routes and safety were more important than dollars and cents.

A few years ago at a directors' meeting, he slammed his fist down on the table and threatened to quit because bankers on the Board couldn't see eye-to-eye with his ideas about tomorrow's airline. When he made his threat so many of the line's vice presidents got up to walk out with him that the directors reconsidered. Finally Howard Hughes, multi-millionaire pilot-inventor, and a personal friend, obtained control of TWA's stock and gave Jack Frye the nod to "do as he damn well pleases" so long as he keeps " 'em going higher and

farther and faster."

That Frye will do the job is evidenced in his past record. He helped design the first Douglas airliner, now the most popular airplane in the world. He introduced the homing radio direction finder and modern methods of aerology to the airlines, and pioneered in the development of de-icing equipment to make flying safer. He inaugurated steam-heated cabins on planes for passenger comfort; brought out the flight plan system; put a fortune into the big Boeing Stratoliners, introducing upper level flight comfort and speedier non-stop schedules. Soon he will put in operation a plane which he and Howard Hughes developed in secret and which already has been acclaimed the world's greatest air transport.

The new plane, known as the Lockheed "Constellation," will go 100 miles per hour faster than any airliner today; will fly 10,000 feet higher, or in the neighborhood of 30,000 feet, and will fly farther (over 4,000) miles than any passenger plane ever built or in the works. It should make money, since it can carry 57 passengers, seven crew members and about 5,000 pounds of freight.

It is representative of Frye. His is the keen, sharp mind of a flyer, and a business man. And he will never stop being the "flying prophet" because he's looking ahead of the Constellation for even bigger planes.

So if the day ever comes when you can climb aboard a space ship and take a weekend trip to the moon, it may be because Jack Frye thought the idea had merit and then went ahead and did it!



Grant Wood and the Goldfish

THE LATE Grant Wood, the painter of *American Gothic* and *Daughters of Revolution* might have become a press agent or an advertising man if he hadn't been an artist.

A friend who owned a big house in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, remodeled and redecorated it, installed beds with extremely soft mattresses, then advertised for lodgers. After 10 days, only one room was rented.

"What can I do," he asked Artist Wood, "to rent the rest of those rooms?"

"Go down to the dime store and buy a bowl of goldfish for each room. Then in your advertising, use this line: *and a goldfish in every room*," he was told.

The goldfish were bought. And with Grant Wood's help, the man erected a big sign in the front yard, emphasizing the fact that there were indeed goldfish in every room.

Within a few days, every room was rented; the house became famous. Soon motorists were coming from miles around to see the house with goldfish in each and every room.

—THOMAS W. DUNCAN

Gallery of Photographs





Garden in the Sky

FRANK H. BAUER, NEW YORK



YORK

KEN UYEHARA, CHICAGO

Keep 'Em Rolling



One and Two and . . .

WESLEY REID, FROM FPG



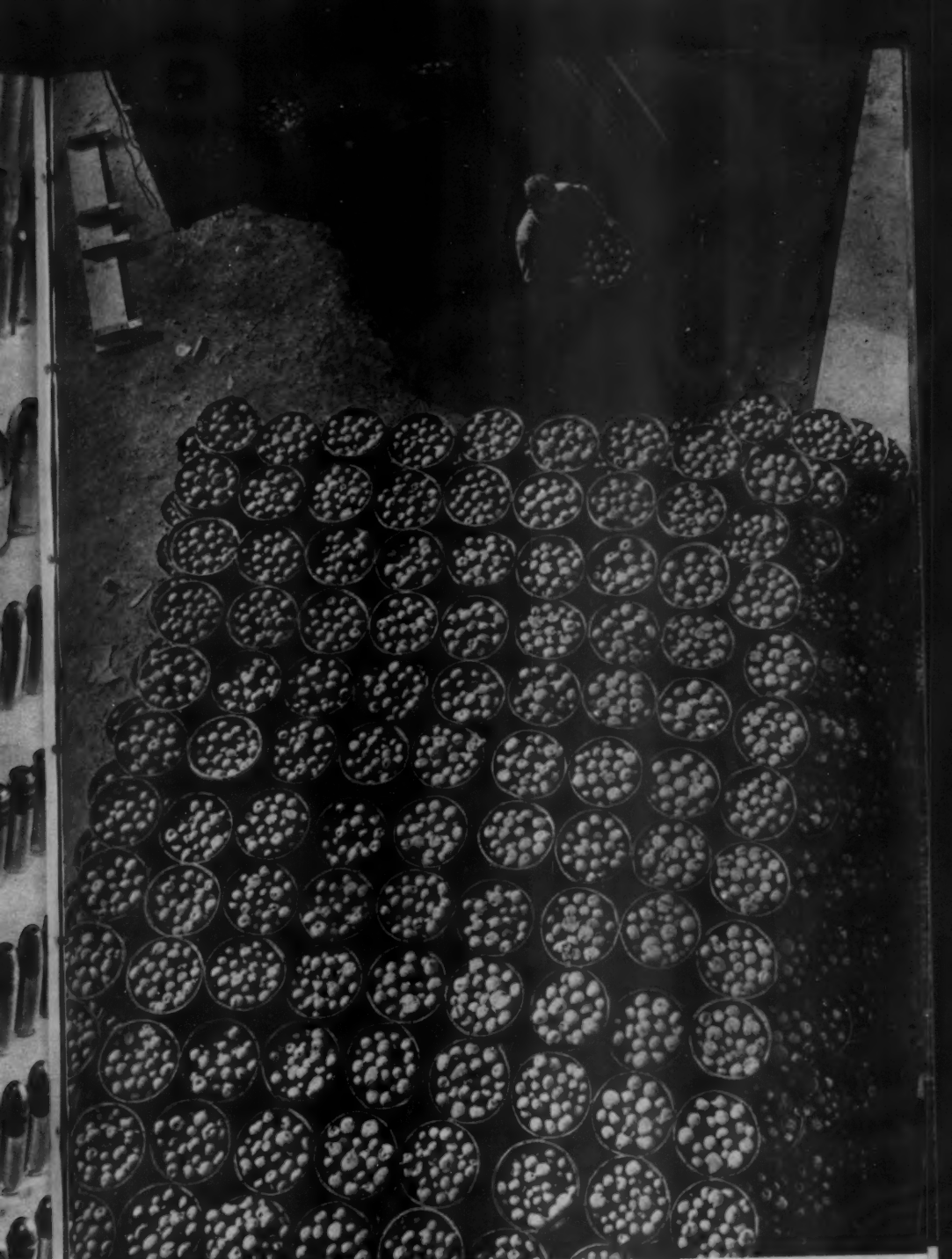
OM FPG DON BUKEN, COSHOCTON, OHIO

High Hurdle



Bundles for Japan

PHILIP GENDREAU, NEW YORK



YORK FRANK J. SCHERSCHEL, FROM PUBLIX "Food Will Win the War"



Lady of the Lake B. FRANSIOLI, MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND

BARRETT GALLAGHER, NEW YORK

Shadow and Substance



Shadow and Substance

BARRETT GALLAGHER, NEW YORK





Cradle



Cradle

RUTH BERNHARD, NEW YORK



J. RODOLFO LOZADA, MEXICO CITY

Floating Gardens



Snake Eyes

BEBE OLSHINE, NASHVILLE, TENN



TED REESE, EASTON, PA.

The Secret



Red Rock MORLEY BAER, CHICAGO



AGO ANDREW ROSS, HOLLYWOOD

Close-up, U.S.S. Lexington



Deep Sea Fisherman

CY LATOUR, PASADENA, CALI[illegible] G. REL[illegible]



G. RELYEA, FROM FPG

He Who Laughs Last



God's Kitchen MEISEL, FROM MONKMEYER

With the truth as its secret weapon and radio as its fourth arm, the United States even now is invading the Axis nations. This is the USA calling!



Offensive via Short-Wave

by CHARLES J. ROLO

COUNTLESS THOUSANDS of men and women in Europe are playing a dangerous game today — a game which will cost them their lives if they are caught. The game, called "Churchillism" consists of listening to the forbidden voices of British and American radio stations, Europe's only contact with the free world. Incidentally, it was the Nazis who labeled bootleg listening "Churchillism" — symbol of all they hate, fear, yet cannot crush.

U.S. and British broadcasts are the supply line through which Europe's army of intellectual guerrillas, perhaps the largest Fifth Column in the world, receives its propaganda ammunition. Words projected over the walls of Nazi censorship from London, New York, Boston, Cincinnati and Schenectady are picked up by two-man suicide squads, listening with headphones in precarious hideouts and distributing their own clandestine newssheets. There are scores of such phantom papers in occupied Europe —the *Walka* (Fight) and *Jutro* (Tomorrow) in Poland; in Belgium, the *Libre Belgique*, famous from the last war; the *Free Trade Union* in Norway; in France, *La Résistance*, reported to have a circulation of 35,000.

Anyone caught by the Nazis relaying "foreign propaganda" is, of course, generally executed. Even just listening brings a long prison sentence. But people listen just the same—in groups before a loudspeaker, taking turns at sentry duty; in bed at night, the receiver hidden under the blankets. And what they hear travels mysteriously, by grapevine, past the long nose of the Gestapo.

Thus radio maintains contact with Europe's intellectual guerrillas; it bolsters the morale of the conquered nations, crystallizing resistance against

the Axis. It foments discontent and defeatism among the enemy population, and it speaks directly to those enemy officials who may some day overthrow their own governments. Significantly, allied intelligence reports reveal that a large number of Nazi and Fascist officials are now regular listeners to British and American stations. Radio is indeed the "fourth arm" of the allied war effort.

U.S. RADIO went to war with 11 powerful short-wave transmitters in action round the clock. Six private organizations—the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, General Electric, Westinghouse, the Crosley Corporation and the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation—are responsible for this country's international broadcasting. And back of this long-range radio artillery is an elaborate government production and intelligence setup.

First-line intelligence unit is the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring service, inaugurated in March, 1941—a combined eavesdropping agency, propaganda filter, and laboratory of political warfare. From listening posts located in Kingsville, Texas; Santurce, Puerto Rico; Portland, Oregon; and Silver Hill, Maryland, a staff of some 300 linguists and technicians keep track of thousands of broadcasts criss-crossing the air-waves.

The best part of a million words—three-quarters of them in foreign languages—is recorded and transcribed daily. This material is then carefully analyzed for clues to enemy policy, and sifted for ammunition for counter-propaganda. Important incoming bulletins are flashed to the Government departments concerned who, in addition, receive daily digests of the foreign propaganda picture and special intelligence reports.

Most important of these government departments from the standpoint of radio warfare is the Office of the Coordinator of Information, Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan. The Donovan Office—whose bailiwick is Europe, Africa, and the Far East—sends the six broadcasting organizations five reports daily based on the findings of the FBMS. This is the Donovan agency's main intelligence function in the radio field.

In addition, on the production side, it supplies the broadcasters with 30,000 to 40,000 words a day of "supplementary information." Some of this is simply news that has not found its way into the American press but is of special interest to listeners abroad. But most is background material assembled by Donovan's 250 scientists.

The prime function of these government agencies is to put short-wavers wise to every lie the Axis is spouting over the air-waves and suggest an effective come-back. Not long ago, U.S. short-wave listeners heard from Tokio, via Radio Ankara, that Hitler is a Moslem, a direct descendant of the Prophet, born with the sacred green belt around his middle.

The same day, Faud Muffarij, Arabic announcer of station WRUL in Boston, exposed Tokio's fable by rat-

tling off the choicer insults levelled at Moslems in *Mein Kampf*.

"To serve as an instrument of war while maintaining the high standards of American reporting"—NBC's wartime motto—might be the motto of every U.S. short-wave station. Greatest drawing card of U.S. radio is its reputation for objectivity, built up while this country was a non-belligerant. Its strongest asset, now that the United States is at war, is Europe's awe of American military and productive power. Thus, U.S. broadcasters feel safe in letting the facts speak for themselves.

And speak for themselves they do—in 150-odd newscasts a day—in a score of languages, including Finnish, Hungarian, Czech, Serbo-Croat, Greek, and Turkish. Each country also hears frequent summaries of U.S. editorial opinion, and occasional pep talks from its own national figures here. In programs to the Axis, activities of democratic Italian and German organizations in this country (like the Mazzini Society and the Friends of German Freedom) get a big play.

Dutch and Norwegian sailors on the high seas have their own special service from WRUL, which also broadcasts a weekly feature for the Alsatians. Several stations carry programs in Arabic beamed at the Middle East. Key broadcasts in French, German and Italian are now rebroadcast from England on the standard waveband—a step that has increased 10-fold the impact of U.S. radio on the Continent.

Proof of the success of what Dr. Goebbels complained bitterly of as "the psychological invasion of the Continent by the American radio" regularly slips through the cracks in the walls of Nazi censorship to the outside world—sometimes in strange and devious ways. The pains taken by the Nazis to "jam" British and American programs is one indication that these broadcasts are hitting where it hurts. Another is the Nazis' attempt to confiscate all receiving sets in Poland and in parts of Norway. But most convincing of all are letters which, for the past two years, have poured into the studios of American stations, and which, despite a vigilant Gestapo, continue to filter through with the message: "We're listening."

Sometimes, U.S. stations hear from a very different kind of listener, too. NBC short-wavers are still chuckling at the clumsy attempt of one, Mr. A. Piccolo, to obtain a spot of military information for the Nazis. Mr. Piccolo wrote in from Geneva to say

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Radio earphones and a typewriter are as much a part of Charles J. Rolo as his name. He was one of the original staff members of the Princeton Listening Post, set up by the Rockefeller Foundation to examine "the role of radio in modern war." Born in Alexandria, Egypt, 36 years ago, he was educated in England, came to this country in 1938 for a graduate course at Columbia University. He's been at Princeton ever since.

that NBC's programs were a treat, but wouldn't it please include weather reports as he and his friends were keen meteorologists.

Nor does U.S. radio neglect the Pacific war theater, where Japanese broadcasts—heard as far afield as Iran and India—have been seeking to stir up a race war against the whites. From East of Suez to Australia, radio is the chief, usually the only, source of news—hence the importance of providing an effective counter-blast to Japan's propaganda salvos.

To radio listeners scattered over this far-flung war zone, the staccato crack of a bolt of lightning carries the message: "This is the USA speaking." This bolt of lightning is the opening gun of KGEI, General Electric's giant international station near San Francisco — now Uncle Sam's heaviest artillery piece in the radio battle of the Pacific.

KGEI, which now blankets the Orient with broadcasts in Japanese, Chinese-Cantonese and Mandarin-Dutch, French, Thai, and Tagalog, the native Filipino language, addresses a stranger assortment of listeners than perhaps any other radio station in the world. It has a small audience among the high officials in Tokio, and a large one among the loyal Japanese in Hawaii. To the beleaguered Chinese it daily brings messages of hope and encouragement. The Chinese army on the march depends on this station for news of the outside world.

For the American Embassy in Chungking, British and American consular officials in Free China, and pilots and technicians fighting with the Chinese, KGEI provides a reliable daily round-up of eagerly awaited world news. When the Australians suddenly found themselves largely dependent on the United States for support, KGEI became a bridge of friendship linking the United States to its ally in the Far East—across 6,000 miles of water.

As AN ADDED attraction, of course, America's "fourth arm" brings to U.S. soldiers, sailors, and fliers on active service in the Pacific, news from home, entertainment, and the latest sports results—a first-class aid to sound morale.

Once, last January, for instance, KGEI received a brief cable from General MacArthur, requesting a Bing Crosby program for the men in Bataan. A few days later the gallant defenders of Luzon heard Crosby, more than half way around the world, singing "The caissons go rolling along."

Perhaps, though, the scope of our radio war against the Axis is most dramatically illustrated by the story of what happens when President Roosevelt makes a speech.

For the President's words regularly reach 20,000,000 listeners—and in their own languages! First the original speech is broadcast from U.S. international stations, the engineers allowing a sentence or two to be heard then fading out Mr. Roosevelt's voice to bring in the appropriate translation.

Straight translations and after that extracts from the speech are then poured out from this country and are rebroadcast from London, Sydney, Cairo, and more than 200 stations in Latin America.

Probably the most devastating single blow yet struck at the Axis on the psychological front was the President's "185,000-planes speech," hammered out all day and night by U.S. short-wavers and rebroadcast from England alone 82 times in 32 languages.

Thus radio, the "fourth arm," has become the spearhead of the Allied counter-offensive against the Axis.

Lure of the Jack-Pot



AMERICAN coin-operated slot machines are found in luxury and poverty from Canada's Yukon to the South Pacific. The Prince of Nepal has one in every room, including bathrooms. Three are reported at Buckingham palace. In Quetta, India, immediately after the earthquake, a bell type machine was dug from the debris, cleaned and set up for business so that native gamblers could have their tries at the jack pot.

Machines must be adjusted to take varied currencies. For example, the anna coin of India has scalloped edges; money in other lands may be thick, thin, round, square, with holes or without. A wealthy gentleman in China has demanded a device that would operate with $5 gold pieces. A model sold in many lands uses the threepence of England, South Africa, the West Indies and Australia, but cannot be made to work with the threepence of New Zealand, which is almost identical in size and shape.

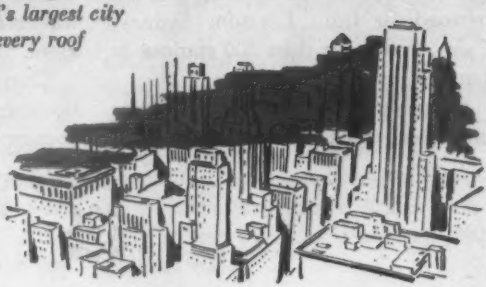
Loud tone volume is demanded of "juke boxes"—coin operated phonographs—in Latin countries, where it is not uncommon to see a placid game of checkers played at a table drawn as closely as possible to the loud speaker. Before the war, juke boxes for Spain had to be equipped with extra loud amplifiers which alone cost more than $225.

In Thailand, a number of bag punching devices have been raking in the money. When a coin is inserted in this type of machine, a regular punching bag is pulled down.

The player then strikes the bag with his fist and the force of the blow is registered on a dial. The constant operation of these contraptions at night disturbed the repose of nearby inhabitants to such an extent that a royal edict has been issued to prohibit their use.

—G. K. HANCHETT

A new cult of sun-worshippers went up in the world when dwellers in the world's largest city discovered there are two sides to every roof



Roofdwellers of New York

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

BILL JONAS owes his life to a New York rooftop.

Bill is a glass blower. He lives in a narrow, dingy brownstone a stone's throw from St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in New York's crowded lower East Side. He has a wife and family to look after. A few years ago, he learned he had pulmonary tuberculosis.

But today he is still able to work and live in the midst of the city's crush. How? He goes up on his roof. Up there, the sun shines as warmly on chimney pots and smokestacks as on any village green. And birds fly as freely from a painted loft as from any cote in the country. Bill knows that and he mixes fun with his sunshine by raising homing pigeons.

Nor is Bill the only New Yorker who has discovered his roof has two sides—one right under the sun.

Each summer thousands of the city's "prisoners" escape to the country simply by climbing a flight of steps to their housetops.

It's a huge playground that stretches above the crowded streets up there. A playground that offers the weary New Yorker rest and peace and laziness above the city's dirt and din.

It wasn't always like that. Fifty years ago, rooftops were unexplored; no one thought of using them. Not until the owners of Wall Street's skyscrapers decided in the early 1900's that the buildings needed full-time attention and moved their janitors into shacks squeezed between the roofs and elevator shafts, did men discover that flat tableland up top.

Those janitors were the first penthouse dwellers. It didn't take them long to learn that their children grew sun-tanned and strong, romping on the roofs.

It didn't take their bosses long, either, to realize the luxury their em-

ployes were enjoying. But when the owners tried to move out on the terraces themselves, they found they couldn't do it.

By a quirk of law, their own rooftops were closed to them unless they worked as superintendents of the buildings. Even as late as 1928, when Edwin Goodman wanted to live in a penthouse atop his Fifth Avenue store (Bergdorf Goodman), he had to register as a "super" to get permission. A year later, the law was changed, and now owners as well as employes can live in office roof homes.

TODAY, in all Manhattan, only one of those early skyscraper dwellings of the janitors remains. It's a homey, seven room apartment on one of the most famous towers of the financial district—the old Cities Service Building at 60 Wall Street. Way back in 1906 the first janitor moved into that apartment. Today, it's the home of resident engineer Earl Roberts and his wife and son, Earl, Jr.

Being the only housekeeper on Wall Street is lonely, says Mrs. Roberts. She's a slight, blue-eyed little woman with honey-colored hair and a soft voice. She looks as though she would enjoy running in for a moment to see a next-door neighbor and exchange a bit of news, a recipe, or borrow an egg or a cup of flour.

But she can't. Her nearest neighbor is miles away. From Saturday to Monday, she lives above a deserted canyon where her voice echoes against the steep walls of the skyscrapers. From Monday to Saturday, she lives in a business world where brokers, clerks, customers' men and stenographers work in offices that honeycomb the building under her floor.

Her nearest meat market is so far she has to travel to it by taxi; her nearest grocery so distant she mails her orders in. Merchants don't like to deliver to a home where their clerks must ride 26 stories in an elevator and then walk two more flights to reach the back porch. So Mrs. Roberts orders only once every two weeks.

But although her roof isolates her, it has given her a hobby that more than compensates, in her opinion. For her home commands such a panorama of sky, sea and towers that it has inspired her to paint. Today, with brush and easel, she whiles away afternoons once devoted to bridge, and the walls of her home now are hung with her oils and pastels.

Sometimes a roof gives more than a hobby to a New Yorker. Consider young Judy Kealy, a blue-eyed, brown-haired girl as pretty as a model. Judy was working as receptionist-secretary in the city two years ago. Then she went to a party the Catholic Young Women's Club gave

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Speaking of skyscrapers, Priscilla Jaquith, as editor of Rockefeller Center magazine, works among New York's tallest—and most beautiful. And speaking of articles, or the writing of them, Miss Jaquith says she was sidetracked into it by way of an editorship on the Cornell Daily Sun in her undergraduate days. She married an economics instructor in her junior year, but went on to a career: publicity, writing articles for newspapers and magazines, editing.

on the roof of the RCA Building in Radio City and met Joseph S. Kenny. Last December Joe and Judy were married.

That probably happens dozens of unrecorded times, says Miss Anne Golden, secretary of the club. It's bound to happen when boys and girls get together to dance with stars above them and all New York spread like a tapestry of light at their feet. Yet these Cinderellas pay less than the price of a movie for their romantic evening. For, ever since 1934, thanks to the ingenuity of Miss Golden, they have climbed to the roof each Wednesday from May to October, sprinkled the stone floor with borax—and danced.

All over the city from such humble club get-togethers to the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria, housetops become dance floors for New Yorkers at night.

To the boys in the slums along the East River, one roof becomes a wooded camping ground beside a brook, when the sun goes down. It is true the "woods" grow in tubs and the brook tumbles only 20 feet from parapet to parapet. But high totem poles and a semi-circle of upturned log ends surround a stone fireplace; and nearby stand four tents.

Boys who can't afford to go to a real camp to escape the slums' sweltering heat take turns sleeping out, three to a tent, in this city-camp on the Madison Square Boys Club on East 29th Street. With a real Cherokee Indian, Chief Swift Eagle, to guide them, they fry bacon and eggs, make their beds, blow taps, roll in—and wake up at the unheard of hour—in New York City—of 5 a. m.

Neighbors in the tenements that crowd close, are used to these sights and sounds. But one windy night last Fall, when they saw three parachutes descending from the sky into their cluttered backyards, one of them turned in an alarm. Within half an hour a cordon of police had surrounded the block—only to discover that the parachutes weren't parachutes at all, simply three of the tents blown loose from their moorings.

A whole world away from that small boys' paradise in the slums is the Fifth Avenue farm of Mrs. Regina Jais. For 17 years this wealthy woman has been growing flowers, vegetables and bees on her roofs. When she moved a few years ago to her present home at 1016 Fifth Avenue, she didn't want to leave her flowers and plants behind. So she transplanted her whole





garden, earth and all. Everything had to be carried down in elevators. It meant hiring men to fill hundreds of baskets with soil and cart them in truckloads through the streets.

But now when she feels like having strawberries and cream for breakfast, she can go out on her terrace and pick wild strawberries. If she wants a bouquet, she can cut fresh roses, pinks, heliotropes or tulips. She has grown corn six feet high, tomatoes weighing three-quarters of a pound apiece, 50 bunches of grapes on her arbor, parsley, radishes, peas, string beans, lettuce, mustard and peppers.

HUNDREDS of other New Yorkers grow gardens on their roofs. But by far the biggest number go up top to sunbathe. Sun shines on the city 2,695 out of a possible 4,456 hours each year. That figure, compiled from a 46-year record by the New York Weather Bureau, gives the city a sunshine rating of 60 per cent—close to Miami's 67 and Los Angeles' 72 per cent.

Thousands of men and women take advantage of it in the sundecks or gardens which almost all the hotels and big apartment houses maintain.

But to one group of girls, the sun is something that threatens to drive them out of their summer playground. They are the Rockettes, the precision dancers of the Radio City Music Hall. Because all 36 of them must kick as one, they can't get sun-tanned. One dark brown pair of legs between two white ones would spoil the whole line. So, when they want to sunbathe, they wear slacks.

Their roof means a great deal to them. In the theater from noon to eleven p. m. three weeks out of four, they don't have time between shows to take off their make-up, put on street clothes and go anywhere to relax. But they can—and do—go up top and play paddle tennis, volley ball or shuffleboard, or just lounge in deck chairs in the shade of hawthornes and wild cherries. One of them, Doris Mitchell of Hempstead, L. I., a blue-eyed tawny-haired just-out-of-high-school youngster, even keeps her tennis in trim, practising shots against a backstop nine stories up.

All over the city on the housetops, today, men are breeding homing pigeons for the Army and Navy. Last year the city's 700 fanciers gave the Army three truckfuls of "squealers," the baby birds, and 150 pairs of pedigreed birds for breeding. They also sent 200 pigeons to London and 600 to Egypt to fly with the RAF.

No matter what the demand for

homers may be, New Yorkers will be able to supply it, says Dr. William Weltman. He has been breeding pigeons since 1925 on his rooftop at 45 St. Mark's Place. He belongs to two of the city's 150 clubs grouped in the rival organizations, the American Racing Pigeon Union and the International Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers. And he can tell of dozens of men whose lives have been changed by this hobby.

There's the World War veteran Karp, wounded and gassed, who owes his health to his rooftop loft. Or the surgeon who had a nervous breakdown and owes his practice to the same cause. Or the retired lawyer, bored by his $30,000 stamp collection and his $50,000 library, who has found a live interest in his birds.

Today though, more New Yorkers of the middle class use the roofs than those of any other group, according to the Bureau of Records of the city's Department of Housing and Buildings. Women go up top to dry their hair and hang out their washing in the sun. Men park their cars on top of the garages under Riverside Drive's viaduct. While on the housetops overlooking the Yankee Stadium, crowds gather to watch the games.

Even the children climb to the roofs to play. Ever since the opening of the garden playground for preschool children atop Public School 31 in 1932, settlement houses have been moving slides, blocks, seesaws and boys and girls up into the sun. Today school children play on about a hundred New York housetops without a thought of dodging trucks or taxis.

On one building, since December 7, Legionnaires have watched night and day with binoculars to spot hostile planes winging towards the city. Some have had to leave their businesses to do it; others have given up winter vacations in Florida; all have sacrificed evenings at the movies and nights at home. For those on the dog watch from midnight to dawn, there's a barracks a few floors below fitted out with Army cots where they can snatch a nap before or after duty.

From their vantage point high above the city, these spotters can see 40 miles out to sea.

If they flash warning of approaching bombers, perhaps—who knows—more New Yorkers than the Bill Jonas we spoke of will owe their lives to a rooftop.

—Suggestions for further reading:

ROOF GARDENING
by Ida Mellen $1.00
De La Mare Books
D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., New York

YOUR CITY GARDEN
by Margaret McKenny and E. L. D. Seymour $2.50
D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., New York

THE HEALTH of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and their powers as a State depend.
—BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Your Other Life



The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"

• • • A tragic dream disturbed the sleep of Lieutenant B. Kingsley on a summer night in 1938. He was at the time undergoing training as an artillery officer with a citizens' military unit at Fort Monroe, Virginia. The following day he was to command firing of a heavy 155 mm. field gun.

In his dream he noticed something wrong with the gun's breach mechanism, but failed to report it to the commanding officer. A few moments later the command, "Fire!" was given; the lanyard pulled—whereupon his gun exploded, scattering the torn bodies of the crew.

Remembering his dream next day, Lieutenant Kingsley carefully inspected the gun. The weapon seemed in perfect condition. However, when the number one man of the crew pulled the lanyard, the gun did not fire. Two more tries were unsuccessful.

Unconsciously the number one man reached for the firing mechanism on the breach door, intending to remove it for inspection. Lieutenant Kingsley, his dream still vivid in his mind, pulled the man back. A few seconds later the gun went off—a delayed fire. Had it not been for the dream, the number one man would have been killed by the recoil. Had the man succeeded in partially removing the firing mechanism, the entire crew would have been wiped out by the backfire.



• • • L. Colin Curtis of Kamloops, British Columbia calls attention to an incident related by John Masefield in *The Wanderer* wherein a dreamer saw an event happening hundreds of miles away.

The *Wanderer*, a fine four masted barque built in 1891, was originally

under command of Captain John Brander. In September, 1896, he was transferred to a new command, leaving the *Wanderer* in Philadelphia. In his waking life he never saw her again.

However, at 2 a.m. on April 14, 1907, Captain Brander, then living in England, awoke from a vivid and terrifying dream, which he later described:

"I saw the *Wanderer* at anchor with her lights burning. Then I saw the bow of a steamer loom suddenly out of the fog and crash into the *Wanderer's* side. In vivid detail I saw the ship sinking and the crew abandoning her."

The following day the papers carried a brief item stating that the barque *Wanderer*, at anchor in the Elbe below Hamburg, had been rammed and sunk by the German liner *Gertrud Woermann*. Captain Brander made a careful check as to the time of the accident, and found it coincided to the minute with his dream.



• • • The first news which certain of the American public had of the attack on Pearl Harbor did not come through any normal channel of communication. It came through a dream, says John Mackenzie of Minneapolis.

On the morning of December 7, Miss Margaret Pearman, state employment service secretary of Roanoke, Virginia, told her family that the night before, she had dreamed that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor and Manila, and that the United States had declared war.

Hours later the radio told the world of the actual attack. There was absolutely no normal means by which Miss Pearman, sleeping through the early hours of December 7, could have learned the specific details of Japan's attack.



• • • Marjorie Riddle of Platteville, Wisconsin, tells of the trouble caused by the death in 1920 of machinist C. L. Riddle of the Eagle Garage at Platteville. Riddle had been the only man in the shop who was able to operate the large turret lathe. For several days another mechanic, S. A. Schmieder, tried vainly to fathom the lathe mechanism.

No other mechanics were available. Because of the lathe bottleneck, work at the garage came to a standstill. Then one night Schmieder dreamed that Riddle met him on the street and offered to show him how the lathe was operated. The two went to the garage, where Riddle carefully explained the lathe mechanism.

The next day Schmieder went to the garage and found that the dream instructions were correct. He could now operate the lathe perfectly.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of $5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Your Other Life," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

Americans can dish it out, but can we take it? In personal and informal interviews, here are seven answers from on-the-scene international observers



Courage-Meter for America

by BARBARA HEGGIE

EDITOR'S NOTE:
This article, was not, in the beginning, intended to be an article at all. But after Barbara Heggie, one day, held us spellbound for hours with an account of some of the interesting speculation she had heard as to how Americans might be expected to "take it" if and when the bombs began to fall—well, we thought you, too, might like to hear a few opinions. Accordingly, we forthwith assigned the subject to Miss Heggie for an article. The result, which follows, was arrived at only after painstaking interviewing on her part. We feel sure you'll agree its timely interest justifies the legwork involved.

IT WAS THE Air Raid Precautions sign on a wall on Riverside Drive that put the question in my mind. New York bombed! That was a possibility you read about in the papers, but it had seemed somewhat remote. The sign brought it closer. It could happen any day now, and if it did—*how would we Americans at home show up under attack as compared with the Chinese, the Russians, the Poles, the Norwegians, the English, the Australians?*

Perhaps some eyewitnesses of this second World War would know; I would ask them . . .

"WELL, in England, of course, they have the habit of being heroic. Our ancestors had that habit—the New England settlers, the Western pioneers; but it's a habit we've lost. That's the first way in which the English are different from us." John Whitaker paused and flicked his cigarette into the fireplace of his attractive New York apartment.

This brilliant young reporter had been the first American correspondent to arrive in Ethopia with the Italian troops; had covered the Dollfuss assassination, the relief of Alcazar and

the death of Czechoslovakia. Then, when the anti-totalitarian tone of his dispatches from Rome to the *Chicago Daily News* brought expulsion from Italy, he had arrived in England just in time to meet the full force of the *blitz*.

Right now Mr. Whitaker, in an invalid's fancy flowered silk dressing gown, did not look the part. But I knew that the reason for his appearance was in itself a tribute to his courage. He had recently undergone a dangerous operation on his back, broken in college, in the hope that it would enable him to enter the Army.

"How would we Americans differ from the English if the war should come over our threshold? How do we stack up as a people in wartime as compared with them?" John Whitaker repeated the question. It was one that every American should ask himself right now, he thought. "Only by sizing ourselves up sharply will we realize our weaknesses and be prepared to overcome them." It was then that he had pointed out that living in the heroic tradition is one heritage we have forgotten.

"Take the example of the swagger stick," he went on. "I've heard American officers laugh at the story of the British subalterns who went over the top in the last war with only swagger sticks in their hands. And I laughed too until I realized that it was this deliberately flamboyant gesture of heroism that held the morale of their men. You see, I was in London while it was having the guts bombed out of it, and there wasn't a day when I didn't see, one way or another, that swagger stick being flourished.

"Why I remember one 72-year-old lady in Plymouth whose home was destroyed. After three nights and days spent in a crowded shelter her husband suggested that they commit suicide. She picked up her handbag and clipped him over the head. 'That'll bring you to your senses,' she shouted. 'Kill ourselves and let that bloke Hitler win? Not us!' "

Mr. Whitaker got up and looked out into the street. "There is one very important thing that we can learn from England's experience, though. New York should remember that the only part of London that panicked under bombing and panicked horribly was Soho, a section comparable to our slums here. The precautions we take against fear-rioting in these districts cannot be too sharp."

As I WALKED along the sidewalk towards a bus stop, some 15 minutes later, I remembered Pierre van Paassen's explosive reaction to my question several days before.

"You Americans don't even know there is a war yet!"

The famous author of *Days of Our Years*, a large square solid man, was sitting on a leather couch of somewhat the same dimensions.

"Why, you are like the unfortunate Dutch of 1938," he said vehemently. "I was in The Hague just before the last war. Everyone was eating, drinking, having a good time. Everywhere was the same comfort and luxury that there is here now. They said: 'We

have an army; the army does the fighting. We have a police force; the police force keeps order.' Look at them now!"

That comparison had been revealing . . . but the investigation was only begun.

Now, after leaving Mr. Whitaker, my next move was to try to see Arthur Menken, ace news photographer who had recently returned on the Pan-American clipper from Australia, after a 38,000-mile swing through all the major trouble zones in the Pacific.

On the 'phone, however, Mr. Menken was politely regretful about an interview.

"I can tell you right now, though, the difference between us and the Australians," he compromised. "*They're* all out. *We're* still trying to win this war with a five-day week. If we don't get the manpower of America behind this war, we're going to lose it." His words were crackling in my ears even after he had hung up.

BY THE NEXT DAY, the picture was fairly well filled in. I had talked the evening before to the Princess Paul Saphieha, American-born wife of a Polish landowner, and to Hallett Abend, *New York Times* correspondent to China.

Princess Saphieha (she met her husband when she was a student at the University of Grenoble) for six years had lived the life of the Polish aristocrat on Rawa Ruska, the feudal estate of her husband in Lemberg, in Austrian Poland. Then came the joint German-Russian invasion, and the Princess with her husband and two children fled to the United States.

"But, of course, to me it was coming home," the Princess said. "And the first thing I realized was exactly the answer to your question—how great a difference there is between the two peoples."

The Poles, as an entire nation, have a martyr complex, she explained, whereas Americans are all optimism. "For example, among the peasants of my estate the belief was deeply rooted that tuberculosis was right, a natural scourge from God. Over here we build hospitals, launch drives against the disease. But irritating as this Polish trait is, it serves them well at a time like this. The Germans cannot conquer them by making them suffer. The Poles accept it as their logical fate. On the other hand, if things were to go very badly with us, could we endure it and bide our time as they do? I doubt it.

"Another great difference: with the Poles, patriotism is almost a disease. They would say that if Germany declared war on them, they would be in Berlin in three weeks. In the cavalry schools in Warsaw the officers were taught that a tank could be destroyed by tossing a bottle of gasoline at it. Later, when war came, many of them actually charged the tanks with their pitiful bottles and died like heroes. But they did not stop the tanks." The Princess was silent for a moment. Then she went on. "Here in America we do not know our own strength yet. Our patriotism is just beginning to come to the surface."

Half an hour later, Hallett Abend was comparing us with the Chinese.

"In my opinion, there's one great difference and two important similarities," said this brisk little man with grizzled hair and bright blue eyes. He had come back to America a year ago last January after Japanese hoodlums had beaten him and ransacked his Shanghai apartment. Behind him were 15 years as the *New York Times'* chief correspondent in the Far East.

"As to the one great difference. The Chinese have patience, great patience. They are an old nation, centuries old, and they know how to wait. We haven't any patience, not an ounce, but we're going to need it. It will be a long war. Now, the similarities. The Chinese can always find something to joke about, no matter what dreadful things happen to them; we have a great sense of humor too, so we've that in common as nations. Again, the Chinese are idealists. They don't doubt for a moment that in the end justice will triumph, and neither, I am glad to say, do we."

In the mail the next morning was a letter from Walter Duranty. There was no other authority on Russia who would fill the book as he would, I had thought, and since he was on the West Coast I had written him.

"The Russians are unlike the Americans," he had replied, "in that they have had on the whole a past so bleak, so lacking in all the niceties and pleasures of our everyday life that they are tougher, able to withstand and overcome the shock and devastation of invasion with perhaps a fiercer tenacity than we might exhibit.

"But there are also close parallels: both the U. S. A. and the USSR were the object of sudden treacherous attacks; both peoples are resolved to fight on to victory."

That note of determination was echoed the same evening by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, the indomitable woman who had followed King Haakon and his government through shrapnel fire and falling bombs northward from captured Oslo. As our Ambassadress to Norway, she had risked her life hundreds of times, playing a grim game of hide-and-seek with the invading Germans.

"The Norwegians possess one important factor which lends them great strength, which we lack," she declared. "They are homogeneous, whereas we are a mixed people. Therefore, they can rally more easily around a single figure. In their case it is their King. The King of Norway is in England and every day some Norwegian sets out across the North Sea in any craft he can lay his hands on. They call the North Sea the King's Highway now, you know."

She stopped talking and gazed into the fire, stirring her coffee thoughtfully. Suddenly she looked up. "I have been lecturing this season—as, I believe you said, have the other authorities you have spoken to. My close contact with lecture audiences throughout the country left me with the desire to say this, and please write it down: *I have every faith in my fellow Americans; and I know that whatever is coming, they can triumph over it.*"

Streamlined Novel:



Cardinal Rock

by RICHARD SALE

The Story Thus Far:

As soon as Dr. Steven Mason and Lindsey Brooke hear the desperate radio call for help sent by Lindsey's brother, Latham Brooke, the pair set out from Chilatjap for a desolate island south of Java. Latham himself had gone, only two days before, to the rescue of millionaire-hermit John Hedwick under decidedly mysterious circumstances.

Once they reach Cardinal Rock, Steve and Lindsey learn the horrible truth: John Hedwick is in reality a Nazi agent, von Meuller, and the "desolate" island is an elaborate German-Jap base. Moreover, Brooke has been shot for trying to summon aid.

Steve later learns that Brooke has also been poisoning von Meuller's men under pretense of curing them of the sickness which had led von Meuller to lure an outsider to the island. Just before his submarine is scheduled to attack two large British transports, von Meuller discovers the medical ruse which Steve has been continuing on his own. The Nazi kills Brooke and wounds Steve.

PART IV (CONCLUSION)

VON MEULLER had gone. Steve Mason heard the German's footsteps echoing down the hall. The commander was in a hurry, all right. Then there was a long silence. Steve felt the blood trickling from his wound, but still—other than a sensation of extreme burning—there was no real pain. He finally risked opening one eye, just a slit, for an examination of the situation.

He saw Lindsey Brooke, standing against the opposite wall, her eyes wide with horror, and one hand thrown to her mouth.

He saw Latham Brooke's lifeless body in the bed, the hole made by the Luger in the center of the dead man's forehead.

But beside the bed, examining the corpse, making certain it needed no *coup de grace*, the Japanese who had been detailed by von Meuller to



As the Jap lunged forward with his bayonet, Steve fired.

watch the girl and check on the two men, was standing, and he too had a pistol in his hand.

Satisfied that Brooke was dead, the guard crossed the room to where Steve Mason lay face down, and Steve realized what a squeak it had been, and what a squeak it still was. If this guy turned him over and saw how slight the wound was, it would be curtains.

The Jap reached him, straddled him. Steve felt a hand on his shoulder. The Jap was turning him.

He let himself be a dead weight for just a second in the Jap's hand. For just that second, he took a long gamble, for the fellow was holding the pistol close to his head, ready to administer a fatal shot. Then, when the Jap was straining to haul him over, Steve suddenly rolled over with lightning speed. With his left hand, he snatched at the Jap's gun wrist and caught it and forced the pistol away. The Jap pulled the trigger in his terror, but the bullet went wild.

Steve drove a punch at the Jap. The fellow's face was too far away, so he went for the stomach. His reach was short of this and the blow landed instead on the groin. It was no time for cricket anyhow, and Steve wasted no regrets. The Jap fell over backwards, his face contorted, but he would not drop the gun.

Scrambling around like a panicked lizard, Steve got his teeth into the gun hand, at the thumb cushion, and bit hard. The gun fell from the man's hand. Before Steve could pick it up, the Jap doubled over and pulled away and with a startling motion, whipped his bayonet from its scabbard on his left hip. As he lunged forward, Steve shot him through the chest. The bullet knocked the Jap 10 feet, and killed him.

For a few minutes Steve couldn't move. Lindsey, looking as white as death, finally recovered her self-control and ran to him.

"Darling, darling . . ."

She couldn't say anything else.

There was no color in her face at all. Any other woman, he thought, would have been cold in a faint.

When he had recovered his own equilibrium, Steve said, "I'm all right. I know it."

He struggled to his feet and staggered to a mirror. He opened his shirt and looked at his wound. The bullet which von Meuller had fired at him, had scooped a long red gutter under his left arm, about an eighth of an inch deep. It had stopped bleeding. Using Brooke's private bathroom, he washed the wound. He found some gauze and iodine and adhesive in the medicine bag. Lindsey helped him dress the gutter.

"We've got to hurry, hurry," he snapped. "We've got to stop that damned devil—stop that sub—get word out to that convoy—"

"Steve, Steve, be sensible," Lindsey cried. "What can we do? Latham dead—you wounded—and me . . . What can we do against a fast submarine practically on its way?" There was despair in her voice.

But Steve's eyes were hard and his jaw set. "We can stop them! Given half a chance we can blow that sub to hell for all its size. Come on, Lindsey, we've got to get out of here—"

"They'll kill you, Steve!"

"I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't," he replied. "What difference does it make? We've got to get down to Brooke's cruiser."

He ran to the window and looked down. There was only one guard at the pier now. The submarine was showing white water astern. Her screws were turning and she was running up her anchor. She was sailing. He saw von Meuller and others up in the open bridge of the conning tower but everything else was battened down and she was obviously ready to submerge at an instant's notice. Urgent business for them. Under way for the grand kill.

Steve cocked the pistol he had taken from the Jap. "Let's go."

"Where, Steve?"

"The cruiser first."

"We don't have the keys."

"I'll short out the ignition lock behind the dashboard. Keep a weather eye peeled. We may make it with luck."

They went out into the deserted hall. Steve paused. He said slowly, "On second thought—you've got another job to do. Not as dangerous but even more necessary."

He led her upstairs silently. The next floor was deserted. He had expected the place to be crammed with sentries, but now walking down the empty corridors, he realized that von Meuller had had to sail the *I 59* shorthanded, and that every available man had had to go along as crew, because of the "illness" of the 30 men in the barracks.

Steve shot off the lock on the door of the wireless room and they went in.

"There's the layout," he said. "Plenty of transmitter, Lindsey. I don't know anything about it. Your

job. Can't lock the door—yes we can—on the inside. Look here, a slide bolt. Marvelous good luck."

He tried the bolt and looked around the room quickly and appraisingly. Lindsey followed him with anxious eyes. No time now to think of what had happened—both minds now were full of the urgent need to do something fast, and to do it as effectively as they could. She nodded assent to his hurried, only half coherent instructions.

"Thank God you're at home among all this equipment. Go to work on the wireless, darling. Warn the convoy that enemy sub packs are waiting for it. . . . If you can, get word to an Allied base that we need help up here.



Steve's third shot caught the sentry square.

Tell them everything. So much depends on it—"

"I'll be all right," she said, new courage flooding her. "And you?"

"I've thought of a way to stop that submarine—with luck. Anyway, I've got to try." He kissed her quickly. Then, almost before she knew it, he was gone.

Steve had run down the hall and was leaping down the stairs two at a time when he realized with amazement that he had met no other soul in the house. There would be a man on duty at the barracks, of course, watching the sick, but that was too far away for them to have heard the shots. And then there was the armed sentry by the dock, sitting now on a low piling right at the bow of the cruiser.

Unfortunately, there was no way to surprise the sentry. From the trees to the docks was a hundred yards across open white sand. He paused at the edge of the sand, watching the sub navigating seaward through the mouth of the harbor.

At that point, the sentry spotted him, and a bullet cracked close beside him. Steve dropped to his stomach, feeling inadequate with a pistol. The first shot he fired was three feet to one side of the sentry. He could see the spout of water where it struck, off the dock. He found a log, rested the barrel of the gun on that, and took extremely cautious aim, squeezing the bullets out. The sentry, panicked, could not locate him. Steve's third shot caught the man square. There was one sentry

who would worry no more.

Steve got up and ran. He kicked the gun into the cockpit of the cruiser, cast off and jumped into the boat. Taking the panel off behind the controls, he yanked the ignition wires loose, by-passed the ignition lock and hooked the wires roughly together. He got a nice jolt from the juice.

Then he returned to the controls and turned over the engines. They caught. Then they roared. Steve thought it was the most wonderful sound he had ever heard. He checked gasoline. Not too much; but enough, certainly.

He put the bow seaward toward the cove's exit. She was a fine little boat and she roared at a fine speed. He wondered if they saw him from the sub. Nothing to prevent it. Would they turn back? He doubted it.

He ducked below for a moment and opened Latham Brooke's fishing tackle closet. He found several lengths of airplane cable which Brooke used for wire leaders when fishing for big game fish. It was exactly what he needed. He hooked three 20-foot lengths together and then cleated one end to the stern of the cruiser and left the other free.

The *I 59* kept to the south, far off shore now, and on the surface. Steve steered the little cruiser around to the southern side of the island, making the trip more rapidly than he hoped.

He found the spot where he and Lindsey had anchored the *M'ao* when they first arrived and now again he dropped anchor and waited until the flukes caught in the rocks. Satisfied the craft would not drift, he cut the engines and holding the cable end in his teeth, dived overboard and swam ashore through the seas. He reached the beach with a badly scraped left arm, but otherwise safe, and he made his way to the spent torpedo which Lindsey and he had found that morning when they approached the shore.

He wound the cable over the starting lever atop the torpedo, the only projection on the metal skin, and then clipped the end over the windings. He had no idea if the cable would stand the strain, but he could only give it a try. The seas were rather heavy and they tended to rush up under the torpedo. She was not a dead weight. When a comber broke on the shore, she became half buoyant in her place between the rocks.

Steve plunged into the sea and returned to the little cruiser, finding himself badly tired because of his wound. He barely got up the boarding ladder which he had had the foresight to drop over the side. Without it, he would never have regained the safety of the cockpit. He rested for a moment, then started the engines, ran up on his anchor, hauled it in and headed off the shore slowly, stepping up both engines, synchronizing as well as possible, and watching the torpedo astern.

It seemed as if the cruiser were standing still, but finally, he saw the torpedo give, when a sea crashed over

it, and next instant, the cruiser was moving, and the torpedo was pulled out of its niche backwards. It quickly came about, pointing its pistol towards him. It had no motive power however. But it floated. The sinking valve which had failed to function at some previous time, still failed. The torpedo floated. He stepped up both engines to full throttle and moved off, towing a live torpedo behind him.

It did not cut down his speed as much as he had feared. He turned to the south and held her on. The giant submarine was out of sight, but he had just an edge in speed and could overtake her; doubtless she was not running wide open anyhow.

Steve plotted a course whereby he could meet her ahead of her. He did not want to come up behind her. They could get the guns into action. He had to try and take her in the dark, and thereby he might lose her. He plotted a longer run to the southwest and hazarded the spot where he and the sub might meet. Then he settled down to handling the helm, hoping the engines would hold at full, and that the gas would not give out.

The engines held, the cable to the towed torpedo held, and the gasoline did not give out. He found the submarine in the dusk. They crossed paths in the tricky light of evening.

Steve saw the high conning tower before they spotted him. For one thing, his silhouette was extremely low in the sea. The cabin cruiser was only 32 feet long with a shelter cabin. Not much to see. And only the fact that the swells themselves were shallow had permitted him to maintain his speed.

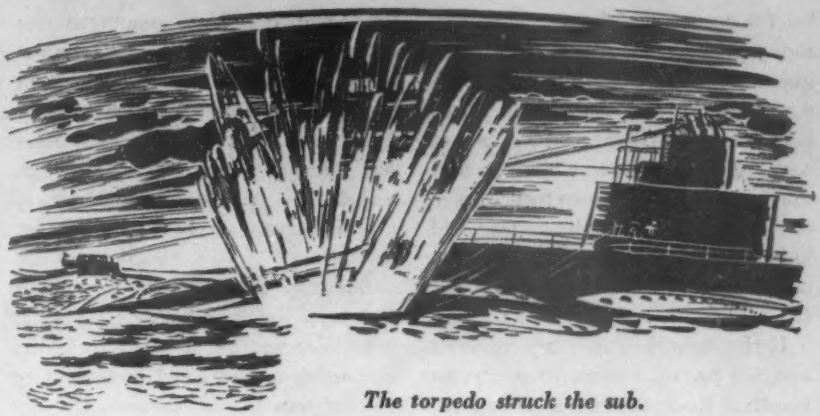
He cut in to intercept the sub, planning his course so that he would cut across her bow about 50 feet ahead of her. Then he lashed the helm, just in case a bullet hit him. With or without him, the cabin cruiser would hold to the course. There was the chance the sub might veer in her course, but he doubted this because ostensibly he carried no threat.

Steve got out more airplane cable leaders and hooked them to the end of the existing towline. He realized that with only 60 feet of wire between him and the torpedo, the resultant explosion would kill him too. He found all the heavy cable he could, and with a turn or two around the stern cleats, he slowly let it out. When he had 150 feet, he quit. He had to quit. There was no more leader left. But the distance had improved his chances.

The submarine looked gigantic now, and they had spotted him. From her tower, an Aldis blinker began flickering. Asking questions no doubt. How to kid them along? He didn't want von Meuller to recognize him through binoculars. He bundled himself up in clothes, half hiding his face, and wildly waved a pair of signal flags, not making sense with them of course. But anything to prevent them opening fire on him.

He saw the machine guns in the tower manned, and pointed at him.

by Richard Sale



The torpedo struck the sub.

Steve shivered. A few more seconds, a few more.

With elation, he crossed the path of the giant sub a short way ahead of it. The hell with them now, they could do anything they wanted and he had them!

Simultaneously, von Meuller, on the conning tower, peering at him through the binoculars, recognized him. A barked frantic command. The machine gun began to chatter awesomely. Steve ducked as he saw the splinters flying and the line of glowing tracer bullets finding his boat. His last view of the submarine came as it attempted to make a short sharp veer to the northeast.

Then there was the explosion. It was tremendous, deafening. Steve could hear nothing but a ringing in his ears after the first tumultuous detonation when the torpedo hit. He did not hear the splinter crack of his transom stern. When the torpedo struck the sub and put pressure on the stern cleat, the entire transom stern broke from the cabin cruiser and plummeted off into the sea. Lying flat, Steve missed the worst effects of the concussion. He looked up, gritting his teeth, and saw men and wreckage in the sky, all part of a smoky geyser of destruction.

Then the silence of deafness, and the rain of dead and wreckage back into the sea. The waters all around spanked white with splashes as things returned to the sea. Steve rose to his knees. His boat still moved on its way, transom or not. She had a self-bailing cockpit anyway, and at any speed, the sea could not get into her innards, providing a follow sea did not break over the stern. There was no following sea this night.

The *I 59* was finishing. He was stunned at the rapidity of her destruction. She was gone as he watched, her screws and diving fins raised for a

brief moment into the air, and then sliding in after the rest of her. All so quick, he did not find a single soul struggling in the water. He came back, searching, but there was not one. And it finally came home to him that the submarine's own torpedoes—or perhaps the mines she carried and intended to sow somewhere?—had exploded too. No living thing was left. Cork. Debris. Corpses. That was all.

He brought the cabin cruiser about and put her on a compass course for Cardinal Rock, glad the job was done.

Steve Mason did not expect to find Cardinal Rock that night. He was not the best of navigators, and he could only estimate his distance from it, his speed, and the verity of his track. He had planned to run as long as he considered would put him within sight of the crags of the island, and then anchor for the night until he could see his way by daylight.

In this respect, he received a surprise. At midnight, he picked up a flashing beacon to the northwest and followed it in. It was a searchlight on the peaks of Cardinal Rock, and when he came through the harbor mouth and headed for the dock, he was astonished at the change which had come over the German-Jap base.

It was no longer a German-Jap base. He did not need to be told that Lindsey Brooke had managed the powerful transmitter with telling dexterity. In the little harbor were 10 heavily armed motor torpedo boats. They were American, flying the Stars and Stripes. American sailors patrolled the dock. He found many machine guns on him as he came through.

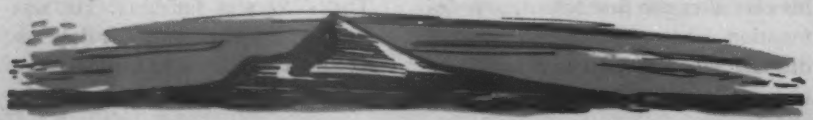
But they did not open fire. Some one took the line he cast, made it fast. Wearily, he climbed from the cabin cruiser, her stern awash where the transom was missing. Strong hands helped him out, and it was good to hear the cheerful greetings.

But it was nicer to find Lindsey Brooke waiting there for him, looking fresh and happy. He said, his tongue awkward with fatigue, "I got it—blew it up—"

"I know," she said gently. "I heard them try to wireless. They were panicked."

He took her in his arms and held her gently. He felt very tired, but very happy. Everything was complete. Brooke was gone, true, but Lindsey and he had picked up Brooke's standard and finished the job. Some died, some went on to fight. He and Lindsey would go on to fight, to hit the enemy and hit him wherever he could be found.

THE END




U.S.
GENERAL DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR
Fighter for Freedom



AN INTRODUCTION BY LOWELL THOMAS

"Douglas MacArthur has won the admiration of the entire world for his magnificent showing against overwhelmingly superior forces. . . . His epic stand on Bataan Peninsula is not merely a matter of valor but of extraordinary military skill. It takes more than bull-headed bravery to hold the lines with a comparatively small and not too well equipped force against such a mechanical Moloch as that Japanese army in the Philippines with its terrific superiority in the air. . . . Upon his appointment as Field Marshal of the Philippines by President Quezon, his former classmate at West Point, the late Gen. Hugh Johnson, said, 'Douglas MacArthur is one of the most brilliant men in public service—one general who will not die in bed if there's half a chance to die elsewhere.' "



A few of the many authorities who have assisted Francis Trevelyan Miller, ranking historical writer, in this presentation of *General Douglas MacArthur* are:

COLONEL ARTHUR C. PURVIS
A. G. D. Adjutant General at Headquarters United States Military Academy

LT. COLONEL MEADE WILDRICK
Public Relations Officer at West Point

COLONEL LOUIS E. HIBBS
Former Adjutant-Aide to General MacArthur

COLONEL R. G. ALEXANDER
On Staff of General MacArthur at West Point

COLONEL ALBERT GILMOR
Classmate of General MacArthur

LT. COLONEL F. V. FITZGERALD
G. S. C. Chief War Section Public Relations—War Department

W. J. WAKEFIELD
Chief Clerk Administration Offices United States Military Academy

DALLAS T. HERNDON
Arkansas History Commission

MARY H. MCCALLA MACARTHUR
Widow of late Commander Arthur MacArthur, brother of Douglas MacArthur

MARGARET HARDY DENBY
Cousin of General Douglas MacArthur





General Douglas MacArthur

by FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

"SO HELP US, God—there goes a soldier!"

It was a hard-boiled top sergeant who spoke—watching General Douglas MacArthur issue orders to his troops.

"A soldier?" spit out a corporal nearby. "That man's a hundred Napoleons rolled into one. The Japs may knock him down—if they steal up behind him in the dark—but he'll be up and back at 'em with a pack of fightin' wild cats."

Before this war was 100 days old, stories of MacArthur and his men had become folklore in America. His name was on all of our lips; he had become world famous. He who had said: "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die!" was proving indisputably his fitness to live. This man who is quoted as saying: "The man who will not defend his freedom does not deserve to be free!" was proving once and for all his own worthiness for freedom.

Six feet tall, colorful, determined, his once black and heavy hair now thinned and streaked with gray, Douglas MacArthur manages to retain the appearance and vigor of a man in his late forties. He's 62.

"You could tell he is a soldier," one of his men once remarked, "whether in uniform, a fur coat or a bathing suit."

Even his critics from time to time have had to content themselves with sneers at his long cigarette-holders (since disappeared in favor of cigars and an occasional pipe) or his fastidious plum-colored ties in uniform, his sartorial perfection in mufti. Few have ever dared question his ability to fight or to command.

On the whole, General MacArthur's manner is surprisingly informal. He is an excellent storyteller with a

Condensed from the book published by the John C. Winston Company, 1006 Arch St., Philadelphia; *Copyright, 1942, by Ann Woodward Miller*

keen sense of humor; a wide reader; a brilliant conversationalist. At home, he loves to sit in his magnificent library — reading — or talking to his charming wife and four-year-old son.

This is the man—General Douglas MacArthur—whom destiny chose to prolong our Philippines' stand against odds of two-to-one; whom destiny moved to command all the United Forces in the Far Eastern sector.

It has not been the first time that a MacArthur has commanded in the Philippines. Forty-three years before, his father—General Arthur MacArthur—served there as Military Governor. And it was there, too, that his brother, Captain Arthur MacArthur, Jr., as a young ensign in the Navy, served aboard the *U. S. S. Yorktown.* Thus, three MacArthurs have followed the American flag to wars in the Philippines.

"We stand undaunted before a devastating fire, against the scorching fire of the most reckless foe that free men ever encountered," is the radio message that came out of the Philippines as MacArthur and his men took their stand.

And meanwhile, an American public that had before scarcely known what to think, watched, wondered, then took heart. With a mighty shout heard from coast to coast they acclaimed MacArthur as America's new, timely hero.

Newspapers carried his picture—"suitable for framing." Business men proudly wore a button in their lapels with his name upon it. Radio's funnymen gagged about Japanese inability to cope with his indomitable spirit. Someone even wrote lyrics about him, sung over a San Francisco radio station to the tune of *Old Man River:*

Fightin' out there in the Bataan jungle—
Fightin' out there in the Green Hell's heat—
Shootin' down Japs from the Dawn till Sunset—
Makin' 'em die if they don't retreat—
Just like Black Jack Pershing he,
Tough like Grant and smart like Lee!
Day and night a watch he'll keep—
He ain't off guard and ain't asleep—
Fightin' out there with a little handful,
Holdin' like death on the Philippines!
Bangin' away at the sons of Nippon—
Drivin' 'em back to the rising sun—
Doug MacArthur—that's Doug MacArthur!
A soldier's soldier—
He don't say nothin'
He just keeps fightin'—he just keeps fightin' along!

There was no doubt as to who was America's Man-of-the-first-six-months-of-'42. It was Douglas MacArthur, all the way!

II



THE FIRST appearance of MacArthur's forefathers in historical records date back to certain warriors under Robert the Bruce, fourteenth century leader who, legend says, once took heart after watching the persistence of a spider in spinning its web. These MacArthurs, too, fought for freedom.

His grandfather, born in Scotland

in 1815, arrived in America on one of the first steam-packets—full of visions of future greatness in the New World. His name was Arthur MacArthur and he later became a Justice of the Supreme Court.

But the spirit of the old Scottish fighting clan soon became apparent in the first Arthur's son, also named Arthur MacArthur. The father-to-be of General Douglas MacArthur, at 16 years of age, announced to his parent that he was rallying to Lincoln's call for volunteers to save the Union.

His father promised to consider it when he reached his seventeenth birthday, but so determined was the boy to "get into action" that his family was forced to employ a private detective to see that he did not run away and enlist. Meanwhile, he read everything he could find on military strategy.

It was in August of 1862 that the boy-soldier marched away as First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 24th Wisconsin Infantry—beginning one of America's great military careers. At that time, however, the "Little Adjutant" was a mere stripling with a weak, boyish voice. The first time the 24th was on dress parade, his squeaky piping could not be heard farther than the third company of the 1,000 men in line.

That evening, throughout the camp, soldiers imitated the boy adjutant, laughing uproariously and shouting words of derision. The officers at mess made taunting comment. The Colonel of the regiment flew into a rage and shouted, "I shall write to the Governor and ask him to give me a *man* for Adjutant!"

But it was at the Battle of Missionary Ridge, Georgia, in November, 1863, that young MacArthur really earned his spurs. His big moment came when his regiment was charging up a rocky hill so steep and broken that his lines could not be maintained. A raking fire threatened to annihilate the entire regiment. During the fierce charge the color-bearer of the 24th Wisconsin fell wounded. A comrade picked up the colors and sprang forward when he, too, was struck down. Little MacArthur saw the colors lying tattered on the ground. He caught up the flag, rushed to the front in the face of a shower of lead. Through the smoke he could be seen mounting the enemy breastworks—the first man in his command to break through the enemy line. There he stood—shells bursting around him—waving the proud colors of his regiment.

"Three cheers for the flag!" The voice of the "Boy Adjutant" echoed shrilly above the din of battle, and the

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

Reprints of the original General MacArthur portrait, used as our Bookette cover, are available and may be obtained by mailing the regular Reprint Dividend Coupon which appears on p. 194 of this issue. Such reprints will be delivered to you unfolded, and without the tab which now appears in the upper left hand corner.

soldiers broke into resounding cheers. Later he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and, when a vacancy came for a major in the Fighting 24th, the men shouted with one acclaim:

"MacArthur!"

Not one of the 10 captains raised an objection. And so, the little officer, then only 18 years old, was "jumped" over the heads of the Captains from Lieutenant to Major—the youngest field officer wearing the gold leaf in the great army around Chattanooga.

When the then father-to-be of General Douglas MacArthur finally came home from the Civil War, he was wearing the silver leaf of a Lieutenant Colonel on his shoulder. But in 1865, he was mustered out of the service. Still only 20 years old, though, he promptly reenlisted in the regular army—starting again at the bottom as Second Lieutenant. From there, gradually, he worked himself up—rank by rank—until he became Lieutenant General—the eleventh officer to attain that rank in the history of our Army—and then, finally, Military Governor of the Philippines.

III



ON JANUARY 26, 1880, five years after young Captain Arthur MacArthur had married Mary Pinkney Hardy in Virginia, a third son, Douglas, was born to them at an army post in Arkansas. Their eldest boy, Arthur, was four years old at the time. Malcolm, the second son, died that same year.

Because of the rigorous life at army posts, the early education of Douglas MacArthur was at his mother's knee. And thanks to her alertness, Douglas, by the time he was ten, was already on the way to becoming a well-informed "gentleman-soldier." He was a good horseman, a daring rider, a good shot. Moreover, he had been trained to an impeccable propriety, both as to appearance and manners—a trait which remains one of his chief characteristics today.

This fastidiousness, however, didn't prevent young "Doug" MacArthur from becoming something of a prep school football star—he was key man on West Texas Military's undefeated team of 1896.

As a matter of fact, the story of the MacArthur boys makes a story of American youth which is well worth the telling. They spent their boyhood, ideally enough, on American frontiers. Then the story gets even better.

When Douglas went to West Point, Arthur, three years out of Annapolis, was fighting with the fleet off Cuba and off the Philippines. He served first on submarines, later commanded the *Holland* and subsequently, a division of submarines.

When Douglas was Colonel and then Brigadier General on the battlefields of France, Captain Arthur MacArthur of the *U. S. S. Chattanooga*

was convoying our soldiers safely to France.

When General Douglas MacArthur was in command at the United States Military Academy at West Point, Captain Arthur MacArthur was Commandant of the San Diego Naval Training Station.

But the story of the brothers ends tragically. On December 2, 1923 Captain Arthur MacArthur died. Thirty-one of his 47 years had been spent in naval service, 19 of them at sea.

IV



LIFE AT West Point could be described as rigid discipline in an atmosphere of culture and learning. Cadets room in pairs, with twin cubicles, separated by a partition, opening into a joint study. The routine is: early roll call—rooms put in order—breakfast—morning classes—military training for plebes (freshmen)—more classes until three o'clock — then intramural competition in sports—Retreat—lowering the flag at sunset—evening meal—call to quarters—taps at 10 p.m.—"and so to bed." This is the discipline that makes or breaks men.

When Douglas MacArthur registered there, in 1899, he settled right down to business. Apparently, he always knew exactly what he wanted. At any rate, as a yearling, he became first corporal—as a second classman, second sergeant—as a first classman, first captain—and finally he was graduated first in his class with the highest scholastic record in 25 years.

The official West Point register reveals an interesting battle of brains from the time Douglas MacArthur entered the Academy. The "Order of General Merit" at the end of his first year in 1900 shows a fight for first place between young MacArthur and one Ulysses S. Grant III. MacArthur was first—by a nose.

Douglas MacArthur won again the second year. Only now Grant had dropped to fourth place as cadets named Charles T. Leeds of Massachusetts and Harold C. Fiske of New York ranked second and third respectively. Another cadet down the list was Hugh S. Johnson of Oklahoma.

The third year of the battle—1902—was a complete upset. MacArthur had dropped to fourth and Grant to fifth—with Fiske first, Leeds second.

But the final victory came to MacArthur. Doggedly he fought his way back to first place, with Leeds second, Fiske third, and Grant sixth.

In this last year, incidentally, MacArthur's record showed only seven charges: "Not reporting to Officer of Day before sounding retreat"—"Late at 4:25 p.m. formation of 1st class"—"Absent from room at inspection by sentinel of 1st relief"—"Visiting officer's quarters after Indoor Meet at gymnasium without permission" — "Slow obeying call to quarters"—"Long hair at inspection"—and again "Slow obeying call to quarters."

This is a typical "skin sheet" (penalty report) of Cadet Douglas MacArthur, with perhaps the greatest of his "crimes" being "long hair." As a matter of fact, his record does not show a single major infraction in the entire four years.

Dr. Arthur Hyde, who roomed with MacArthur at West Point, is a storehouse of anecdotes about Douglas MacArthur.

"Douglas wanted to be in everything—and always at the head. He often wondered if he would be as great a man as his father—studying continuously. Nothing else seemed to interest him.

"After graduation, I didn't see Douglas again until he was Chief of Staff, when I dropped in to congratulate him. His Adjutant asked me if I had an appointment. 'My name is Hyde . . . just tell the Chief that my name is Hyde.' In five seconds the Adjutant was back and threw the doors wide open.

"At the end of the visit, I started for my overcoat—but MacArthur beat me to it. As he helped me put it on, I remarked, 'This is the first time I've ever had a General help me on with my overcoat. It is quite an honor.' MacArthur replied: 'The honor is mine.' "

It is interesting to note that the mothers of both Douglas MacArthur and U. S. Grant III lived at West Point while their sons were at the Academy. They became devoted friends.

Douglas, for his part, was deeply devoted to his mother: they were inseparable when he was off duty.

His father, during these years, was making an enviable reputation for himself in the Philippines. He came home in June of 1903, though, to see his son graduate.

As a matter of fact, there is a story about this visit of the senior MacArthur's:

It was the custom at West Point graduations to invite the cadet's father to sit on the platform and hand the diploma to his own son. On this day, General Arthur MacArthur sat proudly waiting for the big moment.

The moment arrived. But when Douglas stepped forward as Number One man and Cadet First Captain, it was the Secretary of War—not his father—who extended the diploma and his hand.

Douglas blanched. Then, coldly, he accepted the diploma—saluted as a soldier—faced about—and walked straight to his father, placing the diploma in his hand.

V



NINETY DAYS after Second Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, 23, had won his commission at West Point, he was on his way to the Philippines, where he quickly received his baptism of fire.

It was while he was in the jungles.

A fusillade roared out of nowhere. The peaked campaign hat on the head of the young lieutenant flew into the air. He flung himself flat on the wet, soggy ground. At length, he picked himself up, walked over to the hat, examined it contemplatively. Had the bullet been one inch lower—or he one inch higher . . .

A tough top sergeant grinned. "With the Lieutenant's permission," he growled sympathetically, "may I remark that the rest of the Lieutenant's life is now on velvet?"

Official records in the War Department at Washington show that Douglas MacArthur served thirteen months, until November, 1904, on his first commission in the Philippines. On April 23, 1904, he was raised to a First Lieutenancy in the Engineers. His work as a young officer was highly commended.

VI



SMOLDERING flames of the Spanish War in the Philippines had hardly died down when Japan decided to break its chains. In an overnight "blitzkrieg" it struck at the coastline of the Asiatic mainland—and the Russo-Japanese War was suddenly in full rage.

The war, in 1904 and 1905, threatened to burst into a conflagration that might spread its flames over the whole world. President Theodore Roosevelt went into immediate action to forestall the impending calamity.

"The two best-qualified men in the country to send to Japan are both named MacArthur," advised the War Department. And shortly thereafter, the MacArthurs, the General and his Lieutenant-son, were on their way to Tokyo.

War makes strange bedfellows. The alignment in the Russo-Japanese war seems rather perplexing, considered in the light of our present war. For then, Germany and France had allied themselves diplomatically with Russia. Great Britain was acting in concert with the United States and President Theodore Roosevelt had warned Germany and France that if they entered the war on the Russian side, the United States might throw its balance of power to Japan!

The diplomatic exchanges during the Russo-Japanese crisis reveal an amazing story. President Roosevelt, it seems, was fully informed on Germany's hatred of England, which was to burst into flames by 1914. The strong position he took was primarily for the purpose of defeating German ambitions for dominance in Europe.

This was the alarming situation into which the MacArthurs were sent as "military observers" in the Japanese Army. The real import of their mission was to measure the strength of the Japanese Army and its methods of warfare.

Which country was to blame, Japan or Russia, was not the major con-

sideration of the MacArthurs. There was but one question in their minds: "Are the Philippines in danger?" They had never trusted Japan, albeit the Japanese greeted them with open arms.

The attack on Port Arthur had been a stunning blow. Then came the Battle of Mukden—with Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur actually under fire with the Japanese Army. The Japs made six desperate charges up a steep hill, only to be driven back each time by the defending Russians. With the seventh and last charge—under deadly fire—went young MacArthur! And the hill was theirs as the Russians fled before them.

The boldness of the Nipponese soldiers, plunging headlong to death or victory with fatalistic grimness, impressed a youth but two years out of West Point. He had now seen war in all its fury. And he had seen, too, that the Jap soldiers were ruthless fighters, brutal and relentless. No man today knows the Japanese better than MacArthur.

He fought with them!

Both MacArthurs, deeply impressed by the military astuteness and daring of the Japanese, were nonetheless concerned with their apparent plans to strike when the time was ripe for control of the Pacific and the domination of the Far East. They saw that Nippon had designs for a conquest of Asia, even to the extent of taking over China—Siberia—India—the islands of the Pacific—with greedy eyes toward Alaska and the western coast of the United States. And they sent reports back home.

These reports are on file today in the archives of the War Department. Based on first-hand knowledge and firm conviction, they urge the Government of the United States to "get ready for the day."

After the armistice in the Russo-Japanese war, the MacArthurs left Tokyo with confidential orders from Washington to visit "certain strategic capitals" along the Asiatic coasts of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

They sat behind closed doors with the military leaders in Siam—Java—the Malay States — Ceylon — India. They inspected military fortifications. They discussed defense plans for a common cause if and when the emergency arose. These reports, too, are sealed in Washington today.

"It will be impossible for Americans to keep the sea unless we meet quickly the desperate attack which Japan is now organizing against us."

This was Douglas MacArthur's warning, issued 33 years before Japan struck the blow at Pearl Harbor!

VII



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT always liked the MacArthurs. They were, as he said, "men after my own heart—men of action." He showed this fondness, too—appointing the son,

Douglas MacArthur, as his own military aide. Indeed, President Roosevelt's affection for this young lieutenant—then but 25 years of age—is still discussed frequently in the Roosevelt family.

There is, for instance, one story told about a secret conference in the White House while MacArthur was aide to the President. Urgent necessity had caused the President to call a cabinet meeting. Congressmen and journalists, getting a tip on the conference, were waiting outside the conference-room door. When Teddy came out, they mobbed him, started to fire questions at him.

The President's teeth clicked; his face grew crimson. Lieutenant MacArthur, at his side, recognized the storm signals. Suddenly, as a servant appeared with refreshments, the alert MacArthur tripped him. The tray fell with a crash; refreshments splashed over Congress and press alike. And in the confusion, Teddy stepped quietly back into the conference-room.

"Mac," he is quoted as having said later, "you're a great diplomat. You ought to be an ambassador!"

Life in the White House with the Teddy Roosevelts was always exciting, but Douglas MacArthur, nonetheless, having decided to master the science of military strategy, left in 1908 to enter the Engineers' School of Application. An excellent horseman from his early boyhood at frontier military posts, he became instructor at the Mounted Service Schools from 1908 to 1910—later at the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. There on February 27, 1911, he was promoted to Captain.

VIII



MEANWHILE, his father, the General, had retired in 1909 at the age of 64. One September night, three years later, General Arthur MacArthur was scheduled to speak at the fiftieth anniversary banquet of the famous 24th Wisconsin—"the fightingest group of battle-scarred old veterans in the whole country."

The toastmaster introduced him. Dignified, stately, straight and commanding for all his 67 years, he rose to address his "army." Cheers filled the hall as he stood before them with the battle-flags behind him. It was just 50 years ago this week that these same soldiers had bid good-bye to wives and sweethearts and marched away to the front with their 17-year-old "Boy Adjutant." Tonight there were only 90 left—the rest had died in conflict or from illness contracted in camp, or in Southern prisons or on the long marches—or else had passed on in the ensuing half-century.

The General spoke—casually—recalling the old days with familiar anecdotes. Finally he raised his voice in oratory.

"Comrades!" he cried with fervor. "Little did we think that on that

march to Atlanta so many of us would be spared to see Wisconsin again. Your indomitable regiment . . . your indomitable regiment . . . "

He hesitated a moment, was seen to stagger as his face grew ashen white—then he fell back in his chair. Ninety men gathered quickly around him. One, a doctor, leaned over him, grasped his hand, put his ear to the great heart. Then the doctor looked up and quietly shook his head.

General Arthur MacArthur was dead.

Messages flooded into the home from all parts of the country and from the far-away Philippines. Former Presidents, Generals and soldiers who had fought with him telegraphed words of affection. Ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft, who was then in the White House, were deeply affected when they heard their old friend was gone.

General MacArthur a few days before his death had remarked to his wife: "When I die bury me in civilian attire. I have worn military clothes nearly all my life—let me rest in peace as an American citizen."

As the two sons, Captain Douglas MacArthur of the Army and Commander Arthur MacArthur of the Navy, returned with their bereaved mother to their home after the civilian burial, a telegram was waiting for the Commander.

It was from the Secretary of the Navy and read: "I have the honor to inform you that your destroyer has won the official pennant of the entire Navy."

Commander MacArthur's face grew grim. He tore the message into bits and turning to his brother, Douglas, muttered: "Too late . . . It came too late!"

General Arthur MacArthur was buried in Milwaukee but later was removed at the request of the Government to the National Cemetery at Arlington. That's where he lies today—with Presidents, statesmen and warriors—with the great Americans of all time.

IX



CAPTAIN Douglas MacArthur was 34 years old when the World War exploded. At that time, he was on the General Staff at the War Department in Washington, serving as Chief of Censors.

Later, during the early days of the war, he was among the American troops sent to quell uprisings along the Texas border and with the expedition to Vera Cruz. Here, he found himself serving under the famed General Funston, his father's old friend in the American-Philippine War, 14 years before. MacArthur and Funston, it had been then. Now it was Funston and another MacArthur.

For General Arthur MacArthur and General Funston had gained lasting fame together in the Philippines—

their exploits climaxed by the sensational capture of Don Emilio Aguinaldo himself. It was this event which ended the Filipino-American fighting. It had been carefully planned—for it was a daring adventure that required greatest secrecy.

"Well, Funston," General MacArthur had said, "this is a desperate undertaking. I may never see you again."

Some weeks later Funston walked into MacArthur's headquarters. It was six o'clock in the morning—and the General was still in bed. He arose, put on a dressing gown, came out to greet Funston.

"Well, General," smiled Funston, "I've brought you—Aguinaldo!"

"Where is he?" asked General MacArthur.

"Right in this house!"

General MacArthur turned about—walked to his room—dressed—and came out—greeting Aguinaldo and the two aides captured with him very cordially. He treated them as distinguished guests and invited them to have breakfast with him. Aguinaldo was apparently too overcome by the courtesy to talk. He remained silent during most of the breakfast. General MacArthur, however, soon put him at ease by telling him he would immediately send for his family. Aguinaldo had not seen them for a long time and there is deep affection in all Filipino families.

General MacArthur hurried his official dispatch of the capture of Aguinaldo to Washington. The good news swept through the United States.

Dispatches from the Philippines told how Funston with his men had made their way cautiously along the treacherous coast of Luzon, hiding in clumps of deep underbrush. Having obtained the secret of Aguinaldo's hiding place in the mountain fastnesses, they stole through the mountain passes until they came upon sentries. They persuaded the sentries that they were friendly Spaniards. When safely through the lines, Funston and his comrades rushed the house, which was a veritable arsenal, and overpowered the unsuspecting Aguinaldo and his aides with revolvers pointed at their heads. A terrific struggle ensued until at last Aguinaldo and his guards surrendered. They were disarmed and led down the mountainside to the naval vessel waiting for them—and delivered to General MacArthur.

The City of Manila was wild with excitement. The war was over! Soldiers and natives celebrated together.

Deeply impressed by the gallantry of General MacArthur, Aguinaldo issued a statement "entirely of his own volition and not under pressure of any kind." His proclamation appealed to his subordinates to "give up the struggle that had wrought such harm to the country and to accept the Sovereignty of the United States."

Small wonder the exploits of the younger MacArthur in Mexico delighted General Funston. He came to

look upon him almost as a son.

Once, for instance, there were three locomotives behind the Mexican lines that Funston wanted. MacArthur volunteered to get them. So, disguising himself as a peon bum, he succeeded in penetrating the enemy lines. Incidentally, while locating the engines—which he managed to do only at the risk of his life—he met one Franz von Papen, then a young German legation attaché. It is a matter of record how MacArthur managed to use Von Papen—even managed to make him an unwitting liaison man behind the enemy lines.

Meanwhile, on December 11, 1915, MacArthur became a Major. This was his rank that day in 1917 when Congress declared war against Germany. He was in Washington—on duty at the War Department.

Major MacArthur was well liked in wartime Washington — both by President Wilson and by the Secretary of War—Newton D. Baker, who looked upon him as *the* coming young man in the Army. Baker often related the incident which brought Major MacArthur into the actual conflict.

"I conceived the idea of forming a Division from the National Guards of the entire 48 states," wrote Baker. "No officer in Washington liked the idea. When MacArthur walked into my office with some papers, I asked him what he thought of it.

" 'Great!' MacArthur replied. 'It will spread over the country—*like a rainbow!*'

"MacArthur had named it! We called it the Rainbow Division. Eventually we organized it from 26 states and the District of Columbia. I told General Mann that I wanted him to command it, with MacArthur as Chief of Staff. Both were enthusiastic. We raised MacArthur to the rank of Colonel on August 5, 1917. By October, the division had left for France."

The Rainbow had stretched across the Atlantic—and had started on its great career in the World War.

X



THROUGH ONE of the severest winters France has ever known, MacArthur trained his troops, then led them into combat — literally. He fought with them at Luneville and at Baccarat. At Rechicourt, where he led them in bitter assault, he suffered severe gas poisoning but refused to go to the hospital. (After this engagement he was made a Brigadier General.) With his men he withstood heavy assault at Esperance-Souain sector, Champagne, and in the Champagne-Marne defensive. He fought with them gallantly in the Aisne-Marne offensive and helped drive the Germans back in the second Battle of the Marne. Again he struck violently with Rainbow troops at Essey and Pannes and Woevre—and in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

The famous Rainbow had advanced

19 kilometers in two days to the Meuse River and the heights of Sedan, driving the Germans back pell-mell—when the Armistice stopped them. Then, under MacArthur's command, they marched with the Army of Occupation into Germany.

"If that d—— Armistice hadn't stopped us," says every veteran of the Rainbow today, "we would've gone on to Berlin and planted the American Flag on the Kaiser's palace!"

MacArthur, for his part, had been wounded severely twice, gassed and escaped by a hair's breadth many times. At 38, he was a veteran warrior.

The Rainbow had proved itself one of the fiercest fighting aggregations ever to go into battle. They left 2,713 of their men dead in France—13,292 wounded in battle—and lost but 102 prisoners. Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded to 205 of their number.

At the outset, General Pershing, a strict disciplinarian and brilliant strategist, had expressed the opinion that the Rainbow Division should be used as a replacement outfit. MacArthur had protested.

"This Division, Sir, has been gravely injured," declared MacArthur. "It is an Infantry Division. It comprises the finest riflemen of the American National Guard—riflemen who have gone annually to Camp Perry, at their own expense, firing their own Springfields. But already they have been deprived of their rifles—which have been placed in salvage. Instead, they have been issued an English weapon in which they have no confidence.

"Moreover, Sir," continued MacArthur, "their very American uniforms have been taken from them and replaced by British jackets, a bitter blow to the proud spirit of such regiments as the Fighting 69th. In fact their very undergarments, such as sweaters knitted for the men by their mothers, wives, sweethearts, have been turned in for salvage along with the morale of these men!"

General Pershing is quoted as replying: "Young man, I don't like your attitude."

Whereupon, MacArthur: "My humble apologies, Sir, but I speak only the truth."

At any rate, the Rainbow was *not* made a replacement outfit. Apparently, MacArthur's courageous speech, whatever it cost him personally, saved the day. What's more, it won for him the lifelong devotion of his men.

Before the war was over, it should be added, General Pershing personally decorated MacArthur for valor.

XI



THERE ARE many World War stories concerning MacArthur. One is told by a soldier who was with him during the St. Mihiel operations: "MacArthur was sitting with his staff

at a table at headquarters. The orderly was bringing in dinner when a shell blew the man to bits. There was nothing left of him—he disappeared as completely as though he had never existed. When the shock was over, MacArthur turned to his staff and exclaimed:

" 'All of Germany cannot fabricate a shell that will kill MacArthur! Sit down again, gentlemen, with me.' "

To his men, MacArthur was known as the "Fiery Arkansan." When the Rainbow Division was formed, he was made its Chief of Staff with the Table of Organization authorized rank of Colonel. There was no Chief of Infantry and so MacArthur was sworn in as Colonel of Infantry.

General Black at this time sent for MacArthur to advise him he could not properly accept such a commission.

"But I have already accepted it, General Black," MacArthur is quoted as replying. "However, if you are offering me a Colonelcy of Engineers, I will accept it."

General Black retorted, according to reports: "No! Major MacArthur, I am offering you nothing, I am telling you what you should do."

MacArthur with his most impeccable courtesy replied: "I regret exceedingly to inform you, Sir, that I am unable to accept your advice."

Rainbow veterans also like to tell how MacArthur with nothing but a riding crop for a weapon once persuaded a German officer to surrender. Or how MacArthur insisted on his men wearing helmets at all times as a safety measure, yet would go up to the front line himself with his overseas cap on. When asked why he too did not wear a helmet and set a good example to his men, he replied:

"I am setting a good example. I want my men to know that they come first!"

We asked Colonel Gilmore recently: "What kind of officer was MacArthur?"

"He was this kind of an officer," replied the Colonel. "When MacArthur's right flank was broken and ready to go—his left flank in danger—the center was having difficulties—his report to Headquarters would be: 'Doing fine. Advancing on enemy. Will reach objective soon.' "

During the last weeks of the war, General Summerall's Fifth Corps was designated as the spearhead of the final drive. To clear the line of departure it was necessary to reduce a strongly held hill—the Côte de Chatillon. As its final task the 42nd Rainbow was given that objective to take. The Commander naturally called upon his best Brigadier—MacArthur—offering him everything he had or could get to do the big job.

MacArthur laid out his plan to capture the hill by surprise in a night infantry attack. General Summerall advised caution.

"I would utilize all of the available artillery to support me," General Summerall suggested. "I will make it

available to you. Blast the Germans off the hill and then go in with ease. That's the way I would do it."

"Very good, Sir," replied MacArthur, "if you were doing it, General. "But I am doing it. It must be my way."

"And if you fail?" queried General Summerall.

MacArthur ignored the question. "And if I succeed?" he flashed back, instead.

"If you succeed," replied General Summerall, "I shall recommend you for promotion."

MacArthur went out—and captured his hill. Afterwards, General Summerall congratulated him.

"I shall recommend your promotion to command the First Division," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "That is my old Division."

"I am very grateful to you, General," replied MacArthur. "But the honor belongs to the 42nd. They earned the promotion! Therefore, I ask that the Division's Commander, General Menoher, be given the promotion to command an Army Corps."

This was done. The First Division remained under command of its fighting leader, Parker — while MacArthur succeeded to command of the 42nd as it marched into Germany with the Army of Occupation.

With the AEF, MacArthur was known as the "most daring brigade commander on the Western Front." Indeed, War Department records tell of his winning the DSC repeatedly. But the honor he wanted most was the medal his father had twice won—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

For that, Douglas MacArthur had to wait another quarter century.

XII



WHEN BRIGADIER General Douglas MacArthur, with his occupational forces, arrived home in 1919, he was assigned immediately to another big job—the reorganization of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The Academy had been seriously depleted by demands made upon it for officers during the war.

As a matter of fact, almost an entire new generation of officers was needed—8,690 had been killed in action or wounded in France. It would be MacArthur's next duty thus, to "save West Point." He was the youngest man ever placed in command of the institution.

It has always been MacArthur's belief that only the highest standards of honor could make a solid foundation for democracy—a code of individual conduct which will maintain the reputation and well-being of the whole—a personal responsibility to your fellow man, your community and your country. This belief was often illustrated by his methods at the Academy.

There is, for instance, one story concerning an incident wherein Mac-

Arthur told off the War Department. It seems he had dismissed a certain cadet in an honor case, and the War Department had demanded the cadet be reinstated.

"That man committed an offense against the honor of the Corps," exclaimed MacArthur, emphatically. "He shall never return to the Academy so long as I am its Superintendent!"

MacArthur won.

Colonel Louis E. Hibbs, MacArthur's Adjutant and aide at West Point, tells this one:

"One day General MacArthur was ill. I, as his adjutant, phoned and asked him if he wanted me to bring his papers over to his home to be signed. The General replied: 'You bring over the papers that are going to win or lose a war—and you sign the rest.' "

Still another characteristic story told by General MacArthur's adjutant is this: "A board of officers was scheduled to meet. The General had been having trouble with them on certain points. I asked him: 'Shall I call them to meet at 11 o'clock?' 'No!' General MacArthur replied. 'Call the meeting at 4:30 p.m. I want them to come here hungry — and I'll keep them here that way till I get what I want.' "

West Point was revitalized under General MacArthur. Its military courses were adapted to modern needs—its scientific courses were brought up to date—its classical courses were made the background for cultural foundations—a new course on economics and government was added—increased emphasis on history and world trends—modern sciences, languages—and a superfine training, mental, physical, moral, was given the cadets.

It was while in command at West Point as its Superintendent that MacArthur, who had served as a Brigadier General in the AEF, was made a Brigadier General in the Regular Army. It was January 20, 1920.

XIII



MACARTHUR'S big job done at West Point (rehabilitating it after the disorganization created by the World War), he was ordered back to the Philippines in 1922 to deal with the increasingly serious situation there. Both Harding's and Coolidge's administrations seemed to feel Japan was eagerly awaiting the day when the United States would declare the independence of the Philippines—as a signal to seize at them as a Japanese schoolboy might seize at a ripe cherry.

"MacArthur is without doubt the man to cope with this problem," Washington opined. "We may have able civil administration there, but we also need a strong military alliance. And MacArthur is the man to get it."

MacArthur got it.

After that, things moved fast with



The Bombing of the U.S.S. Shaw at Pearl Harbor

(the burning U.S.S. Arizona in the background)



GENERAL DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR
as Chief of Staff,

1930

the youngest Major-General in the U.S. Army. In 1927 he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order World War. In 1928 he was appointed President of the American Olympic Team.

Always an enthusiastic sportsman, Mac went to Amsterdam to get records—and he got them. This was the Olympiad the Finns practically ran away with—Paavo Nurmi, H. E. Larva, Willie Ritola, Paavo Yrjola. And the Jap, Mikio Oda, made his amazing running hop, skip and jump. Percy Williams, the Canadian, was breaking records. But MacArthur's men won their victories, too; Barbuti took the 400 meters; King won the high jump; Hamm the broad jump; Carr took the pole vault, Houser threw the discus 155 feet, 3 inches; Kuck put the 16-pound shot 52 feet ¾ inch. And MacArthur came home with his champions.

Came home—and in 1930 became Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

Now, with the world as his field of action, MacArthur made his first strategic move — by mastering all the available knowledge regarding the plans, purposes and organization of the other armies of the world. He made his memorable tour of Europe in 1931-32, meeting military leaders, inspecting their armies and discussing portents of future wars. He renewed his acquaintance with British, French, Italian, Austrian and Rumanian staff officers in the European capitals. He talked with the old one-armed French hero, General Henri Gouraud in Paris, swapping memories of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He went with the High Command of the Yugoslav army to witness maneuvers outside Belgrade—and on similar tours with most of the armies of the European nations, gathering valuable information about Germany and Russia.

When he finally returned to the United States, he was ready to begin one of the biggest fights of his career—his fight with his own American Congress.

XIV



A PEACETIME Congress, it apparently was interested only in restoring prosperity to the American people.

"An adequate army to the nation is identical with an adequate fire department to every town and city. It is the best possible investment and security." Thus MacArthur had fired his first blast—a double broadside.

He warned: "Unless an effort is made to curb or combat the unabashed and unsound propaganda of the peace cranks who obstruct national defense, a score of nations will soon be ready for the sack of America."

Once, while Chief of Staff, MacArthur was called before a Congressional Committee to make a report. Certain statesmen started to ride him:

Slowly MacArthur got up. With much dignity he put his papers away and looked them squarely in the eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you seem to forget that I, in my profession, stand as high as you stand in yours. When you are willing to recognize that fact, I shall return." And he walked out.

MacArthur's battles with Congress in his courageous efforts to modernize the United States Army, adapt it to new methods of mechanized warfare and put it on a basis where it could defend the nation against any foe—these are history now.

Sitting before the Committee of Military Affairs in the House of Representatives on April 26, 1933, he spoke in firm tones:

"We have muddled through a number of wars because of this same failure to see into the future. It has been said that had there been a Regular Army of 20,000 men at Bull Run, the Civil War never would have been fought. It was, similarly, the absence of trained soldiers that produced the crisis which practically prostrated our nation for 50 years. Further, it has also been said that had there been 500,000 men under arms in this country at the time Von Bernstorff reported to the German Government that we would not be able to put that number in France, the whole story of the World War would have been different."

MacArthur was indignant. "The World War has demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that with the new developments, with the new instrumentalities of war—airplanes, tanks, submarines, mechanization—we should not have time or opportunity to muddle through another war if exposed to heavy attacks from the outset."

Again he warned Congress: "You will not only pay in money, but you will be a slave in every other way. You will lose that nebulous thing—Liberty—which is the very essence of all for which we have stood ever since George Washington and his followers made us what we are. I repeat that if we had in the Treasury of the United States only sufficient money to preserve our integrity against foreign aggression—then that would be the first use that should be made of it!"

On one occasion, he predicted a condition which already has created much disturbance during this present war.

"Officers who everyone thought were of extraordinary merit," warned MacArthur, "under the tremendous pressure of nervous strain in physical contacts—the blood and disaster of the battlefield—have collapsed.

"In every war, in every nation, in every age, you will find the phenomenon of apparently young and unknown men suddenly rising to the top. That is because you gentlemen have an unfailing and infallible measure in time of war. The man who can win is the man you want.

"You pick a man for a division commander, or a regimental com-

mander—he is a man who has to be able to handle his unit to make it fight. His method may be his own, but in battle if he does not fight, you have his measure. On the battlefields results are the only things that count . . . men, like water, under battle conditions seek their own level. But there are no such conditions in time of peace. It would be just like trying to measure the flow of a river with a couple of gallon measures."

UNDISCOURAGED by the apathy of men in power, MacArthur kept up his fight with increasing vigor. Indeed, he became known as the Army's Number One Fighting Man. Confiding in friends: "I have humiliated myself seeking allotments to replace leaking, slumlike barracks housing our soldiers. I have almost licked the boots of certain gentlemen to get funds for motorization and mechanization of the Army . . . Now, unless we move quickly we'll be a beaten nation paying indemnities after the next war."

He called for at one time or another: "increased speed . . . increased firepower . . . fast machines . . . airplanes . . . tanks . . . guns . . . trucks . . . ammunition."

"We shall be dependent on our air forces," he warned in 1934, "in defense of our coast-lines, for attack against hostile ground troops, for bombardment of sensitive points in the enemy's supply organization."

Finally, General MacArthur's four-year duty as Chief of Staff, fixed by law, expired in November of '34. But President Roosevelt, by an unprecedented executive order, continued him in office indefinitely.

"It gives me great pleasure to promote so brilliant a soldier," said the President. "I feel certain that General MacArthur will maintain the high standard set by eminent men who have preceded him as Chief of Staff."

And then, in 1935, the biggest armaments expenditure since 1921 passed through the House and Senate and was signed by President Roosevelt—$755,000,000 for rehabilitation of the Army. Here, at long last, commentators said, was a personal triumph for the man who had driven it through—General Douglas MacArthur.

"It is nothing more than a national insurance policy," remarked General MacArthur.

MacArthur proposed a five-year plan for building the Army into a great defense machine with speed, fighting ability, and destructive power. But the Philippines were always on his mind. He firmly believed this was where Japan would strike—and the Philippines were vulnerable.

Therefore, leaving affairs at home with the War Department, entrusting them to get more and larger appropriations from Congress, MacArthur at the end of his fifth year as Chief of Staff left Washington and went back to the Philippines to build an army for the new Commonwealth that had just elected its first President—Man-

uel Quezon, "the George Washington of his people."

"The Philippines must be defended at all costs," MacArthur now exclaimed. "The United States must build the strongest defense on all our islands in the Pacific—Wake Island, Guam, Hawaii, the Philippines. There is no time to be lost!"

But Congress, penny wise and pound foolish to the end, held back appropriations until it was too late.

Six months after taking over the job of building the Philippine defenses, MacArthur reported to President Quezon: "By 1946 I will make of the islands a Pacific Switzerland that would cost any invader 500,000 men, three years and more than $5,000,000,000 to conquer."

He may still do it, but meanwhile, terrific ground has been lost.

MacArthur stormed the mail routes back to Washington with a steady flow of reports on the urgent necessity of supplies for his tough little Philippine Army. He declared to newsmen: "The Philippines can and will be defended—with the help of God and the United States of America!"

They were—but unfortunately, no one heeded MacArthur's oft-repeated warnings in time for adequate preparations.

Finally, in 1937, President Quezon appointed MacArthur Director of Organization of Natural Defense for the Commonwealth Government of the Philippines with the title of Field Marshal.

Faced with a tremendous task, General MacArthur was thus forced to retire from the United States Army. He did so on December 31, 1937, with the highest commendation from President Roosevelt.

XV



ONCE WHEN General MacArthur was asked if the story is true that while he was a cadet at West Point he became engaged to eight girls, he replied: "I do not recall that I was ever so heavily engaged by the enemy."

Nevertheless, the women in the MacArthur family have played an important part in making him what he is today.

His mother, Mary Pinkney Hardy was an enchanting little southern belle of 22 years when she met young Captain Arthur MacArthur, back in 1875. It was love at first sight, and the couple were married soon after at stately "Riveredge," the red-brick mansion near Norfolk.

Their early honeymoon days were spent at army posts on the frontiers of the Southwest. At least on one of these stops she was the only white woman at the post. Three sons were born: Arthur in 1876; Malcolm in 1878—both in Norfolk—and Douglas, born in Arkansas in 1880. The first grief in the happy MacArthur family came when Malcolm died at

the age of five. His body was brought to the Hardy plot in Norfolk where it lies today.

Arthur MacArthur, Jr. entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis when but 16 years old. At the time of his graduation, he was the youngest man ever to have completed the course. He fell in love with Mary McCalla, daughter of Admiral Bowman McCalla of the United States Navy. They were married in August, 1901, and five children were born to them: four sons and one daughter.

Douglas MacArthur's mother went to the Philippines when her husband became Military Governor and was with both father and son at Tokyo when they were observers in the Russo-Japanese War. Then after bidding farewell to her son, as he left with his troops to sail for World War I, she went to Washington to be with Arthur's family during the years her boys were in the Army and Navy. Later, she returned to the Philippines with General Douglas MacArthur when he accepted President Quezon's appointment as Field Marshal of the Philippine Army.

Here, in 1935, while General Douglas MacArthur was engaged in the tremendous task of building an army of defense for the Philippines, she quietly passed away.

After her passing, General Douglas MacArthur who once said "the life of a General is loneliness," was lonelier than ever before in his life.

His mother had left behind many loyal friends—one a girl whom she had met aboard ship on her last voyage across the Pacific—a young Tennessee girl, Jean Marie Faircloth, daughter of an old Tennessee family. They had become inseparable friends.

On this ship, General Douglas MacArthur and his mother had been returning to the Philippines, and the young Tennessee girl with her vivacity and intelligence completely captivated Mother MacArthur. When the grand old lady passed away, Jean was heartbroken.

Two years later—on April 30, 1937—Jean Faircloth and General Douglas MacArthur were married in New York City.

Jean Faircloth was born on December 28, 1898. Like the MacArthurs, Jean's family was a soldier family. She was reared in the home of her grandfather, Captain Richard Beard, a veteran of Cleburne's Division in the War Between the States, former Captain of Company E, Fiftieth Confederate Infantry. Four of his brothers were in the Confederate Army: Major William D. Beard, later Chief Justice of Tennessee, was on the staff of General A. P. Stewart.

Jean's grandfather, Captain Richard Beard, to his dying day, was proud of his Confederate service. They say that as he shaved every morning, he would hum, *Lorena*, or sing the well-known words between the strokes of his razor.

Jean, always surrounded by soldiers, was 19 years old when the

United States entered the World War. Immediately she volunteered as a nurse, serving at the hospital at Murfreesboro. If a woman's brigade could have been formed to fight in France, Jean would doubtless have been there. Her love for army life came natural to her.

She was educated at a private school in Murfreesboro and at Ward Belmont, in Nashville. Much of her life she spent as a globe-trotter—traveling the world over: with her father through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast—on an extended European tour—on a trip around the world with her half brother—a trip to South America with her half sister—and several to the Philippines.

She remained with her husband in the Philippines—right up to the end. Today she is still at his side.

Her uncle, William E. Beard, recalls of her:

"When her husband was made Field Marshal of the Philippines by President Quezon, with the task of creating a strong Filipino Army, Jean wrote: 'I am delighted, as I love it here very much . . . I am glad we are staying on.' In the same letter Jean enclosed a clipping from the *Manila Herald* quoting President Quezon's words of praise and General MacArthur's reply in which he said: 'This is a call of duty; I cannot fail.'

"When the youngest MacArthur was expected, Jean wrote: 'I am praying it is a boy to carry on the MacArthur military tradition.' "

Since Christmas, Mr. Beard says he hasn't heard much from his niece.

"But wherever Jean may go, I am confident she will face the situation like a soldier—with courage and purpose—and will do her part toward keeping the flag flying!"

SOMEONE once said of Mother MacArthur: "She was the most just, the most generous person I've ever known—and *a real soldier!*"

These, then, are the women behind General Douglas MacArthur.

XVI



EVEN AS the military earthquakes shaking Europe occupied the minds of the American people and most of our statesmen, President Roosevelt could see a tornado gathering over the Pacific. From Tokyo, violent harangues against the United States were rising above the tumult of Hitler's tirades. The President heard them—and was disturbed.

In the midst of this turbulence, he called 61-year-old General Douglas MacArthur out of retirement and ordered him to take command of all the Armed Forces of the Far East.

It was July 26, 1941.

MacArthur's answer was, of course, that classic: "America has ordered me to defend the Philippines. I must not fail America."

Long before, General MacArthur

had reported: "The purpose of the Philippine plan is to assure an active and carefully planned defense of every foot of shoreline in the inhabited islands of the Archipelago. To be completed in 1946 . . . so organized and equipped and supplied that any partial penetration by an enemy will encounter a bitter and continuous resistance."

"Complete subjugation of the Philippines must include the destruction of the defenses on Luzon," General MacArthur had told President Quezon. "Continuing waves of attacking troops would have to arrive in quick succession, until the whole had been built up to a minimum strength of possibly 300,000 with 75,000 behind the lines in maintenance of supplies . . . to say nothing of monthly reinforcements of 40,000 . . . "

Now, asked by a friend if he was ready, MacArthur replied: "We are doing everything humanly possible with what little we have at our command.

"We need more, much more. But my men are every inch fighters; they will contest every foot of the ground. We must not fail. Too much of the world's future depends on what may happen here.

"The Philippines may not be the door to the control of the Pacific—they may not even be the lock to the door—but they are surely the key to the lock that opens the door for America. I cannot have that key lost."

XVII

THE JAPS struck just four years too soon.

General MacArthur, while bombs were falling on Manila and fires raging, listened over the radio to President Roosevelt's message—and received by short wave and radiogram instructions from his chief, General George C. Marshall.

He thus kept in constant and instantaneous communication with Washington—with the President and with the War Department, while his men went into action against the first invaders of American soil since the War of 1812. Trained by MacArthur, the Filipinos and their American comrades-in-arms fought like battle-scarred veterans.

Manila braced herself to the grim exigency of war. Civilians assumed war-time posts of nursing, air-raid wardens, doctoring, bandage-making, canteen servicing and evacuating the non-combatants. MacArthur declared Manila an open city to protect its women and children and homes.

But within a few hours, swarms of Jap bombers hurled tons of bombs on the defenseless city, wrecking its churches, schools, colleges and hospitals. Here was a new lesson in warfare—a new kind of warfare with "no holds barred." And America was learning the hard way.

After each terrific bombing raid, President Quezon would walk through

the streets to give courage to his people. Women and children rushed from their homes, kissing his hand, dropping on their knees, crying "Long live Quezon! God bless Quezon!" Tears rolled down the cheeks of the President.

Once, just before the fall of Manila, General MacArthur was sitting in his headquarters, issuing orders for the next day's battle. An officer came to him and exlcaimed: "General, the American Flag flying from your headquarters makes a fine target for the bombers."

MacArthur looked up from the maps on his desk and remarked quietly: "Take every normal precaution, sir—but we'll keep the flag flying!"

Three days later, the Japs sent an armada of 154 boats to land an invasion army at Lingayen.

MacArthur had given his word of honor that Manila was undefended; now the Japs made sure of it, bombing the city unmercifully. But remembering the lessons of war-torn France and Belgium, the Filipino population and the Chinese huddled in the ancient walled city refused to "take to the road" and clog MacArthur's vital lanes of defense.

It was the Japanese drive from the south that finally forced MacArthur from Manila. In the north he had held the enemy's attack, and kept open the area over which he led his consolidated forces to Bataan, where he had long planned to make his stand. It was one of the most successful maneuvers in military history. The task was no easy one. He had to withdraw his southern forces from under the noses of Japanese planes, scouts and harassing units, and when he finally made contact with his troops north of the Philippine capital there was hard fighting before he finally reached prepared positions northwest of Manila Bay. Then began the long delaying action which made MacArthur's name famous around the world.

The swampy jungles and mountain strongholds of Bataan Peninsula after the first two weeks of intensive fighting, were pounded by heavy artillery fire from Jap guns. Large forces attempted to infiltrate into MacArthur's lines from the Subic Bay area where the Japs made landings at terrific cost. Eleven of the Jap batteries were knocked out by MacArthur's deadly accurate guns.

MacArthur was now fighting on his chosen battleground on the Bataan Peninsula — with his back to Corregidor. Shock troops, the "Commandos" of the Jap army, lunged against MacArthur's right flank, trying to knock it out of possession of Bataan's best road. For two days the battle raged and when it was over, MacArthur still held the road and the Japs were counting their dead by the thousands.

MacArthur said proudly: "Six weeks of hard fighting have made veterans of the soldiers of the Philippine Army. Their training in the

difficult school of actual combat and their battle experience have steadied them and developed their initiative and resourcefulness."

Battles raging in the Philippines day-by-day were proving the genius of MacArthur as a strategist.

General Masaharu's Fourteenth Army swashed through the swamps and treacherous undergrowth of Bataan's valleys and mountain ravines (week of January 26, 1942). Wild hogs, deer, snakes and snail-like slugs of the jungle infested the territory.

With the agility of Tarzans, MacArthur's fighting men leaped along the highway in the skies, swinging balete ropes until they were over the Jap lines, 150 feet in the air, where they took their places as lookout sentries or snipers. Many a grenade fell from the treetops to land on surprised Jap patrols.

MacArthur had been holding back the Japs fifty days when he celebrated his sixty-second birthday.

He demonstrated in brilliant attack that he was 62 years young. It was 62 years since he had been born "a soldier" at the Fort Little Rock Military post in Arkansas—39 years since he had first stepped foot on Philippine soil and went under fire for the first time—33 years since he had been under fire in the Russo-Japanese War—28 years since he was with the Mexican Expedition—25 years since he was fighting on the battlefields of France in the World War.

Secretary of War Stimson sent this birthday message to the General:

"We shall all think of you on your birthday. Every one of us is inspired to greater efforts by the heroic and skillful fight which you and your men are making."

An appreciative Congress received a proposal to award the Congressional Medal of Honor to General MacArthur: "for his feat of arms . . . which was destined to form one of the brightest pages in American military history." Here was the one decoration MacArthur wanted above all others. It was this medal which his father had twice won and in all things MacArthur wanted to be like his father.

Congressmen were proposing the naming of streets in honor of the hero of Bataan. Conduit Road in the nation's capital became known, by an act of Congress, as MacArthur Boulevard. An ambitious project in Tennessee, the Douglas Dam, was to be renamed the MacArthur Dam.

Honors upon honors were heaped upon MacArthur. At the time, though, he would gladly have traded them all for a few badly needed fighting planes.

XVIII



FROM THE very first, in combat with the Japanese hordes, MacArthur's men, always outnumbered, proved their valor.

Countless new American hero tales have come out of the raging Pacific,

direct from the battlefields—true soldier stories—stories of blood, brawn and brain.

First of the fighting MacArthur men to fall flaming into the new hall of fame of this War, of course, was 26-year-old Captain Colin Purdie Kelly, Jr., of the Army Air Force.

Kelly flew to his death over the China Sea—and flew right into the hearts of the American people. It was during the first hours of battle off the north coast of Luzon. Volleys from Japanese battleships were holding back the defenders while the first Japanese troops attempted to make a landing on Philippine soil.

Again and again, American airmen took to the skies and hurled themselves against the Japs. The dog fights were swift and fierce as they lunged at each other—diving, banking, looping, their machine guns blazing as they maneuvered to get on each other's tail.

Kelly, according to information obtained from Manila, was piloting a big Flying Fortress, the most formidable battleship in the clouds, with a crew of six men. Repeatedly, Japanese guns hurled their shells at the ship. Finally, Captain Kelly maneuvered his bomber directly over the big 29,330-ton capital battleship *Haruna*, one of the largest in the attacking Japanese fleet. His crew scored three direct hits. The *Haruna* listed—sank.

Returning to their air station however, faster Jap pursuit planes attacked them. Kelly ordered his men to bail out; he himself went down in his flaming bomber.

General MacArthur's communique sympathetically stated: "General MacArthur announced with great sorrow the death of Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., who so distinguished himself by scoring three direct hits on the Japanese capital battleship *Haruna*, leaving her in flames and distress." The Distinguished Service Cross, posthumously awarded for valor, was presented to his wife.

Today, the first war-widow of an American hero in this War, a lovely girl, with curling chestnut hair, her figure tall and slender, sits with her little son on her lap.

"I have made a promise since Colin went away," she says quietly. "I'll keep that promise. Colin here, my baby, our son, will take his father's place. He will go to West Point some day. He looks like his father; I only pray he'll be as fine a man."

Deeply impressed by the courage of the Kellys, President Roosevelt sat at his desk in the White House and dictated this letter:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1956:

December 17, 1941

I am writing this letter as an act of faith in the destiny of our country. I desire to make a request which I make in full confidence that we shall achieve a glorious victory in the war we now are waging to preserve our democratic way of life.

My request is that you consider the merits of a young American youth of

goodly heritage—Colin P. Kelly, III —for appointment as a Cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point. I make this appeal in behalf of the heroic services of his father who met death in line of duty at the very outset of the struggle which was thrust upon us by the perfidy of a professed friend.

In the conviction that the service and example of Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr. will be long remembered, I ask for this consideration in behalf of Colin P. Kelly, III.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Yes, Colin Kelly was the first of MacArthur's heroes — but by no means the last.

From his field headquarters, General Douglas MacArthur announced the award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Major Thomas J. H. (Trap) Trapnell, for extraordinary heroism in action. Major Trapnell is a former football hero of the United States Military Academy and one of the Army's outstanding Polo players. He was born, 39 years ago, in Yonkers, New York.

The action for which Major Trapnell was decorated occurred at Rosario in La Union Province on December 22, 1941, during rear guard operations. Midst concentrated enemy fire from tanks and infantry, Major Trapnell remained between the hostile force and his own troops and set fire to a truck on a bridge. He waited under fire until the bridge was in flames before leaving the scene in a scout car. Then he retired slowly with the rear elements of his organization, picked up wounded soldiers, and rallied his men. With complete disregard of his personal safety, Major Trapnell delayed the hostile advance and set an inspiring example to his regiment.

Another award, the Congressional Medal of Honor—the highest award of the nation — was posthumously awarded in memory of Second Lieutenant Alexander R. Nininger, Jr., of the 57th Infantry of Philippines Scouts. It was personally presented by President Roosevelt to Nininger's father of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

General MacArthur's own report tells the tragic story more than adequately: "Alexander R. Nininger, Jr., for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Abucay, Bataan, Philippine Islands, on January 12, 1942. This officer, though assigned to another company not then engaged in combat, voluntarily attached himself to Company K, same regiment, while that unit was being attacked by enemy forces superior in fire power.

"In hand to hand fighting which followed, Lieutenant Nininger repeatedly forced his way to and into the battle position. Though exposed to heavy enemy fire, he continued to attack with rifle and hand grenades and succeeded in destroying several enemy snipers. Although wounded three times, he continued his attacks until he was killed after pushing alone far within the enemy position. When his body was found after recapture of

the position, one enemy officer and two soldiers lay dead around him."

Or, from another MacArthur report to the War Department: "First Lieutenant Marshall J. Anderson, Air Corps of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, one of the most intrepid pilots of the Philippine Air Force, was killed in action on Jan. 19, 1942. For distinguished gallantry in action on January 17th, Lieutenant Anderson had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. On that day at the head of his flight of pursuit ships, he attacked a superior force of enemy dive bombers, dispersing the hostile planes. In this action Lieutenant Anderson shot down an enemy observation plane. He then led his flight in attack on a hostile bomber formation, forcing the bombers to release their bombs prematurely and harmlessly and to flee. Continuing the attack, he then led his flight in a heavy machine-gun attack on an enemy truck convoy.

"On Lieutenant Anderson's return to the flying field, General MacArthur personally decorated him on the spot with the Distinguished Service Cross. On January 19th, while again in the air, Lieutenant Anderson's flight was attacked by a greatly superior number of Japanese planes. A strenuous fight ensued during which he shot down another enemy plane—his last. His own plane was crippled and he bailed out. Two Japanese planes followed him to the ground. His parachute was riddled with machine-gun bullets, and, while hanging helplessly in the air, he was shot to death. Still not satisfied, one enemy plane returned to dive and machine gun the crumpled body."

MacArthur's generals, too, have been decorated for their bravery. He personally awarded Distinguished Service Crosses to Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright and Brigadier General Albert M. Jones. In the early phases of the fighting on the Island of Luzon, General Wainwright commanded the northern front and General Jones the southern sector. Opposed by forces which were greatly superior in numbers, the troops under these two commanders fought delaying actions, slowly falling back and finally uniting their forces in Pampanga Province. By particularly skillful maneuvers they escaped being caught in a large scale pincers movement executed by the Japanese. Subsequently, their combined forces withdrew to Bataan Province, where they were in practically continuous action for many weeks.

THE LIST grows on and on. Now it's Captain Jesus Villamor, the Filipino airman, commended for his heroic action.

"Several of our P-40 fighters were escorting a slow biplane trainer on a photographic mission over Cavite Province when they encountered six enemy fighter planes.

"The ensuing combat was one of the most spectacular that has been waged in the Philippine campaign.

Captain Jesus Villamor, who recently was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster for repeated acts of extraordinary heroism, was the pilot of the photographic plane and had landed when the enemy planes appeared. Our escorting fighters, instead of landing, vigorously engaged the enemy aircraft."

The thrilling story of the second award of the Congressional Medal of Honor in this war, comes from General MacArthur himself:

"The action for which this award was made took place near Culis, Bataan Province, Philippine Islands, on Jan. 16, 1942. A battery gun position was bombed and shelled by the enemy until one gun was put out of commission and all of the cannoneers were killed or wounded. Sergeant José Calugas, a mess sergeant of another battery, voluntarily and without orders ran 1,000 yards across the shell-swept area to the gun position. There he organized a volunteer squad which placed the gun back in commission and fired effectively against the enemy, although the position remained under constant and heavy Japanese artillery fire."

Or, still another Congressional Medal of Honor went to a Minnesota boy—First Lieutenant Willibald C. Bianchi.

"When the rifle platoon of another company was ordered to wipe out two strong enemy machine-gun nests, Lieutenant Bianchi voluntarily and of his own initiative, advanced with the platoon, leading part of his men. When wounded early in the action by two bullets through the left hand, he did not stop for first aid but discarded his rifle and began firing a pistol. He located a machine gun nest and personally silenced it with hand grenades. When wounded the second time by two machine gun bullets through the chest muscles, Lieutenant Bianchi climbed to the top of an American tank, manned its anti-aircraft machine gun, and fired into the strongly held enemy position until knocked completely off the tank by a third wound."

Frequent reports from occupied areas, received by MacArthur, attested to the bravery of Filipinos themselves towards the invaders. A striking case was reported from Batangas:

"The Japanese sought someone familiar with the roads of Batangas Province to drive a truck loaded with twenty-four Japanese soldiers. A local truck driver named Cueva volunteered for the task. When he came to a sharp curve he deliberately pushed the accelerator to the floor boards, plunging the truck and its passengers over a cliff into an abyss. Cueva and 11 Japanese soldiers were killed and the others were all seriously injured."

Or again, on Feb. 22, 1942:

"During recent enemy offensive, the 20th Japanese Infantry made an attack on a position held by a single Igorot company. To a man, the Igorots died in their fox holes, without flinching or thought of retreat, but

exacting a tremendous toll from the Japanese. To restore the situation our high command ordered an immediate counter-attack by a tank unit supported by infantry. The infantry soldiers were Igorots, eager to even the score for their lost tribesmen.

"The bamboo jungle and the heavy, irregular terrain of the section of the front were almost impenetrable and apparently made it impossible for the tanks to operate. Without a word, the Igorot commander hoisted his men to the tops of the tanks in order that they might guide the machines through the matted morass of underbrush, the thickets and trees. The exposed Igorot soldier on top of the tank served as the eyes of the American driver. The guide signaled the driver with a stick, and with an automatic pistol fired continuously as the unit closed with the enemy."

General MacArthur closes the account of the scene: "Bataan has seen many wild mornings, but nothing to equal this. No quarter was asked and none was given. Always above the din of the battle rose the fierce shouts of the Igorots, as they rode the tanks and fired their pistols.

"When the attack was over, the remnants of the tanks and of the Igorots were still there but the 20th Japanese Infantry regiment was completely annihilated."

The lists could continue indefinitely. Let's close, though, with a reminder of MacArthur's Captain Arthur Wermuth, of Chicago, who gained the pseudonym "One-man-army" after it became known that he, single handed, had killed 116 Japs. During the first 10 weeks of the war, Wermuth spent more time behind the invader's lines than with his own forces. Wounded three times and wearing the DSC, he led so many raiding parties that he began to stop counting them.

Captain Wermuth led one Filipino suicide anti-sniper unit of 84 men who were credited with eliminating more than 300 roving Japs. He's the kind that walks right into a machine-gun.

Yes, these are the MacArthurmen —the men who sold Bataan so dearly to the Japs. And what have they got to say? The same old refrain.

"The greatest fighting guy in the world is the Old Man."

And the Old Man, in this soldier's army means only—General Douglas MacArthur!

XIX



TODAY, May 20th, as we go to press, Douglas MacArthur is in Australia, directing all the United Nations' activities against the common enemy in that vital sector. And tomorrow? Tomorrow, let us pray, he will be in Tokyo, directing mop-up operations.

Apparently Fate, if she never before found him, has this time in the person of General Douglas MacArthur found *the right man for the job!*

Features You Won't Want to Miss in the August Coronet—out July 24th

Looking Forward to August

DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY
by Michael Evans

One hundred thousand civilians will be killed in 1942—not in front line fighting, but on the home front, "by accident." We *dare* you to read why they die—and why *you* are to blame. Here is the most daring article ever to appear in Coronet.

CAVALIERS OF CABLESE
by Robert Yoder

World-wide scoops are daily routine to the *Chicago Daily News* foreign staff —the most famous group of correspondents of our day. The how and why of their news-gathering make an exciting story.

HOW TO PICK AN OFFICE WIFE
by Gretta Palmer

She can smooth your business path or strew it with thorns. There's a perfect secretary for every man. Here is how to go about finding her.

Coronet's Summer Game Book Section:

Recipe for fun on an August dog day: a hammock in the shade—some ingenious quizzes and a pencil. You'll want to try your luck at the *Game of Islands*—or learn *How Well Do You Know Your World?*

New Picture Story:
WORLD WAR II IN PICTURES
by William L. Shirer



The story of the war no one wanted (yet no one was willing to prevent) —from the day the Allies "lost the peace" to the voices of "peace in our time." Thirty-two pages—66 dramatic news pictures made on the scene—make a permanent record of our world at war. The exciting commentary was written by the author of *Berlin Diary.*

In addition: A corporal at Camp Wolters, in sketch and water color, presents *Sidelights on Soldiering;* Kent Sagendorph describes wartime *Detroit on the Double;* how a London slum child became a beloved Chinese general is told in the saga of Mushy Ko, *China's Galloping Ghost;* Allan Michie blasts at *Mussolini's Mild Men.*

Coronet's Summer Fiction Bookette:
HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND *by George Sessions Perry*

The "Discovery" of 1941—chosen by booksellers of America from all books published last year as the one most worthy of further reading.

Watch for the 196-page August Coronet—on sale July 24th

Results of Balloting on Project #20

Following is the result of balloting on Project No. 20 (The Illustrated Back Cover):

a. The new illustrated back cover should be continued—72%.

b. The new illustrated back cover should be discontinued—8%.

c. Space on the back cover should be put to some other use—20%.

Most of you felt that you were making new friends when you met the authors on the back cover; you were delighted to see their faces because, you told us, you got a better picture of the kind of people they are. You found the back cover informative as well as attractive.

Those of you who didn't like the new back cover said that the old covers were more dignified and that you felt it was unfair to the other authors to emphasize just four.

Centering mainly around defense and army-navy insignia, posters, people, were the suggestions for other uses of space on the back cover. Most of you who showered us with good ideas along these lines cheered the new back cover but thought that Coronet should concentrate on the war and return to the present type of cover after victory is won.

* * *

May we again call your attention to the two additional page-size reprints available this month?

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)

READER DIVIDEND COUPON **No. 18**

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one reprint of each subject I have indicated below. I understand that I am entitled to the gatefold, *Spirit of '76*, absolutely free as my July reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. For each of the other reprints I have checked below, I have enclosed 10c to cover production and handling charges.

- ☐ The Philadelphia Scene: Gatefold painting by Lyle Justis (enclose 10c)
- ☐ Spirit of '76: Gatefold painting by Archibald M. Willard (no charge)
- ☐ Shadow and Substance: Color photo by Barrett Gallagher (enclose 10c)
- ☐ General Douglas MacArthur: Full-page color painting (enclose 10c)
- ☐ The Sinking of the *U.S.S. Shaw:* Full-page color painting (enclose 10c)

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Note: Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to July 25, 1942

Detroit Public Library

The Coronet Workshop

Coronet Cover Girl Contest

This fall, a lavish Hollywood musical will go into production. Its title: *Cover Girls;* its producer: Columbia Pictures. Naturally, Coronet will figure prominently in such a picture, and to help us select "Coronet's Cover Girl" is your project-for-this-month. To simplify voting we have, after numerous editorial conferences, nominated the three girls whose pictures are reproduced herewith. They are Susann Shaw (January '42); Patty Durrin (February, '41); Cecelia Meagher (March, '41). The winner you select will receive a trip to Hollywood, with all the customary fanfare, publicity, etc. She will also, of course, appear as Coronet's representative in *Cover Girls*, a good start toward a career in pictures.



Susann Shaw *Patty Durrin* *Cecelia Meagher*

How to Vote

To vote for Coronet's representative in the Columbia picture, *Cover Girls*, simply mail a letter or card, indicating your choice supported by reasons. Project prizes of $25, $15, and $5 will be awarded for the three best letters, respectively. Since production of the film is scheduled for fall, we urge you to vote *now*—July 25th is the final deadline. Address your entry to Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT # 20

For the best letters on Project No. 20, first prize has been awarded to Mrs. H. W. Dempsey, Detroit, Mich.; second prize to Marvin C. Morgan, San Francisco, Calif.; and third prize to Franklin Brown, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.







